

SONGS AND BALLADS  
(Folk Material and Old Favorites)

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## PREFACE

Victor Hugo, discussing Argot in the pages of Les Miserables, tells us that nothing which exists is unworthy of study. As any reader of Hugo is aware, Argot is the language of hardened Paris criminals, developed by them for greater ease in talking over their villainous plans without being detected by eavesdroppers. In this book though not condoning the filthy language of the underworld, Hugo turns a scientific eye on this form of speech and tries to tell us why and how it originated.

My purpose is similar in making the present collection of ballads. They are not all vulgar; in fact, about half of them are very respectable songs, at one time popular but now nearly forgotten. I have used no sources other than those of oral tradition, by which all folk literature is necessarily secured; I have scorned referring to song books or to the columns of newspapers capitalizing on the modern fad of collecting and reviving old songs. I do not maintain, of course, that all the songs in the collections are true ballads, meeting all the qualifications: some of them may be genuine; others are only songs. But to get back to my subject--many of the selections herein presented are so extremely vulgar as to call for a word of explanation, and to that purpose I devote the remainder of this preface.

I have, if I may say so, gone to considerable trouble to drag out into the light of day those vulgar poems and songs which germinate and grow under cover of darkness. They exist. They have a very important place in the contemporary life. They are known and cherished in secret by every school child, by every person of the laboring classes, and by every marriageable youth in the United States, with perhaps a very rare exception. Only the so-called sissies are immune to such interest, and their aversion is often doubtful. Every normal, honest minded person passes through a period, at some time or other in his early years--which he may never outgrow--of fondness for, and interest in,

the vulgar and concealed things of life. It is human nature to be intrigued by life's mysteries.

Vulgar poetry and crude jokes about sex are youth's method of teaching itself the things it wants to know and which it has a right to know. The narrowmindedness of older generations in suppressing natural instincts and concealing facts that should be dealt with fairly and in the open is largely responsible for the growth and continued existence of the large body of filth, it can hardly be called literature, which corrupts the minds of our youth.

For many centuries medical science was ignorant and often deadly to its patients merely because of a false modesty which forbade dissection, or even a simple study of the human body. The thoughts of men are directly related to their bodies, since they arrive out of the natural functions of the body--the natural passions and activities that go to make up life. Yet many current expressions and thoughts have been tabooed because of their apparent vulgarity.

Like Hugo I have little sympathy for prudery, for narrow-minded bigotry, for the kind of attitude which taboos a subject and makes it unspeakable. To me it seems that all things are natural, that they have a legitimate place in the world, that they grow out of definite causes and fill a definite need. It is only the artificial standards created by society that makes one thing vulgar and another thing polite. The weed along the roadside is no less natural than the blooming rose. We cannot shut our eyes and by so doing force it out of existence. If we wish to exterminate because it offends--being none the less natural, we have merely developed artificial tastes and an aesthetic sense not in accord with nature--we must look at it, seize it firmly, and pull it up by the roots with our own hands.

If the youth of the country is to get proper perspective and wholesome attitudes the so-called vulgar ballad must be dragged out into the open and have the light of day thrown upon it. If its evil effects are to be eliminated, something more healthful

must be found to take its place. A whole-  
some substitute can be made easily, but an  
eradication is quite out of the question,  
perhaps not even desireable. The fundamental  
point to be considered, undoubtedly, is that  
vulgar ballads we have and vulgar ballads we  
shall always have. Although not a respected  
place, they should at least be given a place  
in our consciousness and in our recognition  
as the literature of the underworld.

.....

## FOREWORD

Enough has already been said of ballads and ballad style by experts in the field to make any long-winded introduction by the author of this work unnecessary. Of the old songs included in the collection, I shall say nothing. It is of the true ballads that I wish to speak.

My work and experience as a collector seem to indicate that ballads have three ways of originating. At least the first two of these, and perhaps all of them, have already been pointed out by previous commentators.

A ballad may be the work of a definite author, and yet may have undergone certain changes toward conventionalization of phrase and situation by passing through the mouths of the multitude. Many examples seem to indicate this origin, and to show that in the beginning the poem has had an individual composer whose work has **undergone** change. It is certain that many poems actually disintegrate **through** this transmission; and vulgar rhymes or nonsense verses, the traditional property of children, are the final stages in the ballad's history.

Again the process may be reversed, and a simple stanza, the products of an unknown individual, taking fire in the imagination of the hearers, expands to great length, growing constantly in its transmission through the mouths of its progenitors. This is the growth idea, or, to put it in more scientific terms, the evolution theory. It is subscribed to by most of the leading authorities on the ballad. I have actually heard of, and myself taken part in, this process of ballad building, as I shall demonstrate in certain commentaries at the end of this manuscript.



There is still a third process of ballad growth or origin, and it can probably best be designated as the parody method. Certain poems and songs lend themselves in a peculiar manner to the clownish parodist, who manipulates them to suit the occasion, or to please a group of eager listeners. The person who can take a popular but simple song-hit and grind new, clever words for an occasion receives clamorous applause. This is especially true in localities where the population is mostly male and where some outlet for overflowing energy and animal sensuality is necessary. This type of ballad is nearly always vulgar. I am firmly of the opinion that most of my collections have originated in this way, to pass later through the mouths of the multitude for conventionalization.

There is no good reason, however, as far as I can see, for believing that any one method of ballad origin predominates the field. The three types may be summarized as: ballad from definite authors, corrupted by contact with the multitudes; ballads of spontaneous origin and growth, arising from the multitudes; and ballads having their beginnings as clever parodies, being immediately taken up and made conforming by the multitudes. Whatever be the truth, it is certain every reader can and will take his own choice of the three theories.

# RESPECTABLE SONGS

## RESPECTABLE SONGS

MARY JANE  
A PAIR OF B. V. D.'S  
STYLES  
GUM  
CHARLIE'S FATE  
MY OWN TRUE LOVE  
OLD MOTHER BOGUE  
THE TWO CROWS  
CLEMENTINE  
CHARMING KATE  
THE DAMSEL FROM SHASHAW  
DONDERBECK  
THE OLD APPLE PIE  
BRYAN O'LYNN  
THE WEDDING PARTY  
OH, HOW HE LIED  
I LONG TO BE SINGLE AGAIN  
ALIMONY  
THE PARROT SONG  
THREE MEN  
THE OREGON GYPSY GIRL  
YOUNG JOHNNIE DOYLE  
ANDY BARDEEN  
THE LOW LAND LOW  
HASN'T DONE ANYTHING  
OUR BACK YARD  
SING ANYTHING  
GOATS  
SORRY  
WHEN I WAS SINGLE  
OLEY OLESON  
WITH A LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN  
WINDING ON THE TRAIN  
A PISTOL PACKING PAPA  
THE MAN WHO RODE THE MULE  
THE BUM SONG  
THE BOSTON BURGLAR.

**COLLECTIONS FROM ORAL TRADITION**

MARY JANE  
(Learned at St. John)

---

She told me she'd meet me when the  
clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just eight  
miles out of town,  
Where the pig's eyes and the pig's ears  
and the tough old Texas steers  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents  
a pound.  
She's my honey; she's my daisy;  
She's knockneed; she's crazy;  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and  
blind.  
And they saw her teeth are foamy  
From eating Swiss bologna.  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive  
Mary Jane!

A PAIR OF B. V. D.'S  
(Mrs. Kenneth Larson)

---

She had a --she had a --  
She had a pair of B. V. D.'s;  
She had a -- she had a --  
She had a pair of B. V. D. 's;  
She wore them in the summer,  
She wore them in the fall;  
But the last time I saw her,  
She didn't wear them at all!  
She had a -- she had a --  
She had a pair of B. V. D.'s!

STYLES  
( Mrs. Kenneth Larson )

---

There are styles that show the ankles;  
There are styles that show the knee;  
There are styles that make the old  
men wonder  
Just how much the women want the men  
to see;  
There are styles which have a naughty  
meaning,  
Which the eyes of men alone can see;  
But the styles that Eve wore in the  
garden  
Are the ones that appeal to me.

GUM  
(Frank Grant, Eden)

---

When I was only twenty,  
I was wild and full of fun;  
I flirted with every girl I met--  
Unless she was chewing gum!

I met a fair young maiden--  
She seemed a perfect chum;  
But I tell you now I didn't know then  
She was fond of chewing gum!

I took her to a ball one night;  
They all thought she was dumb,  
For she stopped right in the middle of a dance  
And took a chew of gum!

One day I kissed her big red lips,  
Just to see if she would run;  
But I got my little black mustache  
All tangled up in her gum !

I proposed and she accepted,  
The wedding day to come;  
The priest was there to tie the knot--  
But her mouth was full of gum!

I finally got disgusted  
And went off on the bum;  
I swore I'd never marry a girl  
That was fond of chewing gum.'

CHARLIE'S FATE  
(LaVon Larsen, McCammon)

---

Charlie went down in the bucket;  
The bucket went down in the well;  
His wife cut the rope on the bucket,  
And Charlie went down into ---  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come  
from afar!

Ting-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la,  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!

When Charlie got down into Hades,  
He met with a terrible hap;  
He stepped on a red-hot shovel,  
And uttered the word, "I'll be---!"  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come from  
afar!

Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!

When Satan heard Charlie a-cussing,  
He locked him right up in a cell;  
"I'm a jolly good old fellow,  
But no cussing will I have in---!"  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come  
from afar!

Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!



MY OWN TRUE LOVE

(Probably brought from England by the Talbots)

---

Of, Father dear, what deed have I done,  
What deed have I done this very day?  
Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee!

She said she would never be mine,  
That her true heart would ever be  
Where the murmuring waters flow--  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee.

I took her by her lily-white hand  
And whirled her round and round and  
round;  
I whirled her round and round,  
And watched her body drown!

Of, Father dear, what deed have I done,  
What deed have I done this very day?  
Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee!

## OLD MOTHER BOGUE

(Sung many years ago  
by Grandfather Talbot)

--

Old Mother Bogue took a ride in a shay  
Of the morning of a very, of a very cold day.  
The shay broke down, and the horse went blind,  
And he had no hair on his tail behind!  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do, come do;"  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do!"

She sent little Johnnie that just came in  
For a bottle of the very, of the very best gin;  
She poured the gin right down her old goggle  
And rubbed her left leg with the bottle!  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do, come do;"  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do!"

(I think it very probable that there is a stanza or more missing, in which ~~is~~ given the ~~account~~ of her journey and of the trip home.)

THE TWO CROWS  
(A South-Idaho Version)

There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
As black as any crows could be,  
Crows could be.

The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
"Have you seen anything to eat,  
Thing to eat?"

"There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
And there we'll have a merry meal,  
Merry meal."

"We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
And peck his eyes out one by one,  
One by one!"

CLEMENTINE

(Learned at Eden, Idaho, 1932)

--

In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,  
And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus

Oh, my darling, oh my darling,  
Oh my darling Clementine!  
You are lost and gone forever;  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was, and like a feather,  
And her shoes were number nine;  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine;  
Tripped her foot against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;  
But alas! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon,  
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies  
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine;  
Thought he oughter jine his daughter--  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Dressed in garments soaked in brine;  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead I'll draw the line!

How I missed her, How I missed her,  
How I missed my Clementine!  
But I kissed her little sister  
And forgot my Clementine!

## CHARMING KATE

---

As I walked out the other day,  
I met my charming Kate.  
I asked her where she was going,  
And she said she was going to skate.  
I jogged along close by her side  
Until we came to the gate.  
They charged us fifty cents apiece  
To let us in to skate!

### Chorus

Lots of fun on the ice, boys;  
Plenty of nice young girls.  
Goodness, how they glide along,  
Dressed in their bal-morals.

She started out and said she'd kiss  
The first one that could catch her.  
Of all the boys upon the ice,  
I knew not one could match her.  
I started out: my foot did slip,  
And on the ice I fell;  
And ever since that I faint away  
At the sight of a bal-moral.

When I got up, my nose did bleed;  
I was in such a plight!  
I turned around to look for Kate,  
But Kate was out of sight.  
The boys did laugh, and all did say  
She'd caught some other swell;  
And ever since that I faint way  
At the sight of a bal-moral!

THE DAMSEL FROM CHASHAW

(Learned in Malad about 1912;  
Probably brought from England or Africa  
by my Talbot ancestors.)

There lived a fair Damsel in Chashaw,  
Who often to market would go,  
Thinking no one would harm or molest her  
As she travelled the road to and fro.

She met with a lofty highwayman;  
Two pistols he held at her breast,  
Saying "Stand and deliver your money,  
Or else you will die, I confess!"

He stripped this poor damsel most naked,  
And took from her wallet her gold;  
And as he sat counting her money,  
He gave her the bridle to hold.

She put her foot into the stirrup,  
And into the saddle she sprang;  
And away she dashed over the prairie,  
Crying, "Catch me, bold rogue, if you can!"

She dashed over the hills and high mountains  
Till she came to her father's farm-side;  
And then with a tear and a whisper,  
Her father he then did arrive.

"Oh, daughter, oh, what's been the matter,  
That's kept you so long from the farm?"  
"Oh, enough, oh, enough's been the matter;  
But the rogue he has done me no harm!"

This fair damsel she still lives in Chashaw,  
And her husband along with her dwells;  
And the little ones they all sit and listen,  
While the story of the robber she tells.

DONDERBECK  
(Sung years ago by Dad)

---

There was a jolly Dutchman,  
And his name was Donderbeck.  
He was very fond of sausages,  
And Sauerkraut and Speck.  
He owned a great big butcher-shop,  
The finest ever seen;  
So he took him out a patent  
To make sausages by steam.

Chorus

Oh, Mr. Donderbeck,  
How could you be so mean?  
Aren't you sorry you ever invented  
Such a terrible machine?  
The long-tailed rats and pussycats  
Will never more be seen,  
For they've all been ground to sausages  
In Donderbecks machine.

The dogs and cats were missing  
From all around the town.  
They searched the city over;  
They searched it all around.  
A little boy went behind the shop,  
For he heard an awful noise;  
It was Donderbeck skinning dogs and cats  
To make sausages for his boys!

Something got the matter:  
The machine it wouldn't go;  
So Donderbeck he crawled inside  
To find it out you know.  
His wife she got the nightmare  
And went walking in her sleep;  
She gave the crank and awful yank,  
And Donderbeck was meat.

## THE OLD APPLE PIE

(Learned from Lester Bush at Pocatello in 1927)

-----

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a hair

That the cook has left there,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!

In the crust of the old Apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a nail

Or a pussycat's tail,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!

In the crust of the old Apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a fly

That has come there to die,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!

In the crust of the old Apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a tear

Or a puppy dogs' ear,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!

In the crust of the old Apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a worm

That has made it's last turn,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!

In the crust of the old Apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:

It may be a louse

Or a little brown mouse,

In the crust of the old Apple pie!



BRYAN O'LYNN  
(Mrs. Frank Grant, Eden, Idaho)

---

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife and her mother,  
They all went over  
A bridge together;  
The bridge broke down---  
They all fell in:  
"There's ground at the bottom!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'lynn,  
His wife and her mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep in the middle!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair---  
The fleshy side out  
And the wooly side in:  
"It's warm in the summer!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife and her mother,  
They all sat down  
At the table together;  
Two plates and a platter,  
But nothing for him:  
"I'll eat from the platter!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no watch to wear;  
Se he got him a turnip  
And scooped it our fair;  
He planted a cricket  
Right under the skin:  
"They'll think it's a-ticking!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

TUMBLE LYNN

(A version of Bryan O'Lynn)

---

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
Her hips were thin  
And her sides were bare;  
Her backbone showed  
Through her tough old skin:  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all.  
They cried, "You fool,  
Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick and  
And leave the rest!"  
"I'll take some for beauty  
And some for skin:  
Oh, I'll take them all!"  
Cried Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
And his wife and mother  
They all went out  
To the toilet together;  
Some did thick,  
And some did thin:  
"It'll answer for soup!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

## THE WEDDING PARTY

{Sung many years ago by Grandfather Talbot;  
obtained at Malad from Uncle Andy.)

---

Old lady mouse come a-rattling down,  
Haw-haw;

Old lady mouse come a-rattling down,  
Dressed in silk and a satin gown,  
Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he took her on his knee,  
Haw-haw;

The old bullfrog he took her on ~~his~~ knee.  
He says to her, "Will you marry me?"  
Haw-haw!

"Where is the wedding supper to be?"  
Haw-haw;

Where is the wedding supper going to be?"  
"A way down yonder in a hollow tree!"  
Haw-haw!

"What's the wedding supper going to be?"  
Haw-haw;

What's the wedding supper going to be?"  
"A chunk of cabbage and a cup of tea!"  
Haw-haw!

The first come in was a big black snake,  
Haw-haw;

The first come in was a big black snake,  
He swallowed up the jelly cake,  
Haw-haw!

The next come in was a little bitta bee,  
Haw-haw;

The next come in was a little bitta bee.  
He carried a fiddle on his knee,  
Haw-haw!

Next come in was a bumble-bee,  
Haw-haw;

Next come in was a bumblebee--  
Danced a jig for the little bitta bee,  
Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
Haw-haw;

The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
And he got bit with a big black snake,  
Haw-haw!

The big black snake he swum to the land,  
Haw-haw;  
The big black snake he swum to the land,  
And he got killed by a niggero man,  
Haw-haw!

The niggero man he ran to the war,  
Haw-haw;  
The niggero man he ran to the war,  
And he got killed with a big snowball,  
Haw-haw!

The big snowball it laid in the ground,  
Haw-haw;  
The big snowball it laid on the ground,  
Till it got melted with the sun,  
Haw-haw!

Now lay my book upon the shelf,  
Haw-haw;  
Now lay me book upon the shelf;  
If you want any more you can sing it yourself!  
Haw-haw!

OH, HOW HE LIED!

(Grade School at Malad, R. 1, in 1918)

---

He told her he loved her,  
And oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied;  
He told her he loved her,  
And oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied!

He left her unhappy,  
And oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried;  
He left her unhappy,  
And oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried!

She got the pneumonia,  
And she up and died  
She up and died,  
She up and died;  
She got the pneumonia  
And she up and died,  
She up and died.

He went to her funeral,  
But just for the ride,  
Just for the ride,  
Just for the ride;  
He went to her funeral,  
But just for the ride,  
Just for the ride!

He soul went to heaven,  
And flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied;  
Her sould went to heaven,  
And flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied.

He got the pneumonia,  
And he up and died,  
He up and died,  
He up and died;  
He got the pneumonia,  
And he up and died,  
He up and died.

They gave him a funeral,  
But nobody cried,

Nobody cried,  
Nobody cried;  
They gave him a funeral,  
But nobody cried,  
Nobody cried.

His soul went to hell  
And sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried;  
His soul went to hell  
And sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried!

Now, learn you this lesson,  
And don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride;  
Now learn you this lesson,  
And don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride!

# I LONG TO BE SINGLE AGAIN

\*\*

Oh, when I was single,  
Oh, then, Oh, then;  
Oh, ~~when~~ I was single,  
Oh, then;  
Oh, when I was single  
My pockets would jingle,  
And I long to be single again!

My wife got a fever,  
Oh, then, Oh, then,  
My wife got a fever,  
Oh, then;  
My wife got a fever,  
And I hope it don't leave her,  
For I long to be single again!

My wife she died  
Oh, then, Oh, then;  
My wife she died,  
Oh, then,  
My wife she died,  
And I laughed till I cried,  
Because I was single again!

Went off to the funeral  
Oh, then, Oh, then,  
Went off to the funeral,  
Oh, then;  
I heaved and I sighed,  
And I laughed till I cried;  
And I started off courting again!

I married another,  
Oh, then, Oh, then;  
I married another,  
Oh, then;  
I married another,  
The Devil's grandmother;  
And I long to be single again!

Be good to the first,  
Oh, then, Oh, then,  
Be good to the first,  
Oh, then;  
Be good to the first,  
For the last is the worse,  
And you'll long to be single again!

ALIMONY

(Learned from Lester Bush in 1927  
at U.of I., S.B., Pocatello)

-----

Oh, Adam was the first guy that ever was invented;  
He wandered all around and he never was contented;  
They made him out of clay in the days gone by,  
And they hung him out in the sun to dry!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Eve, and they had an awful battle;  
She chased Adam up a tree to get an apple!  
Adam ate two, and he gave Eve one--  
And that is how all the troubel begun!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Cain, and Eve was his mother;  
He stumbled all around till he found himselfa brother.  
The Good Book says that Cain killed Abel--  
He hit him in the head with a leg of a table!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Noah a-stumbling in the dark;  
He found a saw and a hatchet, and he built himself an ark.  
Then came the animals, two by two,  
The hippo-hippopotamus and kangaroo!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

Then it rained for forty days and forty nights without  
a-stopping;  
The damned old boat began a-leaking and a-rocking;  
The ocean got rude and the waves got rank,  
And the whale threw Jonah on the Sandy bank!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Roosevelt a-looking for a bear;  
He searched the Mississippi, and he couldnt find him  
there.  
He went to South Africa, so I've heard,  
And killed them with a fountain pen at forty cents a word!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I once knew a doctor by the name of Peck.  
He fell into a well, and he broke his damned neck!  
It served him right--he should have stayed at home,  
Tended to the sick and left the well alone!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I bought myself a pair of combination underwear  
Just to keep out the cold, and the damp, and the chilly air;  
I wore them six months without exaggeration---  
And when I went to take them off I found I'd lost the combination!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!



I ~~want~~ down town for to see my gal Bess.  
She said, "My honey, I am all undressed!"  
"Then slip on something and come down here!"  
So she slipped on a cake of soap and came  
    down on her ear!  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

A horse and a flea and three blind mice  
Were out in the barnyard a-playing dice;  
The horse he slipped and he fell on the flea,  
And the flea said, "Golly, that's a horse on me!"  
Oh alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

## THE PARROT SONG

(Sung many years ago by Grandfather Talbot;  
obtained from Uncle Andy at Malad)

-----

As I lingered by a cottage door,  
With a kind of silly grin,  
Listening to a maiden's song,  
The parrot said, "Come in, come in!"  
The parrot said, "Come in!"

I walked inside the cottage room,  
And I saw standing there  
A maiden with a dimpled chin,  
A-combing her black hair, black hair,  
A-combing her black hair.

Great surprise was in her eyes,  
And yet she did not frown;  
And as I smiled at that dear child,  
The parrot said "Sit down, sit down!"  
The parrot said, "Sit down!"

I sat down in the cottage chair,  
Beside her little sister;  
And as she combed her long black hair,  
The parrot said, "Kiss her, kiss her!"  
The parrot said, "Kiss her!"

The maiden smiled, and so did I--  
She was pretty enough to kill;  
And as the girl made no reply,  
Said I, "By Jove, I will, I will!"  
Said I, "By jove, I will!"

But as in haste I grabbed her waist,  
She cried out, "Oh, no, no!"  
It was so nice I kissed her twice--  
Then the parrot said, "Let go, let go!"  
Then the parrot said, "Let go!"

Her father then came rushing in  
With a very angry shout;  
I took my arms from around her waist  
When the parrot said, "Sneak out, sneak out!"  
When the parrot said, "Sneak out!"

The maiden moaned and dropped her comb  
As through the door I ran;  
But at the gate I knew my fate,  
For I felt the grip of an honest man,  
Of an honest, honest man!"

He gave me two blows upon the nose  
That I feel to this very day;  
And out I flew--he kicked me, too!  
And the parrot said, "Good day, good  
day!"  
And the parrot said, "Good day!"

N. B. I secured this poem originally in very incomplete form, and since that time have been unable to find anyone familiar with it. In order to give it sequence I have added the missing parts out of my imagination. For the benefit of authenticity I shall enumerate the lines not of my own composing: 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 34, 35, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45... Kenneth Larson.

THREE MEN  
(Ben Infanger)

---

Three men wentt out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a windmill--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Windmill";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Tis a mighty fine thing  
To keep the birds away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a bull-frog--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Bull-frog";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Looks like a turtle  
dove  
With his feathers all blown away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a porcupine--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Porcupine";  
The Scotchman he says "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Looks like a pin cushion  
With the pins stuck in the wrong way!"

Three men went out ahunting  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a jackass--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Jackass";  
The Scotchman he says "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "It's Franklin D.  
Rooseveit:  
I can tell him by his bray!"

Three men went out a-hunting  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to Idaho--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says "Idaho";  
The Scotchman he says "Nay";  
The Dutchman says "Tis a mighty fine place  
To keep the Bums away!"

DICKEY AND MURPHEY  
(Ben Edwards)

Dickey and Murphey were playing in the ditch,  
When Dickey called Murphey a dirty son-of-a-b----  
Bring all your children, and let them play with sticks  
Or when they grow older, they'll play with their -----.  
Dickey and Murphey had a little doggie;  
They lent her to a lady to keep her company;  
She led him and fed him, until one day on a hunt  
He played all around her petticoats and -----.  
Country lass a-sitting on the grass,  
A fence post fell over and ran a sliver up her ---  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies;  
And if I finish this, I hope I die  
And go to h---  
Hello, Central, How's your brownie hair?  
And if you have no whiskey, I'll have to drink your beer.

BYE-BYE BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

Pack up all my underwear  
I don't care, anywhere.  
Bye-bye boy friend.  
He taught me how to dance and sing,  
He taught me how to shake his thing.  
Bye-bye boy friend.  
He took me to his cottage in the wildwood,  
There he took advantage of my childhood.  
He went once, and I went twice  
Holy jumping Jesus Christ!  
Bye-bye boy friend.

RAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

Beside a babling brook,  
A shady nook;  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits--  
Oh, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by:  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his d---,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by:  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

I dreamed last night and the night before  
That two old tom-cats came knocking at the door;  
I went downstairs to let them in,  
And they knocked me down with a rolling-pin;  
The rolling-pin was made of brass--  
They turned me up and spanked my a--!  
I went upstairs to go to bed,  
And I fell in the p---pot on my head;  
I couldn't swim and I couldn't float,  
And a big fat t---slipped down my throat.  
I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
And I fell in the fire and burned my c---;  
So I paid <sup>to</sup> whores a penny apiece  
To paint my c---with axle grease!

THE JAILER'S SONG  
(Dick Palfreyman)

---

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in s---,  
While the mice shoot craps upon  
the floor;  
If you want to hear them f---,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the  
keyhole in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail dipped in s---,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon  
the floor;  
And the women as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my a---;  
I don't want to go to prison any  
more!

JOHN TAYLOR  
(Dick Palfreyman)

---

My name is John Taylor;  
My c--- is a whaler;  
My balls weight forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor is  
in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My c--- is a whaler;  
My balls weight forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And f--- her, God damn her,  
And pin her old a-- to the ground!

My name is John Taylor;  
My c--- is a whaler;  
My balls weight forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor  
is in town!

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum, Ogden, Utah)

---

Oh, Sally went out to the garden  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the ---.  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a bee sting on her ----.  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting.

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed  
They put it on her ----.  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting.



## THE DAMNED RUNT

A.

(Leonard Madsen of Malad)

The damned little runt  
With a sunburned c---  
And an a-- as black as charcoal;  
She can skin your p----  
So G-- damned quick  
That the sparks fly out of your  
a-- hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's d---,  
And her lips are a hens--- brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls of a goose,  
And her a-- it drags the ground!

B.

(Larry Martin of Eden)

I knew it was her  
By the stockings she wore,  
Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
She was pretty, but the freckles  
were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
She's always got a hale and hearty laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
She strips to the hide and takes  
a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
And her a-- it wobbles all around;  
Her lips are as pink  
As a leghorn rooster's d---,  
And her eyes are a hens--- brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors  
In the stockyards or down in the  
weeds;  
Now, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
For it's damn little teasing she  
needs!

## A STOVEPIPE EPISODE

(Secured from Roscoe Colton  
at Malad, July 28, 1932)

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather dirty--so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard," she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way.  
Get them right together, then  
Push easy when I say.

"There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

"But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

"Now, let me fix them right this time:  
When I say easy, now, you press.  
Be careful or it will slipx again  
And make an awful mess!"

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove.  
He saw a maiden and her father  
Putting stovepipe on the stove!

DOWN IN LEHI VALLEY  
(Jack Harkness)

---

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never s--- in your hate!  
I've got a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

It was down in Lehi Valley;  
Me and my partner Lew  
We had a ranch, a dandy--  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my partner Lew  
Till along came a girl named Sally--  
But we called her Sue.

She had an a-- like a country s--- h----,  
And her c--- was full of fire;  
I had a full six-inches,  
And I couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas Ranger  
With a p---- nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Sue  
And he carried her right along.

So, roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my c---  
If it takes till Judgement Day!

B.  
Down in Lehi Valley  
(Alden Blaisdell)

---

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother Lew  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one too!

Her a-- was like a goldmine;  
My Her c--- was like fire;  
~~He~~ eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cccc ten-inches long;  
He f----- my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill;  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my c---,  
If it takes till Judgement Day !

AN APPLE TREE  
(Larry Martin)

In the shade of the old Apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
A little black spot;  
She called it her "twat",  
But it looked like her a--h--- to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
In the tall green grass  
I got some fine a--  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
A dose of the c----,  
The Shankers perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!

IN BOMBAY  
(Lester Bush)

---

They chew tobacco thin  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin  
    In Bombay!

All the children they go bare  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear  
    In Bombay!

The geese they fly high  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they s--- upon the fly  
    In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
All the boys and girls together,  
    In Bombay!

The roosters they grow tall  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they s--- upon the wall  
    In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And the drag upon the ground  
    In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat  
    In Bombay!

The hair grows long and red  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
But it don't grow on the head  
    In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street  
    In Bombay!

The women they grow fat  
    In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat  
    In Bombay!

## DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

(Obtained at Pocatello from  
Lester Bush, U.I.S.B., 1928)

---

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen  
Merrily throwing camel s--- at each other.

Suddenly who should appear upon the scene,  
but Daniel.

"What ho!" cried the king.

"A--h---" cried Daniel, thereby scoring a hit.

"Kiss it" cried the king.

"After you, you s--of-a-b----!" cried Daniel.

And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days it was considered a mean thing  
To call a king a son-of-a-b----;

So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.

He could be recognized only by the green umbrella  
Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly a lion walked up to Daniel

And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickes!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the lion.

"Testicles!" cried Daniel.

For the second time that day

The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, s---!" cried the king,

And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects

Squatted and did their utmost.

"Come forth!" cried the king;

And Daniel slipped on a fresh lion t---

And came second.

"What about the princess," somebody shouted.

"F--- the princess," cried the king;

And forty nine thousand loyal subjects

Were trampled to death in the rush!

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN  
(Terrell Lish)

Now the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there.

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if the holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And there on the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men;  
A lonely boy was sitting down,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel -- ah, the naughty man --  
Had thoughts that aren't right.  
Thb little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bunghole well;  
He enjoyed hãmself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day  
Hunting far and wide,  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance,  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste.  
The troop drove up, and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped, and so was the boy,  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!!  
But someone told on Daniel bold,  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost.

So when Danielt to the royal court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wink their eyes?

The king said to Dabiel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have f----- your boy  
And f----- him well!"  
Whereupon the king in his great rage  
Had Daniel placed in the lion's den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
Wiping his a--  
With the next to largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.  
"A-- hole!" replied Daniel,  
Whereupon the queen dashed  
Madly through the court with her drawers  
At half mast, and her a--  
Shining like a looking glass  
In the moonlight.

Then the king in a terrible rage  
Cried out, "Where is the queen?"  
"Why she is out in the garden drinking tea,"  
"What kind of tea?"  
"S---H---I---T!"  
"Is she occupied?"  
"Yea, verily!"  
"What is she doing?"  
"Why she is wiping her a--  
On fifty skeins, of the finest silk in the world!"  
Whereupon someone shouted, "F----- the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights  
Were killed in the mad rush.

"Tickles, tickles!"  
"What tickles?"  
"Testacles!" cried the king;  
Then he laughed long and loud  
Because he had two.

Then after this great hulla balloo had quieted,  
The king in a frothing rage said, "S-----!"  
And 10,000 of his loyal subjects  
Squatted and strained to their utmost,  
For the king's word was law.



Daniel in the Lion's Den  
(Lish)

3

After this loyal showing of patriotism  
The king wept hard and fast,  
But after drying his tears he muttered  
To himself that awful word -

"Horse s---."

And immediately fifty barons and earls  
Dashed out to get him some.

And as they dashed forth, they passed  
Five thousand of the more lowly peasants  
Who were throwing camel s---

In each other's faces, because bull s---  
Was unknown in those brave old days.

Then the women of the court shook out  
Their tits and tittered;

For without such

The royal palace would be a farce!!

HI REO DANDY O!  
(From Larry Martin)

As I was going down the street,

Hi reo dandy O.

Two whores I chanced to meet,

Hi reo dandy O.

One called me "stud", and I called her "mare".

Hi reo dandy O.

I f--- the one with the little brown hair,

Hi reo dandy O.

All the next nine days to the doc I went,

Hi reo dandy O.

To get my c--- drained out at the end,

Hi reo dandy O.

In came a nurse with a greasy old rag,

Hi reo dandy O.

She washed my c --- and squeezed my bag,

Hi reo dandy O.

In came a doctor with a knife and block,

Hi reo dandy O.

At one whack off came my c---,

Hi reo dandy O.

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,

Hi reo dandy O.

With a stub of a c --- without any head,

Hi reo dandy O.

It's all over now, I wish I had it to do again,

Hi reo dandy O.

A nine inch c--- and a head as big again,

Hi reo dandy O.

Come all you young men, take warning by me,

Hi reo dandy O.

Never f--- the first whore you see,

Hi reo dandy O.

TRY IT AGAIN  
(A version of Hi Reo Dandy O.)

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet.

One was fair, very fair,  
She called me "stud" and I called her "mare".

The other was dark, with curly locks,  
She gave me the claps, and I gave her the c---.

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
With my rotten p--- in my hand.

He had a hatchet and a block,  
With one whack, he cut off my c---.

And now that I'm well and free from pain,  
I'll go back to the stump, and try it again.

LITTLE TINKER  
(Phenoi Deschamps, Malad)

---

There was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, f---, and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his knees.

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were very few;  
So first he f---- the captain,  
And then he f--- the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his knees.

Little tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd f---- the Devil  
If he didn't treat him well  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his knees.

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul.  
Let me exercise my p----  
In your hairy a--- h----.  
With my long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to my knees."

All the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall:  
"Better get him out of here  
Before he f----- us all  
With his longlean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his knees."

THE ONE-EYED RILEY

A  
(Lester Bush)

We were sitting around ~~the~~ old Riley's  
campfire one night,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my  
mind,  
Of how I'd like to shag his daughter.  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley.

That night when she had gone to her hayloft,  
Where she slept among the grass and clover,  
I crept into the hay beside her,  
And I shagged and shagged till the fun was over.  
Rum-tum-tum balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one eyed Riley.

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
And who should it be, but her damned old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
And was looking for the guy that had shagged  
his daughter.  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley.

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
And shoved them in a pail of water,  
And I shoved them pistols up his a--  
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter.  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley.

B  
(Virgil Jolley)

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parsons daughter;  
The very first thought came in my mind,  
That I could finger her hind-quarter.  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley.

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spattd my a-- and drove it in further.  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley,  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley.

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned old father,  
I shoved both pistols up his a--,  
And slapped his wife, and shagged his daughter.

Oh, then I went out on the porch,  
And shook my p----- at old dog Towser;  
It scared the old fool damned near to death,  
And he turned his tail, and ran for cover  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley,  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley.

I'm the best damned man that ever was born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My c--- and balls weigh forty-five pounds,  
And I'm known as the wonderful one-eyed Riley.  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley,  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley.

YIPPIE-YAY  
(Versions of "Chisholm Trail")

A  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Bollie and started for the herd;  
He threw me off in a fresh cow-tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

I was coming down the mountain by the old  
cow-trail,  
With my pecker in my hand and a heifer by  
the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in the  
grass,  
And showed her the wiggle of a cow-boy's ass.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

I jumped from the saddle and ~~threw~~ her in the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten ass.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippieeye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

Last time I saw the boss - I haven't seen him  
since -  
He was screwing a cow through a barb-wire fence.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

And now my song is ended - I can sing you no  
more,  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have  
the core.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-tippie, yippie-yay.

B  
(Ben Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a-hittin' and a-flyin'.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

Feet in the stirrups and my butt in the saddle,  
A-singin' all day to your damned old cattle.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

The boss come out with a gun in his hand.  
A-sayin', "Get to work and be God damned!"  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.

Well, I hopped on the stage, and gave a  
little yell,  
The lead bars broke, and the leaders went  
to hell.  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay,  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay.



THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

- -

"A" is for a--,  
Upon which we sit,  
The external end  
And the passage for s---.

"B" is for b----,  
Each man has a pair,  
In a wrinkled old sack  
All covered with hair.

"C" is for c---,  
All juicy and slick,  
It's home-sweet-home  
For a seven-inch p----.

"D" is for dittaling,  
Which never grows stale;  
There's nothing so nice  
As a good piece of tail.

"E" is for egg,  
That is laid in the grass;  
The object which comes  
From the speckled hen's a--.

"F" is for f---,  
That odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad  
As limberger cheese.

"G" is for guts,  
That tangled up mass  
That separates your belly  
From the hole in your a--.

"H" is for Hair  
That surrounds her c---;  
To find the opening  
Is a man's nightly hunt.

"I" is for inch - -  
Don't make me smile;  
When she gives you an inch  
You take half a mile.

"J" is for jisseem  
That's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets  
When you have a wet dream.

"K" is for king,  
Who wears a crown on his head;  
His favorite sport  
Is f----- the queen.

"L" is for love  
That fails to stick;  
It starts at your head,  
And ends in your p----.

"M" is for marriage,  
When a man gets a wife;  
And lives in misery  
The rest of his life.

"N" is for n---  
That furnish the sap;  
And sometimes the making  
Of a good dose of c----.

"O" is for old  
OR rather the time  
When a man's p----- don't stand  
Up as in his prime.

"P" is for p-----,  
That petrified prong;  
It ranges from four  
To twelve inches long.

"Q" is for quiver  
That comes with a thump;  
It's a funny sensation  
When you shoot off your lump.

"R" is for rags,  
That are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy  
That is in full bloom.

"S" is for safety,  
Made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one  
Is surely a sin.

"T" is for t---,  
Supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh  
Till a woman's been f-----.

"U" is for urine,  
A pot full of p---;  
Ain't it awful  
To use language like this?

"V" is for vermin  
That wiggle and twist;  
And hide in the hair  
When you go out to p---.

"W" is for woman,  
Cradle of sin,  
That's split half way  
From her a-- to her chin.

"X" is for x-ray,  
A magnifying glass  
Used by a doctor  
To look up your a--.

"Y" is for yes;  
When a woman gets hot,  
There's nothing but a p---  
To cool her twat.

"Z" is for zero,  
Supposed to be cold;  
The temperature of a man's b-----  
At ninety years old.

THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale & Alden Blaisdell)

It was in the month of May,  
When the jacks begin to bray,  
And the jennies come prancing  
around the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack:  
"Will you climb up on my back?  
You can wind up my little ball  
of yarn."

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom.  
And the jennies were loose  
around the barn;  
There I met a little Miss  
And I simply asked her this:  
"May I wind up your little ball  
of yarn?"

She said, "Why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes;  
Why don't you go to them with  
your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went,  
And we wound up her little ball  
of yarn.

After getting her consent,  
Just around the stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept  
her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown  
So I gently laid her down,  
And I wound up her little ball  
of yarn.

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a p---,  
I found my c--- all mattery and  
warm,  
Then I knew that by mishap  
She had given me the clapp  
As I wound up her little ball  
of yarn.

It was nine months after that,  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm  
There appeared before the door,  
Her father and several more  
"Marry my daughter, since you've  
got her ball of yarn."

It was nine days after that  
In my office chair I sat,  
    Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then there came a gentle tapping,  
And the doctor stood there laughing,  
    "You're the daddy of a little ball  
    of yarn."

It was nine days after that,  
In my office chair I sat,  
    Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then an officer in blue  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you.  
    You're the daddy of a little  
    ball of yarn."

I NEVER  
(Rufus Toponce)

a

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat,  
Where my coat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over,  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in it before.

b

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a p---pot  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a p---pot  
With a lining in it before.

c

I looked into the trundle-bed  
Where my baby ought to be;  
And I thought I saw two babies there,  
I was drunk as I could be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my baby ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a little rabbit  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a little rabbit  
With a diaper on it before.

d

I felt beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I felt a p---  
Where my p--- ought to be.

"What's this my darling wife,  
Where my p--- ought to be?"  
QOh, it's nothing but a rolling pin  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more;  
But I never saw a rolling pin  
With hair growing on it before.

e

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a man asleep  
Where I was supposed to be.

"What's this my darling wife,  
Where I'm supposed to be?"  
QOh, it's nothing but a monkey,  
My grandmother gave to me.

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more;  
But I never saw a monkey  
With pajamas on it before.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

She left the party early -  
I think at scarcely nine;  
And by some "masher" fortune  
Her room was next to mine.

And I, like old Columbus,  
New regions to explore -  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door.

While I waited there in silence,  
Upon my bended knees,  
I waited there impatiently  
To see what I could see.

She first took off her collar -  
It fell upon the floor;  
I saw her stoop to get it  
Through the keyhole in the door.

She then proceeded further  
Took off her pretty dress,  
And then her undergarments -  
There were fifty, more or less.

To tell the truth sincerely  
I think it was a score;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door.

She sat there on the carpet,  
She rested gracefully,  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee.

And her scarlet colored garters  
On either leg she wore,  
It was a lovely picture  
Through the keyhole in the door.

You mighty man of science  
Who strain your eager eyes,  
Viewing all the planets  
Whirling in the skies.

You may search the wide world over  
Ten thousand times or more,  
But your telescopes are nothing  
To the keyhole in the door.



Through the Keyhole  
(Version of "Keyhole in Door")

We left the party early,  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it.  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbus  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door.

First she took off her collar -  
It fell upon the floor,  
Ye gods! I saw her stoop to get it  
Through the keyhole in the door.

Then came her dress and undergarments  
Fifty, less or more -  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door.

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

Then she sat by the fireside  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more -  
Ye gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door.

If I was strong as Sampson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke the whole damn town.

But I'm not as strong as Sampson,  
And I can do no more,  
Than jack-off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door.

AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
(Murray Hale of McCammon)

I met her in a ballroom  
And I asked her for a dance,  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished,  
My hair was neatly combed;  
I danced with her all evening,  
At night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
Who is being led astray."

'Twas at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
"We'll do it now, my Nellie,  
We'll do it now or die."

I offered her a silver necklace,  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin,  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee.

He'll love you and caress you,  
He'll promise to be true,  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you.

An Inch Above Your Knee  
(Dick Palfreyman)

When I was young and pretty,  
It was my chief delight,  
To go to balls and dances,  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were neatly polished,  
His hair was nicely combed,  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray,  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently,  
He raised my dress so high,  
He said, "Now, Mary darling,  
You'll do it now or die."

Now, you young girls take warning,  
And take a tip from me.  
And never let a sailor  
An inch above your knee.

For if you do, he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true,  
Then when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"

LULU  
(Several People)

Oh, Lulu went out hunting,  
To kill herself a duck;  
But came along a farmer,  
And he asked her for a f---.  
Oh, bang away at Lulu,  
Bang her good and long;  
What you going to do for your banging,  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby,  
It was born at four o'clock;  
It wasn't like most other boys,  
It didn't have a c---.  
Oh, Bang away etc.

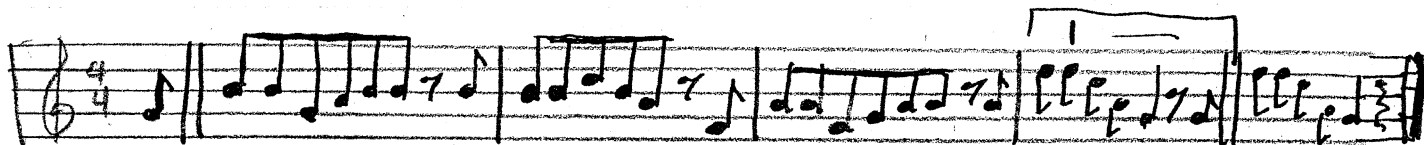
Oh, Lulu had a baby,  
She ahd it by a rock;  
She couldn't name him Lulu,  
Because he had a cock.  
Oh, bang etc

Oh, Lulu had a baby  
He was born on a rainy day,  
She stopped his a-- with Denver mud,  
And called him Henry Clay.  
Oh, bang etc

Oh. Lulu had a baby,  
She called him little jim;  
She threw him in the p --pot  
To teach him how to swim.  
Oh, bang etc

Oh, the rich girls they use vaseline,  
The poor girls they use lard,  
But Lulu uses wagon dope  
And she bangs it twice as hard.  
Oh, bang etc.

Oh, the rich girls they wear diamonds,  
The poor girls they wear glass,  
But the only ring that Lulu wears,  
Is a ring around her a---.  
Oh, bang etc.



COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago ."

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic,  
Columbo knew if he didnt screw  
He surely would go frantic.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,  
And kept it in his cabin;  
He filled its a-- with axle-grease  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate -  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock,  
They sucked-off one another.

A one-eyed maid appeared on the deck,  
Columbo he pursued her,  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg,  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her.

An Indian maid appeared on the shore,  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men,  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty."

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars,  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had \$10,000.00

Columbo came in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty,  
He gave her a dirty dose of claps,  
He brought no other booty.

They threw him in a dirty jail,  
And left him there to grumble,  
A log-c hain tied to his c--- and balls,  
So ended poor Columbo.

BARNACLE BILL  
(Dick Palfreyman)

"Who's a-knocking at the door?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Only me from over the sea."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in."

Said the little fair maiden;

"Make up a bed for two."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if the sheriff comes in?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Rape the damned old fool."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs."

Said the little fair maiden;

"Just what I intended to do."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Hang the bastard around your neck."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What's that a-trickling down my leg?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"It's only a gob from off my knob."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"When do you plan to come again?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Never, no more, you damned old whore."

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

## THE JOLLY SHEPHERD

There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day.

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing etc.

He sneaked down through the clover  
To get a closer look,  
And gazed upon the maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing etc.

Said she, "Oh, jolly shepherd,  
Won't you take a closer look?"  
Then shaking out her long black hair,  
She climbed out of the brook.  
Sing etc.

They traveled along together,  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
Said she, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you and me to play."  
Sing etc.

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a patch of clover;  
Said she, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you to roll me over."  
Sing etc.

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then she said, "I'm a maiden within,  
And you're a fool without."  
Sing etc.

THE DENVER HOME  
(Terrell Lish & Alden Blasdel)

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away from home,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I entered through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me;  
"A dollar and a half for the first few punches."  
And she slapped her a-- upon my knee.

A dollar and a half was their proposition,  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more.  
So she parked her a-- upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor.

Little did I care what I was doing,  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I stepped to all the balls and dances,  
And scattered money all about.

All the pimps and whores came crowding round me,  
There seemed like a hundred and thirty-two,  
They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch, too.

Little did I care what I was doing,  
Little did I care what I was about,  
But when they stole my gold and silver,  
Then bloody murder I cries out.

Then all the whores they gathered round me -  
I thought there were a million or more;  
And you'd have s-- your pants and died a-laughing,  
To watch my a-- shag out the door.



## BUCKAROO

(George Goodnough, McCammon)

Oh, to hell with the ranch  
And the shitty-eyed cattle;  
If the boss contradicts me  
There'll be a bloody battle.  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo.

Oh, I went to the farmer,  
And I asked him for my roll;  
He said, "My God, man,  
You're twenty in the hole."  
Sing etc.

I passed around the corner,  
And I met the farmer's daughter;  
I asked her for a screw  
For a dollar and a quarter.  
Sing etc.

She said, "My God, man,  
I'm a decent man's daughter;  
And I won't screw any man - -  
For a dollar and a quarter."  
Sing etc.

The next time I seen her,  
She was standing in the door;  
Shoes and stockings off,  
A-dancing like a whore.  
Sing etc.

The next time I seen her,  
She was lying in the grass,  
A-holding of her belly  
Like a monkey's a--  
Sing etc.

The next time I seen her  
She was floating down the stream,  
Her c--- was open wide enough  
To drive in a team.  
Sing etc.

ROSEBERRY

(Obtained from dad,  
who learned it from  
Niah Davis, Malad  
about 1900)

As I rode out on Roseberry,  
All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way - -  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together,  
I dairy down aday.

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side.  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her gatter came untied.  
For fear that she would lose them,  
These words to her I said,  
"Your garters are hanging down my dear;  
I dairy down aday."

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
Oh, will you be so free;  
Oh, will you be so kind young man,  
As to tie them up for me?"  
"Yes, I will, that I will,  
When we get to yonder hill."  
And we jogged along together,  
I dairy down aday.

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never have seen;  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between.  
And we jogged along together  
I dairy down aday.

"Now since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came."  
"My name 'tis Johnnie the Roger  
From Baltimore city I came,  
And I live by the side of the ups and downs,  
I dairy down aday.

Now she returned from market  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhood  
It made her blood run cold.  
"But it is gone; let it go,  
He's the lad I love," said she.  
And he lives by the side of the ups and downs,  
I dairy down aday,"

## THE SHEEPHERDER

A.

(Ivan Peterson)

A shepherd lying on the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary a---.  
A ewe came up and licked his b----,  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The shepherd woke from out of his sleep  
In time to catch and f-----the sheep!  
A magpie sitting in a tree nearby  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear by an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good f-----?  
He rammed so hard that the shepherd's n---  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts;  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His b----will be hanging out of their ears!

B.

(Larry Martin)

A shepherd lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his a---.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The shepherd he awoke  
And started f----- his nanny goat.  
The nanny goat bled, and the shepherd quit;  
The dog j----- off, and the magpie s-----!"

## LOVER'S LIFE

(A version of "Oh How He Lied")

-----

She sat on her hammock and played her guitar,  
Played her guitar, played her guitar;  
She sat on her hammock and played her guitar,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He sat down beside her and smoked a cigar,  
Smoked a cigar, smoked a cigar;  
He sat down beside her and smoked a cigar,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He told her he loved her, but Oh! how he  
lied!

Oh, how he lied, Oh, how he lied;  
He told her he loved her, but Oh! how he  
lied,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

She got the pneumonia and she up and died,  
She up and died, she up and died;  
She got the pneumonia and she up and died,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He went to the funeral, but just for the  
ride,

Just for the ride, just for the ride;  
He went to the funeral, but just for the  
ride,  
Singing, "Tra-lalala!"

Long years have gone by, and he's old and  
blind,

He's old and blind, he's old and blind;  
Long years have gone by, and he's old and  
blind,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

OLD MACLELLAND  
(Secured from Larry Martin  
of Eden, Idaho, 9/10/32)

Old Maclelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and woolly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault Maclelland had  
He was handy with his tool.

Maclelland left that cow-camp,  
'Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolmam  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats,  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may," said the schoolmam,  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit from off his boots,  
And straightened his cravat;  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

They talked about the weather,  
They talked of this and that;  
They kept a-drifting onward  
They knew not just where at.

They kept a-drifting onward,  
Until he reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolmam then and there.

He laid her on the bench,  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his horn  
And opened his hondoo.

Then bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolmam on the flats.

He said, "I've diddled maids and ~~ma~~idens,  
And negro wenches ~~###~~ and all that,  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolmam on the flats.

But when he drained his roller  
Just nine days after that  
He found he ~~had that~~ the shankers  
From the schoolmam on the flats.

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my song.  
Keep old John Henry in his chaps,  
And keep him fogging on.

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat,  
Remember old Maclelland,  
And the schoolmam on the flats.

SONGS OF EASTERN IDAHO  
(A Graduate paper for "American Folklore")

By  
Kenneth Larson

University of Utah  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
Nov. 30, 1950

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## 1.

## THE WEDDING PARTY

(Secured from Andie Talbot, of Malad, Idaho, in the summer of 1932)\*\*

This version, of a ballad commonly called "The Frog's courtship," was sung in pioneer days by my grandfather, Stephen Barton Talbot, who traveled about considerably in Utah and eastern Idaho. A choir leader wherever he chanced to live, he was also a popular entertainer at parties and dances, where he often sang songs, accompanying himself on the banjo. He may have picked up this ballad from some other local singer. Or he may have acquired it from his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Talbot, of Kaysville, Utah, who, both born in London, came to Utah as Mormon converts from South Africa in 1861. I like to think the Talbots brought it with them from England.\*\*\*



Old lady mouse came a-rattling down,

Haw-haw;

Old lady mouse came a-rattling down,

Dressed in silk and a satin gown,

Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he took her on his knee,

Haw-haw;

The old bullfrog he took her on his knee;

He says to her, "Will you marry me?"

Haw-haw!

Where is the wedding supper going to be?

Haw-haw;

Where is the wedding supper going to be?

A-way down yonder in a hollow tree!

Haw-haw!

What's the wedding supper going to be?

Haw-haw;

What's the wedding supper going to be?

A chunk of cabbage and a cup of tea!

Haw-haw!

The first come in was a big black snake,

Haw-haw;

The first come in was a big black snake;

He swallowed up all the jelly-cake,

Haw-haw!

The next come in was a little bitta bee,

Haw-haw;

The next come in was a little bitta bee;

He carried a fiddle on his knee,

Haw-haw!

(1, The Wedding Party)

Next come in was a bumblebee,  
Haw-haw;  
Next come in was a bumblebee --  
Danced a jig for the little bitta bee,  
Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
Haw-haw;  
The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
And he got bit with a big black snake,  
Haw-haw!

The big black snake he swum to the land,  
Haw-haw;  
The big black snake he swum to the land,  
And he got killed by a niggero man,  
Haw-haw!

The niggero man he went to the war,  
Haw-haw;  
The niggero man he went to the war,  
And he got killed with a big snowball,  
Haw-haw!

The big snowball it laid on the ground,  
Haw-haw;  
The big snowball it laid on the ground,  
Till it got melted with the sun,  
Haw-haw!

Now, lay my book upon the shelf,  
Haw-haw;  
Now, lay my book upon the shelf;  
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself,  
Haw-haw!

---

\*Various versions appear, also, under such titles as "The Frog and the mouse," "Master Frog Went A-Courting," and "The Frog in the Well."

Primary References

Sharp, Vol. II, Nos. 220, 221  
Gardner & Chickering, No. 189  
Henry, No. 144, p. 392  
Eddy, No. 44  
Scarborough, p. 46  
Cox, No. 22, p. 56

Secondary References

Mackenzie, pp. 373-374  
Greenleaf & Mansfield, p. 90  
Campbell & Sharp, No. 119  
Flanders & Brown, p. 122  
Stout, p. 30  
Thomas, p. 154

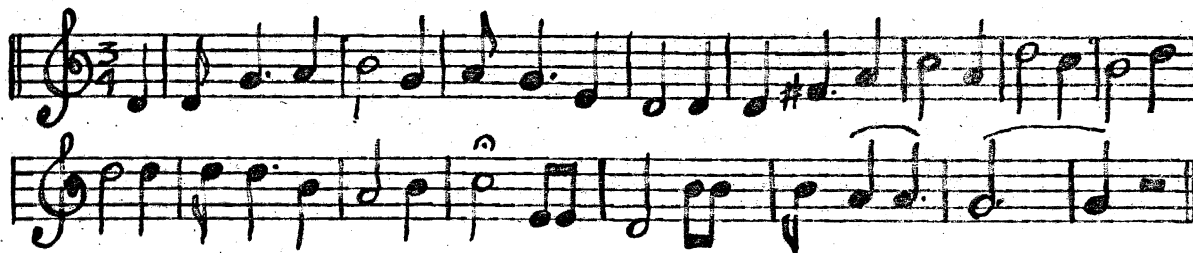
\*\*Andie Talbot, my uncle, is about 60, a prosperous farmer with large family, and quite active in community affairs. He recited most of the ballad but sang the first stanza so I could record the music also. As far back as his memory went, to at least 1900, he could recall his father's singing this and many other songs in the evenings with his children around him.

\*\*\*Child apparently did not consider this ballad worthy of conclusion in his collection. Yet, he had access to it, for it has enjoyed widespread popularity for four hundred years. Kittredge says (JAFL, xxxv, pp. 394-399) that the earliest version is mentioned in Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland (1549), and that it was licensed to Edward White at Stationer's Hall, London, in 1560. It seemingly still has great popularity throughout England, America, and many other parts of the world, as a nursery and game song.

## BANKS OF THE BONNIE DEE

(Learned in childhood from my mother, Mrs. Leff Larson, Malad, Idaho)\*\*

I remember hearing this fragment of an old ballad, widespread in other versions as "The Cruel Miller" or "The Wexford Girl," as early as 1910. In my childhood, mother sang it to me often. She claims to have learned it from her father, Stephen Barton Talbot, during the singing sessions the family habitually held in the evenings at home. But it undoubtedly goes back further, to the Henry Talbot home of Kaysville, Utah, and perhaps even to Grahamstown, South Africa, or even to London, England. The Talbots seemingly brought many such songs with them to this country by way of South Africa.\*\*\*



Oh, Father dear, what deed have I done;  
 What deed have I done this very day?  
 Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
 On the banks of the Bonnie Dee!

She said that she would never be mine,  
 That her true heart would ever be  
 Where the murmuring waters flow,  
 On the banks of the Bonnie Dee!

I took her by her lily-white hand  
 And whirled her round and round and round;  
 I whirled her round and round and round,  
 And watched her body drown!

Oh, Father dear, what deed have I done;  
 What deed have I done this very day?  
 Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
 On the banks of the Bonnie Dee.

---

\*Versions of the ballad are variously called, ~~also~~, "The Jealous Lover," "Banks of the Old ~~Pedee~~," "Lonely Valley," ~~and~~ "The Terrington Girl," ~~also~~ "Banks of the Obadee."

Primary References

Gardner & Chickering, No. 20, p. 80  
 Henry, No. 64, p. 214  
 Eddy, No. 104, p. 231

Secondary References

Mackenzie, No. 115  
 Scarborough, p. 151  
 Fuson, p. 65

\*\*My mother, a housewife, is now 65, and still remembers these old songs. Born in Rockland, Idaho, in 1885, she lived also with her parents at Leamington, Kaysville, Ogden, and various other towns in Utah. Her father was a wandering laborer and land settler.

\*\*\*I can find no comparable ballad in Child. Yet, this theme has had wide circulation in America, and probably originated in England. Versions of it will probably show up in some of the English collections.

## 3.

## THE DAMSEL FROM CHASHAW

(Secured from Grandma: Katie Talbot, of Blackfoot, Idaho, about 1932)

This is another of the old ballads my mother used to sing to me as a child. And I, in turn, while in grade school at St. John, Idaho, used to do it with my sister, Ethel, at the Friday afternoon programs. We didn't know then, of course, that the "Chashaw" was a corruption of "Cheshire." My mother tells me that this ballad, too, was brought to America from England, via South Africa, in 1861 by the Talbots. The present completed version was mailed to me, on request, in 1932, by my grandmother, Katie Talbot, of Blackfoot, Idaho.



There lived a fair damsel in Chashaw  
Who often to market would go,  
Thinking no one would harm or molest her  
As she traveled the road to and fro.

She met with a lofty highwayman;  
Two pistols he held at her breast,  
Saying, "Stand and deliver your money,  
Or else you will die, I confess!"

He stripped this poor damsel most naked,  
And took from her wallet her gold;  
And as he sat counting her money,  
He gave her the bridle to hold.

She put her foot into the stirrup,  
And into the saddle she sprang;  
And away she dashed over the prairie,  
Crying, "Catch me, bold rogue, if you can!"

She dashed over hills and high mountains  
Till she came to her father's farm-side;  
And then with a tear and a whisper,  
Her father he then did arrive.

"Oh, daughter, oh, what's been the matter,  
That's kept you so long from the farm?"  
"Oh, enough, oh, enough's been the matter,  
But the rogue he has done me no harm!"

She split her black mantle wide open,  
And spread it all over the floor;  
And there she sat counting her money,  
Till she counted five thousand or more.

"Oh, daughter, you have a fine fortune,  
And I'll give you twice that much more;  
And then you will have enough money  
To keep the cold wind from your door!"

This damsel she still lives in Chashaw;  
Her husband along with her dwells;  
And the little ones they all sit and listen  
While the story of the robber she tells.

---

\*The correct title of this ballad seems to be "The Damsel from Cheshire." There are, however, variants called "The Highway Robber" and "The Maid of Rygate. But of all the books I examined, I found one in only Greenleaf and Mansfield. The references which follow are from this book and from Child:

Logan, A Peddler's Pack, pp. 134-136  
Greenleaf & Mansfield, No. 21, p. 47  
Child, Nos. 112 & 283  
Leigh, Ballads of Cheshire, pp. 267-268  
Sharp & Marson, Folk Songs from Somerset,  
No. 50, II, 50-51  
Ravenscroft, Deuteronomia, London, 1609  
Pills to Purge Melancholy, III, 37, 1719  
Percy's Reliques, III, 238, 1765  
Pepy's Ballads, V, Nos. 162-164, 1765  
Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 159, 1790

\*\*My grandmother learned this song from her husband, Stephen Barton Talbot. She herself was a native of Leamington, Utah, born of parents who had come from Denmark to this country as Mormon converts. Her memory is excellent.

\*\*\*Child has no version which closely resembles "The Damsel from Cheshire." His "Crafty Farmer" (No. 283), however, is a good masculine parallel. And his "Baffled Knight" (No. 112), in its many forms, has a similar theme but is somewhat differently told. (It better conforms to my "Jolly Shepherd," No. 4, which see.) Ordinarily, a knight, or perchance a highwayman, catches a young girl in compromising circumstances and attempts to seduce her, but with false promises she tricks him into seeing her home, only to lock him out and then to mock him from a safe retreat. But there are also cases where she escapes with his horse and money. Such is true in a modern French ballad, attributed by Child to Favart, where, to save her honor, the lady robs the highwayman not only of his horse but of his valise, containing his money. This latter is Child's closest approach to "The Damsel from Cheshire," which, though fairly common in England, seems to be rather rare in the United States. There are numerous versions of the "Baffled Knight," however, not only in English, but in Spanish, French, Portuguese, Danish, and German.

## THE JOLLY SHEPHERD

(Learned by Leff Larson about 1900 from Abraham Stephen Hansen)

This modernized version of "The Baffled Knight" was transmitted to my father by a shepherd. They were, at the time, herding together in grassy Pocatello Valley, a few miles west of Malad, Idaho. Hansen knew many such songs and rendered them to his own accompaniment on the banjo.



There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day.

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

He sneaked down through the bushes  
To get a closer look,  
And peeked upon this maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
She said, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you and me to play!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a patch of clover;  
She said, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you to roll me over!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then she said, "I'm a maid within,  
And you're a fool without!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

\*For references and history of origin see the preceding ballad, "The Damsel from Cheshire."

\*\*Such songs are common in the shearing corrals of the West. And they seem to follow the lines of the old Child material, whereas, on the contrary, those from the cow-camps are more original and adapted to the local life. Is it because the shepherd is more solitary?

## 5.

## BRYAN O'LYNN

I have found two quite different versions of this song. Both, unfortunately, are without music, though the first half of the "Irish Washerwoman" has been suggested as the probable tune. The first was recited to me by Mrs. Frank Grant shortly after I began collecting. At the time, the Grants were buying a farm near Eden, Idaho. But they had come west from St. Louis, Missouri, their original home, several years earlier, and it was there that she had learned the words as a child. The second version was given to me by my father, Leff Larson, of Malad, Idaho, who learned it at some early-day community gathering. Both bear considerable resemblance to the pre-Elizabethan original and to current versions of the Appalachians.\*\*

## A.

(Secured from Mrs. Frank Grant, of Eden, Idaho, in the fall of 1932)

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife, and her mother,  
They all went over  
A bridge together;  
The bridge broke down --  
They all fell in;  
"There's ground at the bottom!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife, and her mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep in the middle!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair --  
The fleshy side out  
And the wooly side in:  
"It's warm in the summer!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife, and her mother,  
They all sat down  
At the table together;  
Two plates and a platter,  
But nothing for him:  
"I'll eat from the platter!!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no watch to wear;  
So he got him a turnip  
And scooped it out fair;  
He planted a cricket  
Right under it's skin;  
"They'll think it's a-ticking!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

B.

Tumble Lynn

(Secured from Leff Larson, of Malad, Idaho, in the fall of 1932)

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
Her hips were thin  
And her sides were bare;  
Her backbone showed  
Through her tough old skin:  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all;  
"You fool! You fool!  
Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which one of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick  
And leave the rest!"  
"I'll take some for beauty  
And some for skin!  
Oh, I'll take them all!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

---

\*Other titles, all from Child, are "Tam Lin," "Thom of Lyn," "Young Thomlin," and "A Ballet of Thomalyn." See the following:

Child, No. 39 ("Tam Lin")

Sharp, No. 151

Lomax, Our Singing Country, p. 117

Wells, pp. 162, 167

\*\*Though Child has many references, from 1549 to 1844, I here omit them, since his "Tam Lin" is a tale of fairy enchantment seemingly unrelated to our present "Bryan O'Lynn." His earliest reference, however, is to an identifying comment in Vedderburn's Complaint of Scotland. And it is apparent that all versions of "Tam Lin" are restricted to that country. As for "Bryan O'Lynn," it, too, dates back to pre-Elizabethan days; for, according to Evelyn Kendrick Wells, in her The Ballad Tree (p. 162), the song is a very old pre-Elizabethan satire, mentioned in a pre-Elizabethan play. And in the 18th century it was used, in modified form, as a political lampoon against Sir Robert Walpole, M.P. for Lynn. Since it is reported in various versions for this country, by Sharp, Lomax, and Wells, it must enjoy, here, quite a widespread distribution. I, myself, have unearthed it both in Missouri and in Idaho.



## YOUNG JOHNNIE DOYLE

(Obtained from Melba Ehrnfelt, McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

I was teaching English in 1933 at the McCammon High School. And,  
~~At~~ my request, several of the students, including Miss Ehrnfelt,  
brought ballads to class which they had coaxed out of grandparents or  
other aged people. And this little isolated pioneer community proved\*\*  
a rich field for the collector. Miss Ehrnfelt's aged grandmother,  
with whom she lived, readily produced this excellent version of "John-  
nie Doyle."\*\*\* Unfortunately, I did not get the music.

It happened to be on one Saturday night  
That me and Johnnie Doyle were a-talking of a flight;  
My hand-maid standing by me was plain to see;  
She went home and told my old mother on me.

My mother she confined me up in a room so high,  
Where no one could see me and no one pass by;  
She bundled up my clothes, and she bid me be gone;  
So slowly and so slyly I stepped along.

My father called me back again into his chamber door,  
Saying, "Daughter, dearest daughter, if you'll marry  
Sandy Moore;  
For to marry Johnnie Doyle no pleasure you will have;  
I'd rather see your body borne down into the grave!"

The coach and six horses her father did provide,  
And six noble riders to ride by her side;  
They rode till they came to Edinburgh Town;  
They called on Samuel Godswell, and there they got  
down.

The minister was sent for; he opened the door;  
Her diamond rings they bursted and fell to the floor;  
In fifty-five pieces her stay-laces flew;  
One would think her poor heart would of broken in two!

It was by her eldest brother that she was carried  
home;  
Up in her bed-chamber he softly laid her down;  
So sick and so weary her poor body she found,  
She was wishing she were dead and laid under the  
ground.

Her mother in her mourning-gown came a-tripping down  
the stairs,  
A-wringing of her hands and a-tearing of her hair,  
Saying, "Daughter, have the pleasure, for I'm sure I  
have the toil;  
I wish you had married Young Johnnie Doyle!"

"I'll send for Johnnie Doyle, dearest daughter, for  
you;  
I'll send for Johnnie Doyle, your old lover so true!"  
"To send for Johnnie Doyle, dearest mother, you're  
too late;  
I am so sick and weary; cold-hearted is my fate!"

"Pray, brother, hold the door till the dawning of the  
day;  
Pray, brother, hold the door and keep Sandy Moore  
away;  
For death is approaching, and that will end the strife,  
For he never shall enjoy me to call me his wife!"

In came Sandy Moore at the dawning of the day;  
In came Sandy Moore, and she held her face away;  
She held her face away and died with a smile,  
And the last word they heard her say was, "Young John-  
nie Doyle!"

---

\*The title of this song seemingly does not vary greatly from place to place. Yet, it is fairly common, not only in this country but in England and Ireland as well. See the following:

Primary References

Sharp, Vol. 1, No. 83  
Gardner & Chickering, No. 69  
Henry, No. 40, p. 162  
Eddy, No. 73, p. 187

Secondary References

Mackenzie, No. 34, pp. 106-107  
Scarborough, pp. 248-250  
Campbell & Sharp, No. 83  
Phillips Barry, No. 55

\*\*Settlement at McCammon probably began in 1863 with the establishment of the Portneuf station of Oliver and Conover's stage line between Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Montana. Late in 1876 the first railroad passed through. And the town just missed becoming a division point, and achieving the importance which went to Pocatello, instead, through the maneuverings of its leading citizen, H.O. Harkness. This enterprising business man, who had long reaped huge profits from a system of local toll-roads, thought to capitalize on the coming of the railroads, which had ruined the freighting business. So he bought up all the available space for the proposed townsite and held it at an unreasonable price. But the railroad bypassed the town and went on north, where land was cheap and unclaimed. The town was named, nevertheless, for Joseph K. McCammon, representative of the railroad, who reached the agreement with the Indians of Fort Hall for a right-of-way. And McCammon has remained an isolated little village dependent for its livelihood on dairying and dry-farming.

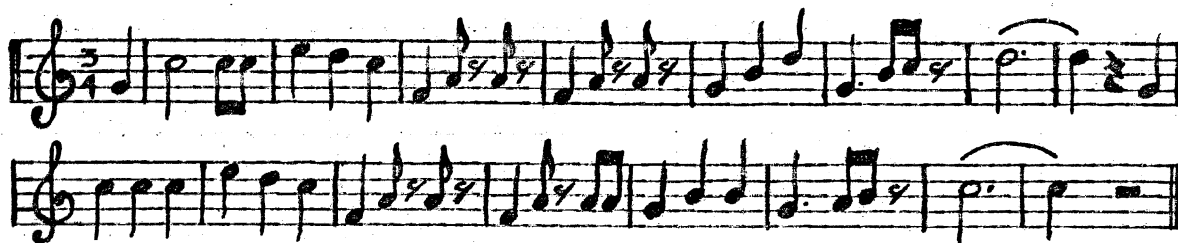
\*\*\*Gardner and Chickering say that "Johnnie Doyle" was once popular in England and Ireland as a broadside song. And Mellinger Henry speaks of it, in its older form, as an Irish street ballad. It is not, of course, found in Child's collection.

## 8.

## WHEN I WAS SINGLE

(Learned as a child from my parents, at Malad, Idaho)

As far back as childhood memory goes, I recall hearing this old song sung by my father and mother. It was apparently community property, for everybody at Malad seemed to know it. Whatever its origin,\*\* one person learned it readily from another, for it seemed to express well the prevailing dissatisfaction with the responsibilities and disappointments of matrimony.\*\*\*



Oh, when I was single,  
 Oh, then, oh, then;  
 Oh, when I was single,  
 Oh, then;  
 Oh, when I was single,  
 My pockets would jingle,  
 And I long to be single again!

My wife got a fever,  
 Oh, then, oh, then;  
 My wife got a fever,  
 Oh, then;  
 My wife got a fever,  
 And I hope it don't leave her,  
 For I long to be single again!

My wife she died,  
 Oh, then, oh, then;  
 My wife she died,  
 Oh, then;  
 My wife she died,  
 And I laughed till I cried,  
 Because I was single again!

Went off to the funeral,  
 Oh, then, oh, then;  
 Went off to the funeral,  
 Oh, then;  
 I heaved and I sighed,  
 And I laughed till I cried,  
 And I started off courting again!

I married another,  
 Oh, then, oh, then;  
 I married another,  
 Oh, then;  
 I married another,  
 The Devil's grandmother,  
 And I long to be single again!

(7, When I Was Single)

Be good to the first,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
Be good to the first,  
Oh, then;  
Be good to the first,  
For the last is the worst,  
And you'll long to be single again!

---

\*This popular folk-song is also known variously as "I Long to Be Single" and "The Devil's Grandmother." See the following:

Eddy, No. 69, p. 181

Cambiaire, p. 99

Fuson, p. 85

Stout, p. 92

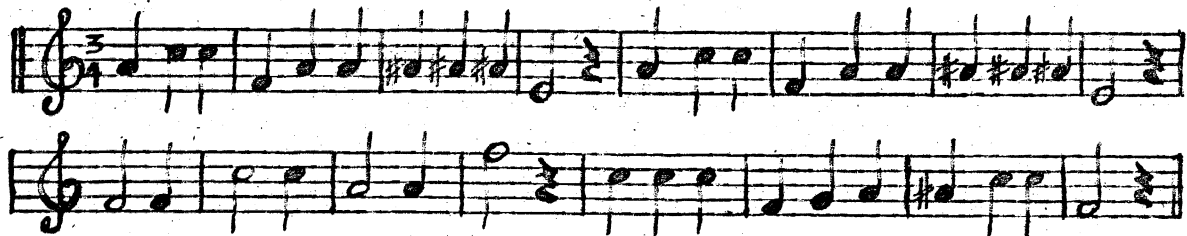
\*\*I have not yet discovered the origin of this song, whether it be folk, minstrel, or other. Certainly, it is not included in Child, for, even though it were from England, and not from our own South, he would not bother with anything so trivial.

\*\*\*The people of my acquaintance in Malad, Idaho, were especially dissatisfied with marriage. This, of course, was mostly true of the old-timers, the women in particular, though the same attitude tended to be handed down to later generations. I think this situation grew out of two early-day conditions. Settlement at Malad began in 1864. The way, of course, had been paved the preceding year, by the establishing in the Malad Valley of stage stations along the route of Oliver and Conover, between Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Montana. Settlement was thereupon rapidly made by colonizing Mormons sent out by the mother church at Salt Lake City. And the immigrants included converts from England, Wales, and Scandinavia, who had flocked to Zion with dreams of escaping the unpleasant reality of their own countries, and of finding here the answers to all their wishes. Bitter disappointment naturally ensued. And that, in itself, was the first of the conditions leading to dissatisfaction with marriage, which seems to be widespread among housewives in all Mormon communities. For the pioneer woman, above all others, suffered privations and frustrations and underwent bitter hardships. The second condition, of course, was the practice of polygamy, which seemed to favor the man and cheat the woman. The wife was expected to repress her natural feelings of jealousy and share her husband with another woman. This was her ordinary duty as a good church-member. And this added frustration quite naturally led to much greater discontent, disappointment, and dissatisfaction with marriage. Another fact, worthy of mention, is that the convert hordes were made up largely of the volatile and unstable elements of society, who, bitterly unhappy where they were, hoped to improve their lot by flight to a new world. By far the greater number were women, which fact pointed naturally to polygamy as a solution. Often, they were love-starved spinsters, or hopelessly miserable wives, bound by inflexible divorce laws to brutal and drunken husbands. They were the neurotics and misfits of their generation. Fortunately, their sanity was saved, rather than impaired, by the conditions they were forced to accept here on their arrival. The brutal blow of reality, under entirely new conditions, acted on their minds quite similarly to modern shock therapy. And the old social orders, in disappearing, put all, temporarily, on an equal level, thus reducing many of the old tensions. Furthermore, personal competition sank to an all-time low, being replaced by community cooperation for survival. And the new problems, rather than being social, were primitive problems of natural survival, which was a factor undoubtedly beneficial in calming the disturbed minds of this horde of mal-contented.

## WISH I WAS SINGLE

(Secured from Miriam Talbot, of Malad, Idaho, in the fall of 1932)

My aunt, Mrs. Andie Talbot, is the harrassed mother of several small children, and frequently expresses verbal dissatisfaction with woman's lot. Like so many other housewives, she regards herself as a drudge and slave for her husband and family. For she sacrificed for them her ambitions and chances for a brilliant career as a pianist. When I asked for old ballads, she promptly contributed this one. It is, I believe, vindictive and rebellious woman's answer to the charges brought against her in its masculine counterpart, "When I Was Single." (See No. 7, with its notes.) It pictures woman's side of marital responsibility and disillusionment.\*\* This, of course, is a very incomplete version.



When I was single, I lived at my ease;  
But now I am married, a husband to please,  
With three small children to maintain:  
Oh, how I wish I was single again!

One cries, "Mama, I wanna go to bed!"  
Another cries, "Mama, there's a louse in  
my head!"  
I wash them, and dress them, and put them  
to bed;  
Along comes their father, a-wishing they  
were dead!\*\*\*

---

\*This song, which has a fascination for women collectors, seems, strangely enough, to leave the men of the cult cold. They generally ignore it, and so there are no further references!

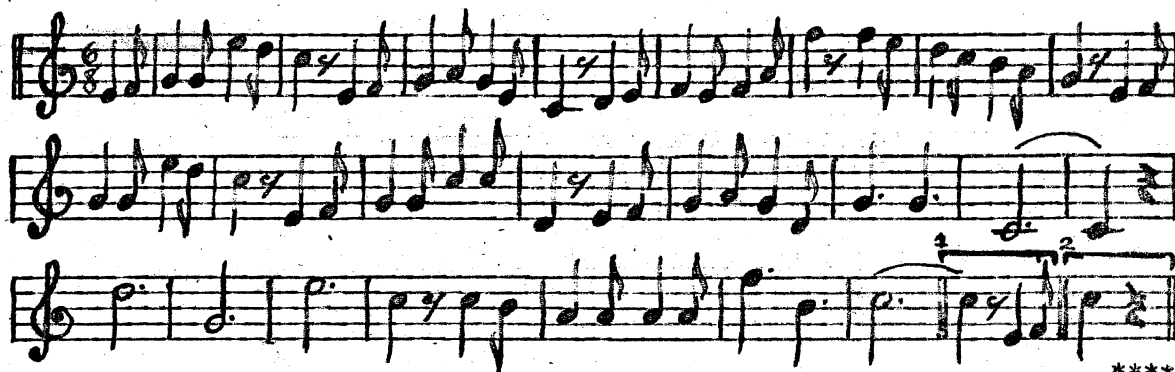
\*\*The last four hundred years have been marked by woman's rebellion against man's intrenched superiority and privilege. This has been especially true in America, where, because of pioneer conditions, with the breaking down of old ideas and the fusion of many cultures, there has been much social and economic experimentation. Here, because few in number and greatly sought after, they successfully sold their favors to their eager and numerous suitors, for greater and greater concessions. They had bargaining power because they were a scarce item in a place of great demand. Yet, in spite of their expanding horizons, the women of America continue to be the most mal-content in the world. A taste of meat has only whetted their appetites! For they are in the unhappy position of having to choose between career and marriage or of attempting a stormy compromise. For the two are incompatible. Love means self-sacrifice and loss of personal identity; career means ego satisfaction and personal fulfilment.

\*\*\*This is obviously the Freudian Oedipus complex.

## THE LOWLAND LOW

(Secured from Elmer Marley, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

This version of what is more commonly known as "The Sweet Trinity"\*\*\* was brought to me, at McCammon High School, by one of my students, Elmer Marley. Son of a Blackfoot farmer, he boasted descent from a powerful early-day Indian chief. His grandmother, who lived at McCammon, had dictated the words to him from memory, but he was unable to carry the tune. My father, Leff Larson, of Malad, Idaho, supplied the music in 1950, which he had heard sung there, at a dance, by one, Ed Jenkins, about 1890. He knew the song as "The Bold Turkish Crew."\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*

I have me a ship in the north Countree;  
 She sails by the name of the Nancy Lee;  
 I'm afraid she'll be taken all by the  
                     British crew

As she sails along the Lowland low!  
 As she sails along the Lowland low!  
 As she sails along the Lowland low!

Our bold Captain Stewart he did speak,  
 A-stamping of his feet upon the deck:  
 "Is there any braw fellow that ship  
                     will destroy

As she sails along the Lowland low?  
 As she sails along the Lowland low?  
 As she sails along the Lowland low?"

The first that spoke up was a little  
                     cabin-boy,  
 Saying, "Captain, what will you gie me  
                     if I destroy?

Will you gie me money, or will you gie  
                     me store,  
 If I sink her in the Lowland low?  
 If I sink her in the Lowland low?  
 If I sink her in the Lowland low?"

The next spoke up the captain with a  
                     look of joy,  
 A-making of promises to the little cab-  
                     in-boy:

"I will gie you money, I will gie you  
                     store,  
 If you sink her in the Lowland low!  
 If you sink her in the Lowland low!  
 If you sink her in the Lowland low!

The boy he took an auger and overboard  
jumped,  
Bent his breast against the waves and gal-  
lantly swum  
Right up to the side of the British ship  
so bold,  
As she sailed along the Lowland low,  
As she sailed along the Lowland low,  
As she sailed along the Lowland low!

The boy he took the auger and bored it in  
twice,  
While some were playing cards and others  
playing dice;  
He dazzled all their eyes when he made the  
water flow:  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland low!  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland low!  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland low!

Then he returned to his own Captain's ship;  
His strength began to fail him and his  
courage began to slip;  
"Oh, Captain, oh, Captain, don't turn away  
so,  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland low!  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland low!  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland low!"

"Pick you up?" Cried the Captain; "No, that  
will never be!  
I'll slash you, and shoot you, and sink you  
in the sea!"  
Then he turned away his head from the lit-  
tle cabin-boy,  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland low!  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland low!  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland low!

The mates they picked him up, and on the  
deck he died;  
They wrapped him in his hammock so long and  
wide;  
They dropped him overboard, and he sunk be-  
neath the flow,  
As they sailed along the Lowland low,  
As they sailed along the Lowland low,  
As they sailed along the Lowland low!

\*This popular ballad is known in various versions also as "The Golden Vanity," "The French Galley," "The Turkish Galley," and "Edmund in the Lowland Low." See the following:

### Primary References

Child, No. 286  
Gardner & Chickering, No. 82  
Henry, No. 27, p. 127  
Cox, No. 15, p. 52  
Sharp, Vol. I, No. 282, p. 282  
Campbell & Sharp, No. 35

## Secondary References

Greenleaf & Mansfield, p. 43  
Wyman & Brockway, p. 72  
Flanders & Brown, p. 230  
Belden, No. 78  
Hudson, No. 22  
McGill, p. 97

**\*\*Child** lists numerous references for this ballad. It has been widely known, apparently, in both England and Scotland since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In fact, it was probably written as a broadside in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, for some versions, like that of Pepys (Pepys Ballads, IV, 196, No. 189, 1682-85), use his name in the title. Sir Walter Scott was familiar with it, and it is to be found in practically every important collection, both in England and America. See the references in the first note.

**\*\*\*My father** claims he heard "The Bold Turkish Crew" only once. It was at a country dance, where, in the intermissions, some local or visiting person with singing talent would often be called on to perform. The singer, in this instance, was a Welchman named Ed Jenkins. Father remembered the tune, however, and some of the refrain, because he himself was a violinist, who played at the local dances. Born in 1879, at St. John, a little country community four miles west of Malad, he had grown up in the midst of pioneer conditions. At a very early age, he had taken music lessons from the local teacher, Professor Thomas S. Thomas. This man organized most of the early-day bands and choirs of Malad Valley. Weekly practice meetings were held in the evenings of wintertime. During summer, everybody was too busy with sowing, cultivating, and harvesting. Evan Stephens, who preceded Thomas, in St. John, was his uncle and also his teacher. He later became famous as leader of the tabernacle choir in Salt Lake City. (Incidentally, Evan Stephens remained a bachelor till his death, because, in his youth, he had inadvertently killed his childhood sweetheart during play practice for a community theatre, when the part called for him to throw a knife at her. He was a philanthropist, however, and gave college educations to many young men, including some of the sons of Thomas S. Thomas.)

✓ But, to get back to the subject, the community singing practice in St. John was usually a wintertime activity, and took place either in private homes or in the school-house, which served also as church. The first church, of course, was a dug-out, replaced as soon as possible by a log room. Amusements were few in those days, and the people had to depend on themselves for entertainment. Those who could sing or play musical instruments did so and were held in high esteem. Country dances were many and rough, held usually in the school house. At first, candles were used, each thrust into a hole in a potato, and set on a shingle slid between the logs of the walls. Later, kerosene lamps were introduced. The dances were principally quadrilles, reels, and hoe-downs. Sometimes, local comedians would do an impromptu jig. Between dances, however, while the musicians, usually a violinist, a clarinetist, and maybe an accordion player, were cooling off, the men would jump on the knots in the plank floor to drive them back down, as they would work up with the dancing. Drink abounded, and, when rivalry occurred over pretty girls, men often broke out in brutal fighting. It was under these conditions that the old ballads, brought from England and Wales, were revived and popularized. And sometimes the local singers, who were often comedians, as well, would add to their repertoire humorous songs of their own composing, which would become community property, and would eventually survive as folk-songs. Old-timers, their ranks rapidly thinned by death, are alone able to yield up this vanishing treasure.

**\*\*\*\*This tune** does not fit the Marley words very well. The refrain is too long. I understand the version my father heard went somewhat as follows:

"...As she sailed along the Lowlands low.  
Lowlands, Lowlands,  
As she sailed along the Lowlands low."



## THE TWO CROWS\*\*

(Learned in childhood, about 1912, at Malad, Idaho, from my parents)

As far back as memory goes, I recall hearing this song frequently at home. It is, of course, a version of Child's "The Twa Corbies." Both of my parents loved to reminisce on their own childhoods. And my mother, in particular, cherished all the old ballads which had prevailed in the house of her father. I always believed that most of these were brought from England by my Talbot ancestors. (See No. 1.)\*\*\*



There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree,  
As black as any crows could be,  
Crows could be.

The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate,  
"Have you seen anything to eat,  
Thing to eat?"

"There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field,  
And there we'll have a merry meal,  
Merry meal!"

"We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone,  
And peck his eyes out one by one,  
One by one!"

\*See the following references:

Primary

Child, No. 26  
Sharp, No. 11, p. 63  
Henry, No. 7, p. 48  
Cox, No. 5, p. 13

Secondary

Barry, No. 27  
Campbell & Sharp, No. 10  
Flanders & Brown, p. 198  
Hudson, No. 6

**\*\*Child** gives a good account of this ballad. Seemingly, it was first printed in 1611, in Ravenscroft's Malismata. But it may have been already in existence for a long time. Its continued and widespread popularity was pointed out, in 1855, by Chappell, in his Popular Music of the Olden Time. Sir Walter Scott had called it a counterpart of "The Three Ravens." His version of it appeared in 1803 in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. And the several references, above, indicate that today, in America, it is still very much alive. I have even seen it in a Boy Scout songbook.

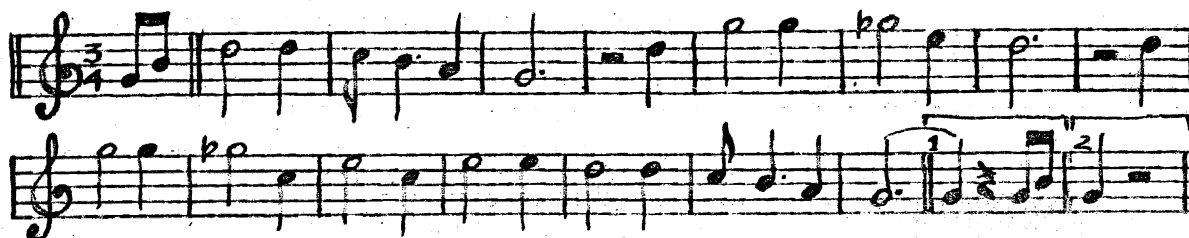
**\*\*\*I** have reason to believe that many pioneers of Utah and Idaho were ballad addicts. Leastwise, such was true of the numerous branches of the Talbot family, which spread out from the original home in Kaysville, Utah. For in those days, when movies and radio were unknown, people were forced to depend on themselves, and on their friends, for the entertainment for which they were starved. Often, there was considerable distance between neighbors, though, being from densely settled areas in Europe, most preferred to live in little communities made up, perhaps, of a dozen or more log-cabins. In most cases, the men-folks had built the houses themselves, with logs they had gotten out of the nearby canyons. All were very busy in clearing away sage, farming their land, and ~~the~~ fighting off the onslaughts of crickets and jack-rabbits. And the women, of course, were equally well occupied, what with making soap, drying fruit, preserving meat, weaving and spinning, and keeping the large and growing family fed three times daily. But, fortunately, the work was healthful, and, in moments of relaxation, everybody played with equal vigor, and enjoyed the meagre pleasures with an intensity seldom seen today. Sociability was widespread and genuine. And the sudden appearance of a stranger at the door was greeted with great joy. In isolated regions, it was common for whole families to pile into their wagon, and, taking along plenty of food, drive off for a week's visit with some distant neighbor or relative. Such visits, too, elicited wild joy. The children, in particular, were starry-eyed at the prospect of hearing grown-up gossip, and of doubling up, many to the bed, as likely as not on a dirt floor, or in a wagon-box, a granary, or a hay-stack, with their numerous cousins. The art of conversation was highly developed, and, during such visits, everybody would have his fill of listening, eagerly, to tales of personal adventure. That these were greatly exaggerated, making of the teller something of a hero, mattered not at all. For the more thrilling the story, the more entertaining it was. Thus, the times were highly favorable for the growth of folk-tales, and also for the perpetuation of old songs and ballads. In the evenings, after the old-timers had exhausted their tales, and themselves, out would come the fiddles and banjos, and there would be music and singing. And those who were able to do a good lively song with a story were greatly esteemed. Maybe there would also be a bit of dancing, with everybody crowded up, as thick as fleas, in that one little cabin room. And the young folks would be in their glory. Always, of course, while the fun was at its height, and while everybody was working up an appetite, the mature women of the group would be preparing a simple meal, but a meal the most savory and abundant imaginable. Hunger was the sauce which made it so tasty that, years afterward, when themselves grown old, those children recalled the experience with joy. This, then, is a picture of that pioneer social life under which the popular ballads, brought to America from the home country, flourished. It is a picture which I have reconstructed from the accounts of my father and mother, who both lived in precisely such homes.

## 11.

ANDY BARDEEN\*\*

(Learned by Father, 1900, Pocatello Valley, from Abraham Steven Hansen)

My father, Leff Larson, learned this ballad, known to Child as "Sir Andrew Barton," under the same circumstances as "The Jolly Shepherd." (See No. 4.) He was at the time herding sheep in Pocatello Valley, a short distance west of Malad. And his companion in that lonely sheep-camp, Abraham Stephen Hansen, made the hills echo with the strumming of his banjo to many such songs.\*\*\*



There were three brothers in old Scotland;  
 Three loving brothers were they;  
 They all drew lots to see which one  
 Was to go robbing out on the salt sea.

The lot it fell to Andy Bardeen,  
 The youngest of the three;  
 He was to go robbing out on the salt sea  
 To maintain his two brothers and he.

They had just sailed now two winters nigh  
 When a big ship they did spy,  
 And she came sailing around and around  
 Until she came sailing quite nigh.

"Who's there, who's there?" cried Andy  
 Bardeen;  
 "Who's there, I ask of thee?"  
 "We are three merchants from old England.  
 Now, please, won't you let us pass by?"

"Oh, no; oh, no!" cried Andy Bardeen;  
 "Oh, that could never be!  
 Your bright shining diamonds we'll take  
 all away,  
 And your ship we'll sink in the sea!"

Right there and then the battle began;  
 Bright cannons they did roar;  
 They had only fought an hour or so  
 when the three rich merchants gave o'er.

The news was brought to the King of France,  
 For he was ruling the land;  
 He offered rewards to any man  
 That would bring Andy Bardeen to land.

"Oh, build me a ship," says Captain Charles  
 Stewart;  
 "Oh, build it strong and firm;  
 And I will bring Andy Bardeen to land,  
 Or my body will never return!"

He had but sailed just three winters nigh  
When a big ship he did spy;  
And she came sailing around and around,  
Until she came sailing quite nigh.

"Who's there? Who's there?" cried Captain  
Charles Stewart;

"Who's there, I ask of thee?"

"We are three robbers from old Scotland.

Now, please, won't you let us pass by?"

"Oh, no; oh, no!" cried Captain Charles  
Stewart;

"Oh, that could never be!

"Your bright shining diamonds we'll take  
all away,

"And your ship we'll sink in the sea!"

"Come on! Come on!" cried Andy Bardeen;

"We fear you not one pin!

For you've got brass without your grand  
ship,

But we've got steel within!"

Right there and then the battle began;

Bright cannons they did roar;

They had just fought about an hour or so,

When Captain Charles Stewart gave o'er.

"Go back! Go back!" cried Andy Bardeen;

"And tell the King for me

That he may be ruler of all the great land,

But I'm still king of the sea!"

---

\*Child also has a version of this ballad called "Henry Martyn," but the conventional title is "Sir Henry Barton." See the following:

Primary References

Child, Nos. 167 & 250

Gardner & Chickering, No. 81

Eddy, No. 24, p. 78

Secondary References

Mackenzie, p. 61

Barry, pp. 248-258

Cox, No. 26, p. 150

\*\*Numerous references, both ancient and modern, testify to the popularity of this ballad. Child discusses its origin in his consistently scholarly fashion. It seems that, in actual history, one, Andrew Barton, received letters of reprisal against the Portuguese, from the king of Scotland, because they had seized a ship commanded by his father. He, however, abused this privilege, and, in 1511, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, with the consent of Henry VIII, set out to destroy him. Barton was killed in a furious sea battle, and his ship, the Lion, was captured. The subsequent demands of the king of Scotland for redress were refused on the grounds that Barton was a pirate. This ballad, which commemorates the story, has had wide circulation, not only in England and Scotland, but in America as well.

\*\*\*The life of a shepherd is a lonely one. At best, he has but one companion, and often he is alone save for the infrequent visits of the camp-tender. He cooks his own meals and sleeps in the wagon camp or on the ground. Around him are great expanses or the closing in hills. He must, of course, guard his flock night and day, lest they stray, find quicksand or poisonous plants, or fall victim to the ever watchful covote. At night he has the stars for company, and it is then he resorts to his guitar.

## 12.

## THREE MEN

(Secured from Elmer Marley, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933) \*

This folk-song is not as widespread as many. I found it in only four collections, though it may be in others. My manner of acquiring this version, which differs somewhat from those in print, is identical with one already discussed, "The Lowlands Low." (See No. 9.) Elmer Marley, one of my high school students, brought it to class, at my request, to fill the requirement for a theme.



Three men went out a-hunting,  
 And nothing did they find  
 Until they came to a windmill,  
 And that they left behind;  
 The Irishman says, "Windmill;"  
 The Scotchman he says, "Nay;"  
 The Dutchman says, "'Tis a mighty fine thing  
 To keep the birds away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
 And nothing did they find  
 Until they came to a bull-frog,  
 And that they left behind;  
 The Irishman says, "Bullfrog;"  
 The Scotchman he says, "Nay;"  
 The Dutchman says, "Looks like a turtle-dove  
 With his feathers all blown away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
 And nothing did they find  
 Until they came to a porcupine,  
 And that they left behind;  
 The Irishman says, "Porcupine;"  
 The Scotchman he says, "Nay;"  
 The Dutchman says, "Looks like a pin-cushion  
 With the pins stuck in the wrong way!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
 And nothing did they find  
 Until they came to a jack-ass,  
 And that they left behind;  
 The Irishman says, "Jackass;"  
 The Scotchman he says, "Nay;"  
 The Dutchman says, "It's Franklin D. Roosevelt:  
 I can tell him by his bray!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
 And nothing did they find  
 Until they came to Idaho,  
 And that they left behind;  
 The Irishman says, "Idaho;"  
 The Scotchman he says, "Nay;"  
 The Dutchman says, "'Tis a mighty fine place  
 To keep the bums away!"

\*See also Flanders, No. 8; Fuson, n. 83; Flanders & Brown, n. 125.

13.

## SAM BASS

(Secured from Elmer Marley, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

I acquired this song, also, from Elmer Marley, one of my students at McCammon High School. But he did not know the music. John A. Lomax, in his Folk Song U.S.A., gives a detailed account of train and bank robber, Sam Bass, who, betrayed by Jim Murphy in 1878, was killed by officers of the law. His life was somewhat like that of Jesse James.

Sam Bass was born out in Indiana;  
That was his native home;  
And at the age of seventeen young,  
Sam began to roam.

He first went out to Texas,  
A cowboy for to be;  
And a more tender-hearted fellow  
You hardly ever see.

He used to coin the money,  
And you bet he spent her free;  
He always drank good whiskey  
Wherever he chanced to be.

Sam once dealt in race-stock;  
She was called the Dalton mare;  
Matched her at the scrub races  
And took her to the fair.

Sam left the Dalton ranch  
In the merry month of May  
With a herd of Texas cattle,  
The Black Hills for to see.

Sold out in Custer City,  
And then got on a spree;  
And a tougher set of cowboys  
You hardly ever see.

On their way back to Texas  
They robbed a U.P. train,  
Split up in couples,  
And started out again.

Sam was hiding in the bushes,  
A-trying to get away;  
Tom borrowed Sam's good gold,  
And then he refused to pay.

Sam Bass, as well as his pardner,  
Was overtaken soon;  
And with all their hard cash-money,  
They had to meet their doom.

They were carried to the city,  
And there locked up in jail;  
With all their gold and silver,  
They couldn't get out on bail.

It was on a Sunday morning,  
They were hanged at break of day;  
And that was the end of young Sam Bass;  
There's nothing more to say:

## LAKE OF PONGATRAIN

(Secured from Murray Hale, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

This ballad, according to Gardner and Chickering, is at least as old as 1890. Murray Hale, one of my high school students, came up with this version, which he claimed was dictated to him by his parents. His father was a railroad man and from pioneer stock.

'Twas on a bright May morning  
I bid Orleans adieu  
And started out for Jackson,  
Where I was forced to go.

Through swamps and alligators  
I was on my weary way;  
Over railroad ties and crossings  
My weary feet did stray.

Till 'long toward shades of evening,  
The higher ground I gained;  
'Twas there I met the Creole girl,  
On the Lake of Pongatrain.

"It's good eve to you, fair maiden;  
My money does me no good;  
If it wasn't for the alligators,  
I'd sleep out in the wood."

"It's welcome, welcome, stranger;  
Our cottage is but plain;  
But we never turn a stranger out,  
On the Lake of Pongatrain."

She took me to her mother's house  
And treated me quite well;  
Her hair in golden ringlets  
Around her shoulders fell.

I tried to paint her beauty,  
But I found it was in vain,  
So handsome was the Creole girl  
On the Lake of Pongatrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me;  
She said that never could be;  
She said she had a lover  
That was out upon the sea.

She said she had a lover,  
And ture she would remain  
Till he came back to the Creole girl  
On the Lake of Pongatrain.

"Then it's farewell to you, fair maiden;  
I never shall see you more;  
But I'll never forget your kindness,  
Nor the cottage by the shore.

And when in single blessedness  
The flowing bowl I drain,  
I'll drink my health to the Creole girl  
On the Lake of Pongatrain!"

15.

## THE BOSTON BURGLAR

(Secured from Claude Bullock, McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

Claude Bullock was another of my high school students. His home was at Readyville, ~~however~~, a small place near McCammon but off the main highway. I think he learned this version of "The Boston Burglar" from his family. Cox says this ballad, a version of the English one, "Botany Bay," was published in the U.S. as a Wehman broadside.

I was born in Boston City,  
A city you all know well;  
Brought up by honest parents;  
And the truth to you I'll tell.

Brought up by honest parents,  
But my friends they dragged me down;  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
I'm here in Charlestown.

I started out night-walking,  
And also drinking rum,  
Paying calls at the whorehouse,  
And robbing just for fun.

The judge he gave me a sentence,  
And a long time I will be  
A-serving out those twenty-one years  
In the penitentiary.

They put me on an east-bound train  
One cold November day;  
And at every station we would pass,  
I'd hear the people say:

"There goes a noted burglar;  
In irons he'll be bound!!  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
He's headed for Charlestown!"

I've got a girl in Boston,  
And I know she loves me well;  
If I ever get out of this lousy jail,  
Along with her I'll dwell.

My father is a drunkard,  
Wasting his time away;  
My mother's in the cold, cold ground;  
They buried her the other day!

My sister's in a whorehouse;  
The family's broken down;  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
I'm here in Charlestown:

---

\*See the following primary and secondary references;

Gardner & Chickering, No. 137

Eddy, No. 85, p. 204

Cox, No. 29, p. 89

Flanders & Brown, pp. 53-54

Scarborough, pp. 289-296

Cambiare, p. 69



16.  
YIPPIE YAY

I found these two versions under different circumstances. The first came from Phenoi Deschamps, an adolescent of St. John, Idaho, who, being a local comedian, had quite a repertoire, chiefly of vulgar songs. The second was recited to me by my student, Ben Infanger, at McCammon. The latter told me that his father, ~~the source~~, who was an early-day freighter between Utah and Montana, learned the song at a Soda Springs round-up. The cowboys, who knew little of it, improvised freely as they worked, various ones contributing lines. Both versions are sung to the tune of Lomax's familiar "Chisholm Trail."\*

## A.

(Secured from Phenoi Deschamps, of Malad, Idaho, in the fall of 1932)

I was coming down the mountain by the old cow-trail,  
With my rope in my hand and a heifer by the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Saddled old Bollie and started down the trail;  
He threw me off in a fresh cow-pile!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Last time I saw the boss (I haven't seen him since!),  
He was branding\*\* a heifer through a barb-wire fence!  
Etc.

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!  
Etc.

And now my song is ended; I can sing you no more;  
There's an apple in my butt, and you can have the core!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

## B.

(Secured from Ben Infanger, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

Way up north among the bear and lyon;  
Come down south a-shoutin' and a-cryin!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrup and my butt in the saddle,  
A-singing all day to your God damned cattle!  
Etc.

I went to the boss to draw my roll  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!  
Etc.

The boss came out with a gun in his hand,  
A-saying: "Get to work and be God damned."  
Etc.

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a little yell;  
The lead-bars broke, and the loaders went to hell!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

17.  
CREATION

This ballad, too, comes from various sources. And Dorothy Scarborough, in her collection, attributes its origin to the Negroes of the South, where it is widespread and popular. It seems, as well, to have been an early-day favorite in Malad Valley, if not in all eastern Idaho. My first version was contributed by Lenore Morris, a high school student at McCammon, who learned it from her family. My second was obtained from Johnnie Deschamps and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Edwards, all born of pioneer parents, in the Malad region. My father, Leff Larson, claims that he also knew this version, as a youth. It was sung frequently by his brother-in-law, David S. Thomas, of St. John, who was a lively entertainer in early pioneer days, and used to charm the crowd with it at parties, dances, and local celebrations. At one time, everybody in St. John knew the song. The third version was a favorite of my room-mate, Lester Bush, also of Malad, when we were at school together at the Southern Branch, Pocatello, Idaho, in the winter of 1927-28. Only he, of all those contacted, gave me a tune.\*\*

## A.

(Secured from Lenore Morris, of McCammon, Idaho, in the spring of 1933)

Adam was the first man;  
Eve was his spouse;  
They got married  
And went to keeping house.

Eve took an apple;  
Adam did the same;  
They got kicked out of Eden,  
And they went to raising Cain.

Samson was a boxer  
In the pugilistic school;  
He killed a thousand Phillistines  
With the fragments of a mule.

Along came Delilah,  
And she filled him up with gin;  
She cut off his whiskers,  
And the cops they ran him in.

Daniel was a Hebrew,  
And he wouldn't mind the king;  
The king he said he wouldn't stand  
For any such a thing.

They threw him in a lion's den,  
With lions down beneath;  
But Daniel was a dentist,  
And he pulled the lion's teeth!

Jonah was a jailbird  
Until he jumped his bail;  
He took a steerage passage  
In a trans-Atlantic whale.

But in the whale's belly,  
Where Jonah got depressed,  
Jonah pushed a button --  
And the whale did the rest!

(17, Creation)

B.

Walking in the Parlor

(Contributed, 1932, by John Deschamps & Dave Edwards, of Malad, Idaho)

Adam was the first man;  
Eve was the tother;  
Cain he walked the treadmill  
Because he killed his brother!

Chorus:

It's walking, then, it's walking,  
Walking, I say;  
Walking through the parlor  
For to hear the banjo play;  
Walking through the parlor  
For to hear the banjo ring,  
And to watch the darkie's fingers  
As he plays upon the strings!

The world was made in six days,  
And then they made the sky;  
They finally hung it overhead  
And left it there to dry!

All the other animals  
Were molded one by one  
And set against the fence to dry  
As fast as they were done!

But old Mother Eve couldn't  
Sleep without a piller;  
And the greatest man that ever lived  
Was Jack the Giant Killer!

C.

Alimony

(Secured from Lester Bush, at Pocatello, in the winter of 1927-28)



Oh, Adam was the first guy that ever was invented;  
He wandered all around, and he never was contented;  
They made him out of clay in the days gone by,  
And they hung him out in the sun to dry!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Eve, and they had an awful battle;  
She chased Adam up a tree to get an apple;  
Adam ate two, and he gave Eve one,  
And that is how all the trouble begun!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Cain, and Eve was his mother;  
He stumbled all around till he found himself a brother;  
The Good Book says that Cain killed Abel:  
He hit him in the head with the leg of a table!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Noah a-stumbling in the dark;\*\*\*  
He found a saw and hatchet, and he built himself an Ark;  
Then came the animals, two by two,  
The hippo-hippopotamus and kangaroo!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

Then it rained for forty days and forty nights without  
a-stopping;  
The damned old boat began a-leaking and a-rocking;  
The ocean got rude, and the waves got rank,  
And the whale threw Jonah on the sandy bank!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Roosevelt a-looking for a bear;  
He searched the Mississippi, and he couldn't find him there;  
He went to South Africa, so I've heard,  
And killed them with a fountain-pen at forty cents a word!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I once knew a doctor by the name of Peck;  
He fell into a well, and he broke his damned neck;  
It served him right -- he should have stayed at home,  
Tended to the sick, and left the well alone!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I bought myself a pair of combination underwear  
Just to keep out the damp and the cold and chilly air;  
I wore them six months, without exaggeration,  
And when I went to take them off I found I'd lost the com-  
bination!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I went down town for to see my gal Bess;  
She said, "My honey, I am all undressed!"  
"Then slip on something and come down here!"  
So she slipped on a cake of soap and came down on her ear!!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

A horse and a flea and three blind mice  
Were out in the barnyard a-playing dice;  
The horse he slipped, and he fell on the flea;  
And the flea said, "Golly, that's a horse on me!"  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

---

\*Variants are also known as "Noah," "Old Uncle Noah," and "The Story of Creation." However, in the beginning, there were probably two separate Negro songs, "Noah" and "Creation," which, in the course of time, have been fused and confused. I have no words which seem to fit the extant versions of "Noah" as such. See the following:

Scarborough, pp. 180-182

Paskman & Spaeth, p. 202

\*\*Idaho versions seem to go back at least to 1890 and probably earlier. But the origin of "Alimony" is doubtful. It is probably much later, and may actually be a phonograph record.

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BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO

Compiled by

J. Kenneth Larson

(Original from which these  
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Indiana University)

Folklore - Poems & Songs - Larson Collection

VERTICAL FILM



DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

A

(Lester Bush)

2

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen,  
Merrily throwing camel shit at each other:  
Horse shit was unknown in those good old days!

Suddenly, who should appear upon the scene but Daniel,  
Holding his left nut in his hand!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" cried Daniel, thereby scoring a hit.

"Kiss it!" cried the king, thus doing him one better.

"After you, you son-of-a-bitch!" cried Daniel,  
And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days, it was considered a mean thing  
To call a king a son-of-a-bitch.  
So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.  
He could be recognized only by the green umbrella  
Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly, a lion walked up to Daniel  
And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickles!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the king.

"Testicles'." cried Daniel,  
And for the second time that day  
The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, fart!" cried the king,  
And a gentle mist settled over the whole of his realm.

"Oh, shit!" cried the king,  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Squatted and did their utmost.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

"Come forth!" cried the king;  
But Daniel slipped on a fresh lion tird  
And came second.

"What about the princess?" comebody shouted.

"Fuck her!" cried the king.  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Were trampled to death in the rush.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

Now, the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet,  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there!

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if hhe holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And hhere upon the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men:  
A lonely boy was sitting down,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel--ah, that naughty man!  
Had thoughts that aren't right;  
The little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bunghole well;  
Then he enjoyed himself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day,  
Hunting far and wide  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks,  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste.  
The troop drove up; and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped -- and so was the boy--  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!  
But some one told on Daniel bold;  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost!

So when Daniel to the royal court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wind their eyes?

The king said to Daniel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

DANIEL IN THE LIONS DEN

B

(cont'd)

4

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have f---ed your boy  
And f---ed him well!"

Whereupon the king, in his great rage,  
Had Daniel placed in the Lions' Den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
Wiping his ass  
With the next to the largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" replied Daniel.

Whereupon the queen dashed madly through the court  
With her drawers at half-mast,  
And her ass shining like a looking glass  
In the moonlight.

Then the king, in a terrible rage,  
Cried out, "where is the queen?"

"Why, she is out in the garden drinking tea!"

"What kind of tea?"

"S--H--I--T!"

"Is she occupied?"

"Yea, verily!"

"What is she doing?"

"Why, she is wiping her ass on fifty skeins  
Of the finest silk in the world!"

Whereupon somebody shouted, "F--- the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights were killed in the rush!

## BUCKAROO

(George Goodnough, McCammon)

Oh, to hell with the ranch  
And the shitty-eyed cattle;  
If the boss contradicts me,  
There'll be a bloody battle!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

Oh, I went to the farmer,  
And I asked him for my roll;  
He said, "My God, man,  
You're twenty in the hole!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

I passed around the corner,  
And I met the farmer's daughter;  
I asked her for a screw  
For a dollar and a quarter!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was standing in the door,  
Shoes and stockings off,  
A-dancing like a whore!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was lying in the grass,  
A-holding of her belly  
Like a monkey's ass!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was floating down the stream;  
Her c--- was open wide enough  
To drive in a team!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

THE WASHERWOMAN  
(Rufus Toponce)

6

Two men and a mule  
Were taking a stroll  
Down a country lane one day,  
When what should they spy but a nigger wench,  
A-washing the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
They stood on a knoll  
By a country stream one day,  
To watch a nigger wench at her tub,  
A-washing the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Decided to fool  
With the nigger wench that day;  
They asked her price, but she didn't reply--  
She was washing the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Took turns with their tools  
On the nigger wench that day;  
They threw up her dress and took a crack at her a--  
As she washed the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Pumped away like fools  
On the nigger wench that day;  
And when they were through they asked the price--  
For they were willing to pay!

Two men and a mule  
Were very much fooled  
By the nigger wench that day:  
"Just gimme the name of that last ge'leman,  
And I'll not take yo' pay!"

MARY JANE  
(Timmie Smith)

7

She told me she'd fuck me  
When the clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just four miles out of town!  
Where the pig's eyes, and the pig's ears,  
And the tough old Texas steers,  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents a pound!

She's my honey, she's my daisy,  
She's knock-kneed and crazy,  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and blind;  
And they say her teeth are foamy  
From sucking my baloney!  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Mary Jane!

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

8

"A" is for ass upon which we sit,  
The external end and the passage for shit!

"B" is for bolls, each man has a pair  
In a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair!

"C" is for cunt, all juicy and slick;  
It's home-sweet-home for a seven-inch prick!

"D" is for dittaling, which never grows stale;  
There's nothing so good as a nice piece of tail!

"E" is for egg that is laid in the grass,  
The object which comes from a speckled hen's ass!

"F" is for fart, that odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad as limberger cheese!

"G" is for guts, that tangled up mass  
That connects your belly with the hole in your ass!\*

"H" is for hair that surrounds her cunt;  
To find the opening is a man's nightly hunt!

"I" is for inch (now, don't make me smile!);  
When she gives you an inch, you take half a mile!

"J" is for jissems that's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets when you have a wet dream!

"K" is for king, who wears a crown on his bean;  
His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick:  
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife  
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,  
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,  
When a man's prick won't stand up as in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong:  
It ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quiver that comes with a thump;  
It's a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(cont)

"R" is for rags, that are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

"S" is for safety, made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one is surely a sin!

"T" is for tits, supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh till a woman's been fucked!

"U" is for urine, a pot full of piss;  
Ain't it just awful to use language like this?

"V" is for vermin that wiggle and twist  
And hide in the hair when you go out to piss!

"W" is for woman, cradle of sin,  
That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

"X" is for x-ray, a magnifying glass,  
Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

"Y" is for yes; when a woman gets hot,  
There's nothing but a prick to cool her twat!

"Z" is for zero, supposed to be cold:  
The temperature of a man's bolles at ninety-years old!

\*That separates your belly from the hole in your ass.



MY PRETTY FAIR MAID  
(Ben Infanger)

10

A soldier walked into a candle shop,  
Some candles for to buy,  
And to the soldier's great surprise,  
The devil, he saw, was nigh.

He hollered, he hollered, he loudly called,  
Unto his master cried:  
"You can have a bit of my pecker,  
Whenever you are mine!"

"Oh, no; oh, no, my pretty fair maid,  
I've never had such fun;  
To lie beside a pretty fair maid,  
Of such I've never done!"

"But I will call on master,  
For he is near at hand;  
And he'll take a bit of your pecker:  
He does it, I understand!"

He took her round her middle so small,  
And gazed in her jet-black eyes,  
And shoved the point of his do-take-care  
Between her lili-white thighs.

And after he was done and gone,  
He swore she was no whore;  
He could tell by the blood on his pecker  
That she never done it before.

Come, all you men with pretty young wives,  
You better be on the lookout,  
And lock them up in a room at night  
Whenever you go out.

They'll tell you how kind and true they'll be,  
They'll tell you so and so;  
But they will take a bit of your pecker:  
They all do love it, you know!

I NEVER  
(Rufus Toponce)

11

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat  
Where my coat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in it before!

b

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a pisspot  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a pisspot  
With a lining in it before!

c\*

I looked into the trundle-bed  
Where my baby ought to be;  
And I thought I saw two babies there--  
I was drunk as I could be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my baby ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a little rabbit  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a little rabbit  
With a diaper on it before!

I NEVER  
(cont)

12

d

I felt beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I felt a pecker  
Where my prick ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a rollingpin  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more;  
But I never saw a rollingpin  
With hair growing on it before!

e

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a man asleep  
Where I was supposed to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where I'm supposed to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A\*thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
With pajamas on it before!

c\*

I looked into the cradle,  
Where my kid ought to be;  
And I thought I saw a stranger;  
I was drunk as I could be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my kid ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
With a diaper on before!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cow--  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And show the old bull how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bull--  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And fill the old cow full!\*1

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the duck--  
I'd swim around upon the pond  
And fuck and fuck and fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the dog--  
I'd lift my hind-leg in the air  
And piss on every log!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cat--  
I'd shit in every pile of dirt  
And smooth the place out flat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the fish--  
I'd swim around beneath the ice  
And watch the skaters piss!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the goat--  
I'd steal my master's underwear  
And cram them down my throat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the whale--  
I'd swim the whole world over  
To find a piece of tail!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bird--  
I'd light upon some woman's hat  
And shit a juicy tird!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the buck--  
I'd climb upon the old ewe's back  
And show her how to fuck! \*2

\*1 And pump the old cow full!

\*2 And fuck and fuck and fuck!

(cont'd)

OF ALL THE BEASTS  
(cont'd)

14

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the mare--  
I'd back right up and lift my tail  
To show the old stud where!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the hen--  
I'd snuggle down and spread my wings  
To show the old cock when!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the sow--  
I'd stretch my belly on the grass  
To show the old boar how! \*3

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the skunk--  
I'd piss on every passer-by  
To show him how I stunk!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the man--  
I'd always get it oftener \*4  
Than the other animals can!!

\*3 And let the old boar plow!

\*4 And then I'd get it a whole lot oftener

IN BOMBAY  
(Lester Bush)

15

The geese they fly high  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the fly,  
In Bombay!

The roosters they grow tall  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the wall,  
In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they tickle you on the done,\*  
In Bombay!

The curly hair grows red\*\*  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
But it don't grow on your head,  
In Bombay!

They chew tobacco thin  
in Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin,  
In Bombay!

The children they go bare  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear,  
In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
All the guys and gals together,\*\*\*  
In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat,  
In Bombay!

They women they grow fat  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat,  
In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street,  
In Bombay!

You can soak your cock in blood  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And God! does it feel good,  
In Bombay!

\*And they drag upon the ground  
\*\*The hair grows long and red  
\*\*\*All the boys and girls together

AN INDIAN MAID  
(Ben Edwards and Phenoi Deschamps)

I once knew an Indian maid  
Who was very very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would shove it up her slough  
While she lay sleeping in the shade!

She took her little brown hand  
And filled it full of sand;  
And then she knew  
That no buckaroo  
Would monkey with the promised land!

But one buckaroo got wise,  
And he shoved it between her thighs;  
With an old gum-boot  
On the end of his root,  
He opened Redwing's eyes!

And then to her great surprise,  
Her belly began to rise;  
And then she knew  
That some buckaroo,  
Had slipped it between her thighs!\*

\*Had diddled between her thighs!

(Sung to tune of Redwings)

AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
(Dick Palfreyman)

17

When I was young and pretty,  
It was my chief delight  
To go to balls and dances  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were neatly polished,  
His hair was nicely combed;  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray;  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently;  
He raised my dress so high;  
He said, "Now, Mary darling,  
You'll do it now or die!"

Now, you young girls take warning,  
And take a tip from me:  
And never let a sailor  
An inch above your knee!

For if you do he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true;  
Then when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"



I met her in a ballroom,  
And I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished;  
My hair was neatly combed.  
I danced with her all evening;  
At night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say:  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
Who is being led astray!"

'Twas at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
'We'll do it now, my Nellie;  
We'll do it now or die!"

I offered her a silver necklace;  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin;  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

He'll love you and caress you;  
He'll promise to be true;  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you'.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE  
(A version of "Keyhole in Door")

19

We left the party early,  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it,  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbus,  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

She first took off her collar;  
It fell upon the floor;  
Ye Gods! I saw her stoop for it,  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then came her dress and underclothes,  
Fifty, less or more;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down on the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee!

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

She sat before the fire,  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more;  
Ye Gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

If I was strong as Sampson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke up the whole damn town!

But I'm not as strong as Sampson,  
And I can do no more  
Than jack off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door!

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

20

She left the party early--  
I think at scarcely nine;  
And by some "masher" fortune,  
Her room was next to mine.

And I, like old Columbus,  
New regions to explore--  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

While I waited there in silence,  
Upon my bended knees,  
I waited there impatiently  
To see what I could see.

She first took off her collar--  
It fell upon the floor;  
I saw her stoop to get it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She then proceeded further,  
took off her pretty dress,  
And then her undergarments--  
There were fifty, more or less.

To tell the truth sincerely,  
I think it was a score:  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down upon the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee.

And her scarlet-colored garters  
On either leg she wore:  
It was a lovely picture  
Through the keyhole in the door!

You mighty man of science,  
Who strain your eager eyes,  
Viewing all the planets  
Whirling in the skies.

You may search the wide world over  
Ten thousand times or more,  
But your telescopes are nothing  
To the keyhole in the door!

THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale and Alden Blaisdell)

21

It was in the month of May,  
When the jacks begin to bray  
And the jennies come prancing around the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack;  
"Will you climb upon my back?  
You can wind up my little ball of yarn!"

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom  
And the jennies were loose around the barn;  
There I met a little Miss,  
And I simply asked her this:  
"May I wind up your little ball of yarn?"

She said, "Why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes;  
Why don't you go to them with your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went:  
And we wound up her little ball of yarn!\*

After getting her consent,  
Just around the stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown,  
So I gently laid her down:  
And I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a piss,  
I found my cock all mattery and warm;  
Then I knew that by mishap  
She had given me the clapp  
As I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine months after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
There appeared before the door  
Her father and several more:  
"Marry my daughter, since you've got her ball of yarn!"\*\*

It was nine days after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then there came a gentle tapping,  
And the doctor stood there laughing:  
"You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!"

THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(cont'd)

22

It was nine days after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then an officer in blue  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you!  
You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!"\*\*\*

\*To wind up her little ball of yarn!  
\*\*"You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!"  
\*\*\*Come and marry your little ball of yarn!"

ROSEBERRY  
(Niah Davis)

23

As I rode out on Roseberry,  
All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way---  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side;  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her garter came untied.  
For fear that she may lose it,  
These words to her I said,  
"Your garter is hanging down, my dear!"  
I derry down a-day!

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man?  
Oh, will you be so free?  
Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
As to tie it up for me?"  
"Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
When we get to yonder hill!"  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never did see;  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between!  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

"Now, since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came!"  
"My name 'tis Johnnie the Rover,  
And from Baltimore City am I,  
And I live by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

Now, she returned from market,  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhead  
It made her blood run cold!  
"But it is gone; let it go!  
He's the lad I love!" said she;  
"And he lives by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

THE JOLLY SHEPHERD  
(Lafayette Larson)

24

There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.

Chorus

He sneaked down through the clover  
To get a closer look,  
And gazed upon the maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.

Chorus

She said, "Oh, jolly shepherd,  
Won't you take a closer look?"  
Then shaking out her long black hair,  
She climbed out of the brook.

Chorus

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
She said, "It'd be a pretty place\*  
For you and me to play!"

Chorus

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a patch of clover;  
Said she, "It'd be a pretty place\*  
For you to roll me over!"

Chorus

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then said she, "I'm a maiden within,  
And you're a fool without!"

Chorus

\*"Oh, mister, that's a pretty place

I JUST COULDN'T  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

25

I wandered down the street,  
And I knocked at every door;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find a whore!

At last I found a whore--  
She was sitting on a rock;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find my cock!

At last I found my cock  
In the center of my hand;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't make it stand!

At last I made it stand  
As stiff as any pin;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it in!

At last I got it in  
And wiggled it about;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it out!

At last I got it out,  
All mattery and sore;  
To save your life from hell, boys,  
Never fuck a whore!



26

OLD MACLELLAND  
(Secured from Larry Martin of Eden, Idaho,  
Sept. 10, 1932)

Old MacLelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and wooly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault MacLelland had:  
He was handy with his tool!

MacLelland left that cow-camp;  
"Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolman  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats;  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate;  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may!" said the schoolman  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit from off his boots,  
And straightened his cravat;  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

They talked about the weather;  
They talked of this and that.  
They kept a-drifting onward--  
They knew not just where at!

They kept a-drifting onward  
Until he reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolmam then and there.

He laid her on the bench---  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his horn  
And opened his hondoo!

Then bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolmam on the flats!

He said, "I've diddled maids and maidens,  
And negro wenches, and all that;  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolmam on the flats!"

OLD MACLELLAND  
(cont'd)

27

But when he drained his roller,  
Just nine days after that,  
He found he had the shankers  
From the schoolmam on the flats!

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my sone;  
Keep old John Henry in his chaps,  
And keep him fogging on.

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat!  
Remember old MacLelland  
And the schoolmam on the flats!

JOHNNIE  
(Vernon Peterson)

28

Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!\*

Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
And he claimed he had the biggest prick of any guy around!!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!\*

Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute!  
Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I've got the biggest toot!"

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow!  
Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I'll measure with you now!

So they measured around and they measured about!  
So they measured around and they measured about;  
And Johnnie had him beat six inches on the spout!

Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town!  
Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town,  
And she liked Johnnie better than any guy around!

He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass!  
He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
And rolled her over onto her ass!

Now, go a little easy when you first do begin!  
Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
For it hurts just a little when you first put it in!

Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow!  
Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow;  
For it don't hurt now like it did awhile ago!

"Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again!  
Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
And I had a bull's ass to help push it in!

Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!

\*Repeat in each verse in same order.

THE BONNY BROWN HARE  
(From Bobby Grant of Eden)

29

One morning in April,  
At the dawn of the day,  
With my gun on my shoulder,  
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden,  
Whose cheeks were of rose,  
Whose hair hung in ringlets,  
And whose eyes black as coal.

I asked the fair maiden,  
"Oh, maiden so fair,  
Could you tell me, oh, where, oh, where  
Could I find the brown hare?"

She answered me slowly;  
She answered me low:  
"Beneath my white petty  
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently  
Beneath the shade of a tree,  
And I cocked my big rifle  
Above her white knee!

She swooned and she fainted;  
Her color all fled.  
I stooped and I kissed her,  
For I thought she were dead.  
Then she opened her eyes  
Gently and said:

"Your aim is so true, Sir,  
Your bullets so fair--  
Won't you fire once more  
At my bonny brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden;  
My powder is spent,  
My bullets are gone,  
And my ramrod is bent;  
And I cannot fire on!

"But meet me tomorrow  
Beneath the shade of the tree,  
And if the weather proves fair,  
I'll fire once more,  
At your bonny brown hair!"

(Probably an imperfect version.)

THE DENVER HOME  
(Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdel)

30

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away fromhome,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I walked through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me;  
"A dollar and a half for the first few punches!"  
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!

A dollar and a half was her proposition;  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more;  
And she parked her ass upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I went to all the balls and dances,\*  
And threw my money all about.

The pimps and whores came crowding round me;  
There must have been a hundred and two;\*\*  
They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch, too.

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
But when they stole my gold and silver,  
Then bloody murder I cried out!

Then all the whores came crowding round me  
(I thought there were a million or more),  
And you'd shit your pants and die a-laughing,  
To see my ass shag out the door!

\*I stepped to all the balls and dances,  
\*\*There seemed like a hundred and thirty two--

YIPPIE-YAY  
(Versions of "Chisholm Trail")

31

A  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Bollie and started for the herd;  
He threw me off in a fresh cow-tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay

I was coming down the mountain by the old cow-trail,  
With my pecker in my hand and a heifer by the tail!  
Chorus

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in the grass,  
And showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass!  
Chorus

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten ass!  
Chorus

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!  
Chorus

Last time I saw the boss--I haven't seen him since--  
He was screwing a cow through a barb-wire fence!  
Chorus

And now my song is ended--I can sing you no more;  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!  
Chorus

B  
(Ben Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a -shittin' and a flyin'!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrups and my butt in the saddle,\*  
A-singin' all day to your damned old cattle!  
Chorus

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!  
Chorus

The boss come out with a gun in his hand,  
A-sayin', "Get to work and be God damned!"  
Chorus

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a little yell;  
The lead bars broke, and the leaders went to hell!  
Chorus

\*Feet in the stirrups, and my ass in the saddle;  
A-singin' all day to your shitty assed cattle!

HI REO DANDY O!

A

(Larry Martin)

32

As I was going down the street,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Two whores I chanced to meet,  
Hi reo dandy O!

One called me "stud," and I called her "Mare,"  
Hi reo dandy O!  
I fucked the one with the little brown hair,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next nine days to the Doc I went,  
To get my cock sucked out at the end!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag;  
She washed my cock and squeezed my bag!

In came a doctor with a knife and block;  
At one whack off came my cock!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,  
With a stub of a cock without any head!

It's all over now--wish I had it to do again!  
A nine-inch cock and a head as big again!

Come, all you young men, take warning by me:  
Never fuck the first whore you see!

B

(Ben Infanger)

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet!

One was fair, very fair;  
She called me "stud," and I called her "mare!"

The other was dark, with curly locks;  
She gave me the clap, and I gave her the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
My rotten pecker in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block;  
With one whack he cut off my cock!

And now that I'm well and free from pain,  
I'll go back to the stump and try it again!

DOWN IN THE LEHI VALLEY  
(Jack Harkness)

33

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never shit in your hat!  
I've got a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

It was down in the Lehi Valley;  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
We had a ranch, a dandy--  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
Till along came a girl names Sally--  
But we called her Sue.

She had an ass like a country shithouse,  
And her cunt was full of fire;  
I had a full six inches,  
And I couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas ranger  
With a prick nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Sally,  
And he carried her right along.

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my cunt  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

B  
(Alden Blaisdell)

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother, Lou,  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one, too!

Her ass was like a goldmine;  
Her cunt was hot as fire;  
My eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cock ten inches long;  
He f---ed my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt,  
If it takes till Judgment Day!



THE ONE-EYED RILEY

A

(Lester Bush)

34

We were sitting around old Riley's campfire one night,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my mind,  
Of how I'd like to shag his daughter!

Chorus

Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

That night when she had gone to her hayloft,  
Where she slept among the straw and clover,  
I crawled into the hay beside her,  
And shagged and shagged till the fun was over!

Chorus

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
And who should it be but her damned old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
And was looking for the guy that shagged his daughter!

Chorus

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
And I shoved them pistols up his ass  
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus

B

(Virgil Jolley)

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parson's daughter;  
The very first thought came into my mind,  
That I could finger her hind quarter!

Chorus

Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spat it on my ass and drove it in farther!

Chorus

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned old father,  
I shoved both pistols up his ass,  
And slapped his wife, and shagged his daughter!

Chorus

----- (cont next page) -----

THE ONE-EYED RILEY

B (cont'd)

35

Oh, then I went out on the porch,  
And shook my prick at old dog Towser;  
It scared the fool damned near to death,  
And he turned histail and ran for cover!

Chorus

I'm the best damned man was ever born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My cock and balls weigh thirty pounds,  
And I'm known as the dangerous one-eyed Riley!\*

Chorus

\*And I'm known as the wonderful one-eyed Riley!

C

(Harold Rothstein)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's tavern,  
Listening to his tales of blood and slaughter,  
There came a thought into my mind,  
That I should shag O'Reilly's daughter!

Chorus

Tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee for the  
one-boll 'Reilly;  
Rigga-dig-dig, bolls and all, rubba-dub-dub, shag on!

I grabbed that old witch by the tit,  
And threw my left leg up and over;  
Shagged and shagged, and I shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over!

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door,  
And who should it be but her goddam father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy sho shagged his daughter!

Chorus

I grabbed him by the hair of his bolls  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
I shoved those pistols up his ass  
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus

## OLD AUNT SALLIE

One dark night when the neighbors were in bed,  
Old Aunt Sallie seaked out into the shed;  
Her beau pushed her over among the straw and said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The first three months she liked it very well;  
The second three months her belly began to swell;  
The third three months, and her kid began to yell:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

A  
(Larry Martin)

Ring dang doo--what is that,  
All black and hairy like a pussycat?  
Got hair all around, and split in two:  
That is what we call a ring dang doo!

A black-eyed maiden, pretty and stout,  
Moved into town and hung her shingle out:  
"Come, all you men, come one, come two,  
And take a crack at my ring dang doo!"

I read the sign and decided to try,  
To see if I could qualify;  
For she liked them long and powerful too,  
When they came for a crack at her ring dang doo!

She took me down to her house;  
We slipped in like a little mouse;  
We barred the doors, and the windows too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

She took me down to her cellar;  
She called me a damned nice feller;  
She gave me wine and whiskey too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a wonderful thing;  
The poor man gets it, as well as the king;  
All black and hairy, split in two--  
That is the way with a ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a curious thing;  
It suits the poor as well as the king;  
From sixteen up to seventy two,  
They all try a rattle at the ring dang doo!

RING DANG DOO

B

38

(George Goodnough)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

She moved to town  
And became a whore;  
And she painted a sign and  
Put above her door!

"Come, all you young,  
And you old ones too--  
Come, take a pop at  
My ring dang doo!"

I took one pop  
At her ring dang doo,  
And that is why  
I sing to you!

My cock has rotted  
Through and through  
Since I took that pop at  
Her ring dang doo!

RING DANG DOO

C

(Phenoi Deschamps)

39

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

Her father came,  
And her mother, too,  
And caught me playing  
With her ring dang doo!

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

You left your home  
And your country, too,  
And followed Dad  
With your ring dang doo!"

"Oh, Father, oh, Father,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

You left your home  
And your country, too,  
To diddle Maw  
And her ring dang doo!"

"Oh, Daughter, oh, Daughter,  
For shame, for shame!  
When you are old,  
You'll regret the same!

But since you're a whore,  
And a good one, too,  
Make him pay two bucks for  
Your ring dang doo!"

THE DAMNED LITTLE RUNT

A

(Leonard Madsen)

40

Oh, the damned little runt  
With the sunburnt cunt  
And an ass as black as charcoal,  
She can skin your prick  
So God damned quick  
That the sparks fly out of your ass hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's dink,  
Her lips are a henshit brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls on a goose,  
And her ass hole drags the ground!\*

\*And her ass, it drags the ground!

B

(Larry Martin)

I knew it was her  
dBy the stockings she wore,  
Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
She was pretty, but the freckles were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
She's always got a hale and hearty laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
She strips to the hide and takes a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
And her ass it wiggles all around;\*  
Her lips are as pink  
As a Leghorn rooster's dink  
And her eyes are a henshit brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors,  
In the stockyards or down in the weeds;  
So, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
For it's damned little teasing she needs!

\*And her ass it wobbles all around;

COUSIN NELLIE  
(Jack Harkness)

41

I met my Cousin Nellie  
In the shade of the linden tree;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And her hair waved in the breeze.

It was great to sit beside her  
With the cooling shade above;  
She whispered, "Cousin Harry,  
Please show me how to love!"

I tore her silken wrapper  
Off her throbbing breasts;  
And to warm her cooling passions,  
Those big red lips I pressed.

I took my hand so gently  
And reached between her thighs;  
And I found the cool sweet spot  
Where true love lies.

I took my prong so gently,  
And I placed it in her hand;  
She steered it straight to heaven--  
She needed no command.

Now scarcely a day goes by  
But Nellie comes to me  
And settles down beside me  
In the shade of the linden tree!

B  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

I often sat with Nellie  
In the shade of the linden trees;  
Her hair was combed down smoothly  
And waved gently in the breeze.

I often sat with Nellie  
When the skies were blue above;  
Often she would whisper,  
"Please teach me how to love!"

Then lying down beside her,  
Put my hand between her thighs;  
I reached that cool and shady spot  
Where true love often lies.

Then climbing on my Nellie,  
I gave her one big shove;  
And then she whispered to me,  
"My God, that must be love!"



LULU  
(Composite from Several)

42

Oh, Lulu went out hunting,  
To kill herself a duck;  
But along came a farmer,  
And he asked her for a fuck!

Chorus

Oh, bang away at Lulu,  
Bang her good and long;  
What you going to do for your banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
It was born at four o'clock;  
It wasn't like most other boys--  
It didn't have a cock!

Chorus

(Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She had him by a rock;  
She couldn't name him Lulu  
Because he had a cock!)

Chorus

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
He was born on a rainy day;  
She stopped his ass with Denver mud  
And called him Henry Clay!

Chorus

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him little Jim;  
She threw him in the pisspot  
To teach him how to swim!

Chorus

Oh, the rich girls they use vaseline;  
The poor girls they use lard;  
But Lulu uses wagon-dope,  
And she bangs it twice as hard!

Chorus

Oh, the rich girls they wear diamonds;  
The poor girls they wear glass;  
But the only ring that Lulu wears  
Is a ring around her ass!

Chorus

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair:  
The fleshy side out,  
And the wooly side in;  
"It tickles my bollicks!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
She served for a wife  
For many a year,  
But she got too old,  
And he had to give in:  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all;  
"You fool!" they cried,  
"Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick,  
And leave the rest!"  
"Oh, some for beauty,  
And some for sin!  
I'll take them all!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep double-decker!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all went out  
To the shithouse together;  
Some shit thick,  
And some shit thin:  
"It'll answer for soup!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

44

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic;  
Columbo knew if he didn't screw  
He surely would go frantic!

Columbo had a one-eyed cat;  
He kept it in his cabin;  
He rubbed its ass with axle-grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate--  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock  
They sucked off one another!

A one-eyed maid appeared on deck--  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg--  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

An Indian maid appeared on shore--  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men:  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty!"

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars;  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had earned \$10,000.\*

Columbo went in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty;  
He gave her only a dose of claps--  
He brought no other booty!

They threw him in a stinking jail,  
And left him there to grumble;  
A ball and chain tied to his balls--\*\*  
So ended poor Columbo!

---

\*She had \$10,000!

\*\*A log-chain tied to his cock and balls--

THE LITTLE MARINE  
(A Version of "Parlez Vous")

Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentier,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
She hadn't been fucked for forty years!  
Hinkey dinkey! Parlez vous!

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair!

Up the stairs and into bed,  
That's where I broker her maidenhead!

The first three nights all went well,  
And then my pecker began to swell!

The first three months all went well,  
And then her belly began to swell!

Nine months were up: she gave a grunt;  
The Little Marine came out of her cunt!

The Little Marine he grew to be gib;  
His grandmother caught him frigging a pig!

The Little Marine he grew and grew,  
And now he's fucking the women too!

The Little Marine he went to France  
To make the Germans kiss his ass! \*

The generals stay behind the lines,  
And fuck the women and drink the wines!

The Little Marine he lay in a trench,  
Screwing hisnuts with a monkey-wrench!

The Little Marine went over the top,  
To make the Kaiser suck his cock!

The Little Marine he went to hell,  
And he told the Devil to jump in the well!

\*To make the Germans shit their pants!

BARNACLE BILL  
(Dick Palfreyman)

46

"Who's a-knocking at my door?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Only me from over the sea!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in!"  
Said the little fair maiden;  
"Make up a bed for two!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs!"  
Said the little fair maiden.  
"Just what I intended to do!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if the sheriff comes in?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Rape the damned old fool!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What's that trickling down my leg?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"It's only a gob from off my knob!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Hang the bastard around your neck!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"When do you plan to come again?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Never, no more, you damned old whore!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

THE JAILER'S SONG  
(Dick Palfreyman)

47

In my prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in shit,  
While the mice shoot craps upon the floor!  
If you want to hear them fart,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the keyhole  
in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail soaked with shit,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon the floor!  
And the women, as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my ass!  
I don't wanna go to prison any more!

THE LITTLE TINKER  
(Phenoi Deschamps, Malad)

48

Oh, there was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, f--- and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
Hanging to his knees!

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were but few;  
So first he f---ed the captain,  
And then he f---ed the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The little tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd f--- the Devil  
If he didn't treat him well!  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul!  
Let me exercise my pecker  
In your hairy ass hole!"  
With my long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to my knees!

Then all the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall:  
"We'd better get him out of here  
Before he f---s us all!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

49

A STOVEPIPE EPISODE  
(Secured from Roscoe Colton  
at Malad, July 28, 1932)

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather dirty--so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard!" she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way!  
Get them together, then  
Push easy when I say!

There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight,  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

Now, let me fix them right this time.  
When I say, 'Easy!' now, you press.  
Be careful, or it'll slip again  
And make an awful mess."

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove.  
He saw a maiden and her father  
Putting stovepipe on the stove!

5



50

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum)

Oh, Sally went out to the garden  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a hole in Sally's ass! \*  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed  
They slapped it on her ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

\*Was a bee sting on her ass!

JOHN TAYLOR  
(Dick Palfreyman)

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor's in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And f--- her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the ground!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor's in town!

PAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

Beside a babbling brook,  
A shady nook,  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits----  
Boy, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by;  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his dink,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by;  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

I dreamed last night and the night before  
That two old tomcats came knocking at the door;  
I went down stairs to let them in,  
And they knocked me down with a rolling pin;  
The rolling pin was made of brass;  
They turned me up and spanked my ass!  
I went up stairs to go to bed,  
And I fell in the piss-pot on my head;  
I couldn't swim, and I couldn't float,  
And a big fat tird slipped down my throat;  
I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
And I fell in the fire and burned my cock;  
So I paid two whores a penny apiece  
To paint my cock with axle grease!

BYE BYE, BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

Pack up all my underwear--  
I don't care, anywhere!

Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

He taught me how to dance and sing;  
He taught me how to shake his think!

Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

He took me to his cottage in the wildwood,  
And there he took advantage of my childhood!  
He went once, and I went twice!

Holy jumping Jesus Christ!

Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

DICKEY AND MURPHEY  
(Benj Edwards)

Dickey and Murphey were playing in the ditch,  
When Dickey called Murphey a dirty son-of-a- -----  
Bring all your children and let them play with sticks,  
Or when they grow older they'll play with their -----  
Dickey and Murphey had a little doggie;  
They lent him to a lady to keep her company;  
She led him and fed him, until one day on a hunt,  
He played all around her petticoats and ----  
Country lass a-sitting on the grass;  
A fence-post fell over and ran a sliver up her ---  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies;  
And if I finish this I hope I die  
And go to ----  
Hello, Central, how's your brownie hair?  
And if you have no whiskey, I'll have to drink your beer!

THE OLD APPLE TREE  
(An Apple Tree)

(Larry Martin)

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
    A little black spot;  
    She called it her "Twat,"  
But it looked like her ass hole to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
    In the tall green grass  
    I got some fine ass  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
    A dose of the claps,  
    The shankers perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!

A

(Ivan Peterson)

A sheepherder lying upon the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary ass.  
A ewe came up and licked his balls  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The sheepherder woke from out his sleep  
In time to catch and f--- that sheep!  
A magpie sitting in a tree nearby  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear but an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good f---!  
He rammed so hard that the sheepherder's nuts  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts.  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His balls will be hanging out of their ears!

B

(Larry Martin)

A sheepherder lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his ass.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The sheepherder he awoke  
And started f---ing his nanny-goat.  
The nanny-goat bled, and the sheepherder quit;  
The dog jacked off, and the magpie shit!



## BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO

Compiled by  
J. Kenneth Larson

A collection of vulgar verses, jokes, and popular ballads, all of them unprintable, obtained by word-of-mouth from those who entertained by them (mostly farmers, laborers, and students), in Malad, McCammon, Moscow, Pocatello, Twin Falls, and Idaho Falls, old localities in Southeastern Idaho, (and a few from Salt Lake City), during the years from 1920 to 1952. The virtue of this material lies not in its snow-white purity but in its uninhibited frankness. It is not Sunday school text, but, rather, the basis for a highly scientific look into the workings of the human mind, in dealing with the sexual impulses that are dammed up (threat of religious damnation!) by the narrow, frustrating mores of our civilization.

168 L St.  
Salt Lake City, 3, Utah  
November 11, 1952

Victor Hugo, discussing "Argot" in the pages of Les Misérables, tells us that nothing which exists is unworthy of study. Now, as any reader of Hugo is aware, "Argot" is the harsh, cruel bastard language of hardened Paris criminals, developed by them for greater ease in talking over their villainous plans without detection. In this book, though not condoning the filthy language of the underworld, Hugo turns a scientific eye on this form of speech and tries to tell us how and why it originated.

My purpose is similar in making the present collection of vulgar verses, stories, and ballads. (I would be a liar, of course, if I pretended that I did not, at the same time, get an intense satisfaction out of the work, just for the sake of the subject-matter itself. For it did, unquestionably, serve as a release for repressed and inhibited biological needs, in my case, just as in all others. That, certainly, is the very reason for its existence!) I have used no other source than that of oral tradition, by which all folk literature is necessarily secured. I have scorned drawing on the watered-down versions currently in print. And I can hardly make the claim that all the songs in the collection are true ballads in the fullest sense. I must, however, point out that all the selections herein presented are so extremely vulgar as to call for a word of explanation, and to that purpose I devote the remainder of this preface.

I have (if I may say so) gone to considerable trouble to drag out into the light of day those vulgarities which germinate and grow under cover of darkness. They exist, certainly! They serve an important purpose in contemporary life. And they are known and cherished in secret by schoolchildren everywhere, by members of the laboring classes, and by nearly every marriageable youth in the country, with perhaps a very few exceptions. Only the so-called "sissies" are immune to such interest, and even their protestations of aversion are often questionable. Every normal and honest-minded person, in my opinion, passes through a stage in his early youth -- which he may never outgrow -- of intense interest in the vulgar and concealed things of life. Perhaps it is a natural phase of adolescence. It grows out of the intense, excited seeking, the hungering for, that satisfaction of newly awakened passions and desires which, at that age, spring from the sudden ripening of the gonads. And it is only human nature, after all, to be intrigued by life's mysteries.

Vulgar poetry and crude jokes about sex are youth's method of teaching itself the things it wants to know which it has a perfect right to know. They are the Id's answer to the suppressing forces of the Super Ego. They are the primitive man's evasion of the stifling, the conformity-demanding forces of civilization. The narrowmindedness of our forefathers in condemning natural instincts and in concealing under a cloak of stinking mystery facts that should be dealt with fairly and in the open is largely responsible for the growth and continued existence of the large body of filth -- it can hardly be called literature -- which, by distorting sex, by emphasizing all its worst aspects, from generation to generation corrupts the minds of our youth.

For centuries medical science was ignorant and often deadly to its patients because it was founded on a false modesty which forbade dissection, discussion, or even a simple study of the human body. Today, thank God!, we are escaping at last from such prudery. The thoughts of men are directly related to their bodies, since they arise out of the functions of the body. Yet, even now, in this age of enlightenment, many thoughts and expressions are taboo because they have long been labeled as vulgar. We seemingly cannot escape the grim shadow of the past!

Modern psychiatry, perhaps, is doing more than all other forces combined, in our time, to break down old prejudices and free the human mind. The process of psychoanalysis, certainly (to which I, myself, have twice submitted, under entirely different doctors and entirely different schools), is one of raking slime from the very bottom of the subconscious!

Another force which has, of late, tended to free the world from prudery and false values, is the revolt of woman (made possible by suffragette victories, by job equality, and by the development of scientific methods of contraception) against the double-standard, which for so many centuries kept half the race in slavery to the other half. The automobile, too, has had its share in bringing about change. It has freed mankind from its old bondage to locality and to the public opinion of the little community with its in-group hostility against the out-group. Likewise, the movement in free thought has been furthered by such improved methods of dissemination of ideas as radio and television.

Like Hugo, I have little sympathy for prudery, for bigotry, for the kind of narrow-mindedness which taboos a subject and makes it unspeakable. To me it seems that all things which exist are natural, that they grow out of definite causes and fill a definite need. It is only the artificial standards of society that make one thing vulgar and another polite. The weed along the roadside is no less natural than the blooming rose! We cannot shut our eyes and, by so doing, force it out of existence.

If the youth of our country are to get proper perspective and wholesome attitudes (for, in spite of all progress, the undercurrents of suppression and of revolt against it through vulgarity continue), the so-called vulgar ballad must be dragged out into the open and examined in the light of day. If it is truly evil, and if its effects are to be eliminated, then its cause must be determined and remedied, and something more useful and healthful substituted in its place. Wholesome substitution may be possible, but eradication is out of the question, perhaps not even desirable. The fundamental point to be considered, no doubt, is that vulgar ballads we have and vulgar ballads we shall always have. They become innocuous, however, in the absence of suppression of information. Therefore, though not a respected place, they at least deserve a place of recognition and study, not only as the literature of the subconscious, but as the science of evasion from repression.

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A.  
(Ivan Peterson)

A shepherdder lying upon the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary ass.  
A ewe came up and licked his balls  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The shepherdder woke from out his sleep  
In time to catch and f--- that sheep!  
A magpie sitting in a tree nearby  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear but an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good f---!  
He rammed so hard that the shepherdder's nuts  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts.  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His balls will be hanging out of their ears!

B.  
(Larry Martin)

A shepherdder lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his ass.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The shhepherdder he awoke  
And started f---ing his nanny-goat.  
The nanny-goatt bled, and the shepherdder quit;  
The dog jackd off, and the magpie shit!

(THE OLD APPLE TREE)  
(Larry Martin)

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
A little black spot;  
She called it her "Twat,"  
But it looked like her ass hole to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
In the tall green grass  
I got some fine ass  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
A dose of the claps,  
The shankers perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!

( DICKY AND MURPHEY )  
(Benj Edwards)

Dickey and Murphey were playing in the ditch,  
 When Dickey called Murphey a dirty son-of-a- ----  
 Bring all your children and let them play with sticks,  
 Or when they grow older they'll play with their ----  
 Dickey and Murphey had a little doggie;  
 They lent him to a lady to keep her company;  
 She led him and fed him, until one day on a hunt,  
 He played all around her petticoats and ----  
 Country lass a-sitting on the grass;  
 A fence-post fell over and ran a sliver up her ----  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies;  
And if I finish this I hope I die  
 And go to ----  
 Hello, Central, how's your brownie hair?  
 And if you have no whiskey, I'll have to drink your beer!

BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

→ tune: "Bye Bye Blackbird"

Peck up all my underwear--  
 I don't care, anywhere!  
 Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
 He taught me how to dance and sing;  
 He taught me how to shake his thing!  
 Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
 He took me to his cottage in the wildwood,  
 And there he took advantage of my childhood!  
 He went once, and I went twice!  
 Holy jumping Jesus Christ!  
 Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

(I dreamed last night and the night before)  
 That two old tomcats came knocking at the door;  
 I went down stairs to let them in,  
 And they knocked me down with a rolling pin;  
 The rolling pin was made of brass;  
 They turned me up and spanked my ass!  
 I went up stairs to go to bed,  
 And I fell in the piss-pot on my head;  
 I couldn't swim, and I couldn't float,  
 And a big fat tird slipped down my throat;  
 I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
 And I fell in the fire and burned my cock;  
 So I paid two whores a penny apiece  
 To paint my cock with axle grease!



3

9

PAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

(Beside a babbling brook,  
A shady nook,  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits---  
Boy, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by:  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his dink,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by:  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

(JOHN TAYLOR)  
(Dick Palfreyman)

College Taylor

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor's in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And f--- her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the ground!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor's in town!

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum)

Oh, (Sally went out to the garden)  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the ass!  
(Do take care of the bees.)  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a hole in Sally's ass! \*  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed  
They slapped it on her ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And ~~And listen~~ while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

A STOVEPIPE EPISODE  
(Roscoe Colton)

Not song?

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather dirty -- so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard!" she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way!  
Get them together, then  
Push easy when I say!

"There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight,  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

"But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

"Now, let me fix them right this time.  
When I say, 'Easy!' now, you press.  
Be careful, or it'll slip again  
And make an awful mess.

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove.  
He saw a maiden and her father  
Putting stovepipe on the stove!

(THE LITTLE TINKER)  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Jolly Tinker

Oh, there was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, f---, and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were but few;  
So first he f---ed the captain,  
And then he f---ed the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The little tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd f--- the Devil  
If he didn't treat him well!  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul!  
Let me exercise my pecker  
In your hairy ass hole!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

Then all the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall:  
"We'd better get him out of here  
Before he f---s us all!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

(THE JAILER'S SONG)  
(Dick Palfreyman)

In my prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in shit,  
While the mice shoot craps upon the floor!  
If you want to hear them fart,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the keyhole  
in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail soaked with shit,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon the floor!  
And the women, as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my ass!  
I don't wanna go to prison any more!

BARNACLE BILL the Sailor  
(Dick Palfreyman)

"Who's a-knocking at my door?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Only me from over the sea!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in!"

Said the little fair maiden;

"Make up a bed for two!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs!"

Said the little fair maiden.

"Just what I intended to do!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if the sheriff comes in?"

Asked the little fair maiden;

"Rape the damned old fool!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What's that trickling down my leg?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"It's only a gob from off my knob!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Hang the bastard around your neck!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"When do you plan to come again?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Never, no more, you damned old whore!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

7

(THE LITTLE MARINE)  
(A Version of "Parlez Vous")

13

Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
She hadn't been fucked for forty years!  
Hinky dinkey! Parlez vous!

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,  
with maiden tits and golden hair?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
with maiden tits and golden hair!

Up the stairs and into bed,  
That's where I broke her maidenhead!

The first three nights all went well,  
And then my pecker began to swell!

The first three months ~~with~~ went well,  
And then her belly began to swell!

Nine months were up: she gave a grunt;  
The Little Marine came out of her cunt!

The Little Marine he grew to be big;  
His grandmother caught him frigging a pig!

The Little Marine he grew and grew,  
And now he's fucking the women too!

The Little Marine he went to France  
To make the Germans kiss his ass!

The generals stay behind the lines,  
And fuck the women and drink the wines!

The Little Marine he lay in a trench,  
Screwing his nuts with a monkey-wrench!

The Little Marine went over the top,  
To make the Kaiser suck his cock!

The Little Marine he went to hell,  
And he told the Devil to jump in the well!

8

Christopher COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

14

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic;  
Columbo knew if he didn't screw  
He surely would go frantic!

Columbo had a one-eyed cat;  
He kept it in his cabin;  
He rubbed its ass with axle-grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate--  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock  
They sucked off one another!

A one-eyed maid appeared on deck--  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg--  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

An Indian maid appeared on shore--  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men:  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty!"

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars;  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had earned \$10,000. ★

Columbo went in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty;  
He gave her only a dose of claps--  
He brought no other booty!

They threw him in a stinking jail,  
And left him there to grumble;  
A ball and chain tied to his bolls-- ★ ★  
So ended poor Columbo!

9

(TUMBLE LYNN)  
(Mrs. Frank Grant)

Brian O'Lin

15

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair:  
The fleshy side out,  
And the wooly side in;  
"It tickles my bollocks!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
She served for a wife  
For many a year,  
But she got too old,  
And he had to give in;  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all;  
"You fool!" they cried,  
"Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick,  
And leave the rest!"  
"Oh, some for beauty,  
And some for sin!  
I'll take them all!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin;  
"I'll sleep double-decker!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all went out  
To the shithouse together;  
Some shit thick,  
And some shit thin;  
"It'll answer for soup!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

LULU  
(Composite from Several)

## Banging Away on Bulbs

Oh, Lulu went out hunting,  
To kill herself a duck;  
But along came a farmer,  
And he asked her for a fuck!

## Chorus

Oh, bang away at Lulu,  
Bang her good and long;  
What you going to do for your banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
It was born at four o'clock;  
It wasn't like most other boys--  
It didn't have a cock!

## Chorus

(Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She had him by a rock;  
She couldn't name him Lulu  
Because he had a cock!)

**Chorus**

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
He was born on a rainy day;  
She stopped his ass with Denver mud  
And called him Henry Clay!

### Chorus

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him little Jim;  
She threw him in the pisspot  
To teach him how to swim!

**Chorus**

Oh, the rich girls they use vaseline;  
The poor girls they use lard;  
But Lulu uses wagon-dope,  
And she bangs it twice as hard!

## Chorus

Oh, the rich girls they wear diamonds;  
The poor girls they wear glass;  
But the only ring that Lulu wears  
Is a ring around her ass!





COUSIN NELLIE  
(Jack Harkness)

[2 texts.]

17

I met my Cousin Nellie  
In the shade of the linden tree;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And her hair waved in the breeze.

It was great to sit beside her  
With the cooling shade above;  
She whispered, "Cousin Harry,  
Please show me how to love!"

I tore her silken wrapper  
Off her throbbing breasts;  
And to warm her cooling passions,  
Those big red lips I pressed.

I took my hand so gently  
And reached between her thighs;  
And I found the cool sweet spot  
Where true love lies.

I took my prong so gently,  
And I placed it in her hand;  
She steered it straight to heaven--  
She needed no command.

Now scarcely a day goes by  
But Nellie comes to me  
And settles down beside me  
In the shade of the linden tree!

B.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

(I often sat with Nellie)  
In the shade of the linden trees;  
Her hair was combed down smoothly  
And waved gently in the breeze.

I often sat with Nellie  
When the skies were blue above;  
Often she would whisper,  
"Please teach me how to love!"

Then lying down beside her,  
Put my hand between her thighs;  
I reached that cool and shady spot  
Where true love often lies.

Then climbing on my Nellie,  
I gave her one big shove;  
And then she whispered to me,  
"My God, that must be love!"

THE DAMNED LITTLE RUNT

[2 texts]

18

A.  
(Leonard Madsen)

Oh, the damned little runt  
With the sunburnt cunt  
And an ass as black as charcoal,  
She can skin your prick  
So God damned quick  
That the sparks fly out of your ass hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's dink,  
Her lips are a henshit brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls on a goose,  
And her ass hole drags the ground! ☆

B.  
(Larry Martin)

(I knew it was her)  
By the stockings she wore,  
Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
She was pretty, but the freckles were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
She's always got a hale and hearty laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
She strips to the hide and takes a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
And her ass it wiggles all around; ☆  
Her lips are as pink  
As a Leghorn rooster's dink,  
And her eyes are a henshit brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors,  
In the stockpans or down in the weeds;  
So, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
For it's damned little teasing she needs!

A.  
(Larry Martin)

Ring dang doo -- what is that,  
All black and hairy like a pussycat?  
Got hair all around and split in two:  
That is what we call a ring dang doo!

A little fair maiden, cute and stout,  
Moved in and hung her shingle out:  
"Come, all you men, come one, come two,  
And take a crack at my ring dang doo!"

She took me down to her house;  
We slipped in like a little mouse;  
We barred the doors, and the windows, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

She took me down to her cellar;  
She called me a damned nice feller;  
She gave me wine, and whiskey, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a wonderful thing!  
The poor man gets it, as well as the king!  
All black and hairy, split in two:  
That is the way with a ring dang doo!

BB  
(George Goodnough)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

Her father came,  
And her mother, too,  
And caught me playing  
With her ring dang doo!

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left your home  
And your country, too,  
And followed Dad  
With your ring dang doo!

"Oh, Father, oh, Father,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left yourr home  
And your country, too,  
To diddle Maw  
And her ring dang doo!"

"Oh, Daughter, oh, Daughter,  
For shame, for shame!  
When you are old,  
You'll regret the same!

"But since you're a whore,  
And a good one, too,  
Make him pay two bucks for  
Your ring dang doo!"

C.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

She moved to town  
And became a whore;  
And she painted a sign and  
Put above her door:

"Come all you young,  
And you old ones, too;  
Come, take a pop at  
My ring dang doo!"

I took one pop  
At her ring dang doo;  
And that is why  
I sing to you!

My cock has rotted  
Through and through  
Since I took that pop at  
Her ring dang doo!

(OLD AUNT SALLIE)

One dark night when the neighbors were in bed,  
Old Aunt Sallie sneaked out into the shed;  
Her beau pushed her over among the straw and said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The first three months she liked it very well;  
The second three months her belly began to swell;  
The third three months, and her kid began to yell:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

THE ONE-EYED RILEY

[3 texts]

O'Reilly's Daughter

21

A.  
(Lester Bush)

We were sitting around old Riley's campfire one night,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my mind,  
Of how I'd like to shag his daughter!  
    Run-tum-tum, balls and all;  
    Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

That night when she had gone to her hayloft,  
Where she slept among the straw and clover,  
I crawled into the hay beside her,  
And shagged and shagged till the fun was over!  
    Run-tum-tum, balls and all;  
    Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
And who should it be but her damned old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
And was looking for the guy that shagged his daughter!  
    Run-tum-tum, balls and all;  
    Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
And I shoved them pistols up his ass  
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!  
    Run-tum-tum, balls and all;  
    Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

B.  
(Virgil Jolley)

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parson's daughter;  
The very first thought came into my mind,  
That I could finger her hind quarter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spattd my ass and drove it in farther!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned old father,  
I shoved both pistols up his ass,  
And slapped his wife, and shagged his daughter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

I'm the best damned man was ever born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My cock and balls weigh thirty pounds,  
And I'm known as the dangerous one-eyed Riley!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

(Harold Rothstein)

I grabbed that old witch by the tit,  
And throw my left leg up and over;  
Shagged and shagged, and I shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over!

There came a knock upon my door,  
And who should it be but her goddam father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter!

I grabbed him by the hair of his bolls  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
I shoved those pistols up his ass  
Damned eight farther than I shagged his daughter!



11

Down in Nehrh Valley  
(DOWN IN THE LEHI VALLEY)  
(Jack Harkness)

[2 texts]

23

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never shit in your hat!  
I've got a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

It was down in the Lehi Valley;  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
We had a ranch, a dandy---  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
Till along came a girl named Sally---  
But we called her Sue.

She had an ass like a country shithouse,  
And her cunt was full of fire;  
I had a full six inches,  
And I couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas ranger  
With a prick nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Sally,  
And he carried her right along.

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my cunt  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

B.  
(Alden Blasdell)

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother, Lou,  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one, too!

Her ass was like a goldmine;  
Her cunt was hot as fire;  
My eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cock ten inches long;  
He f---ed my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt,  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

(HI REO DANDY O!)

[2 texts]

A.  
(Larrey Martin)

As I was going down the street,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Two whores I chanced to meet,  
Hi reo dandy O!

One called me "stud," and I called her "mare,"  
Hi reo dandy O!  
I fucked the one with the little brown hair,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next nine days to the Doc I went,  
To get my cock sucked out at the end!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag;  
She washed my cock and squeezed my bag!

In came a doctor with a knife and block;  
At one whack off came my cock!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,  
With a stub of a cock without any head!

It's all over now -- wish I had it to do again!  
A nine-inch cock and ashhead as big again!

Come, all you young men, take warning by me:  
Never fuck the first whore you see!

B.  
(Ben Infanger)

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet!

One was fair, very fair;  
She called me "stud," and I called her "mare!"

The other was dark, with curly locks;  
She gave me the clap, and I gave her the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
My rotten pecker in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block;  
With one whack he cut off my cock!

And now that I'm well and free from pain,  
I'll go back to the stump and try it again!



A.

(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Hollie and started for the herd;  
He throw me off in a fresh cow tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I was coming down the mountain by the old cow trail,  
with my pecker in my hand and a heifer by the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped from the saddle and throw her in the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten ass!  
(And showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass!)

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!

Last time I saw the boss -- I haven't seen him since --  
He was fucking a heifer through a barb-wire fence!

And now my song is ended -- I can sing you no more;  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!

B.

(Bon Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a-shittin' and a-flyin'!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrups, and my ass in the saddle; \*  
A-singin' all day to your shitty assed cattle!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!

The boss come out with a gun in his hand,  
A-sayin': 'Get to work and be God damned!'

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a little yell;  
The lead bars broke, and the leaders went to hell!

THE DENVER HOME  
(Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdel)

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away from home,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I walked through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me;  
"A dollar and a half for the first few punches!"  
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!

A dollar and a half was her proposition;  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more;  
And she parked her ass upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I went to all the balls and dances,  
And threw my money all about.

The pimps and whores came crowding round me;  
There must have been a hundred and two;  
They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch, too.

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
But when they stole my gold and silver,  
Then bloody murder I cried out!

Then all the whores came crowding round me  
(I thought there were a million or more),  
And you'd shit your pants and die a-laughing,  
To see my ass shag out the door!

=====

=====

Y  
THE BONNIE BROWN HARE  
(Bobby Grant)

One morning in April,  
At the dawn of the day,  
With my gun on my shoulder,  
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden,  
Whose cheeks were of rose,  
Her hair down in ringlets,  
And eyes black as coal.

I asked the fair maiden,  
"Oh, maiden so fair,  
Could you tell me where, oh, where,  
Could I find the brown hare?"

She answered me shyly;  
She answered me low:  
"Beneath my white petty  
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently  
Beneath the shade of a tree,  
And I cocked my big rifle  
Above her white knee!

She swooned and she fainted;  
Her color all fled.  
I stooped and I kissed her,  
For I thought she were dead.  
Then she opened her eyes  
Gently and said:

"Your aim is so true, Sir,  
Your bullets so fair--  
Won't you fire once more  
At my bonnie brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden;  
My powder is spent,  
My bullets are gone,  
And my ramrod is bent;  
And I cannot fire on!

"But meet me tomorrow  
Beneath the shade of the tree,  
And if the weather proves fair,  
I'll fire once more  
At your bonnie brown hair!"

JOHNNIE  
(Vernon Petersen)

Oh, (there was a little boy lived a little out of town!)  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
And he claimed he had the biggest prick of any guy around!!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I've got the biggest toot!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I'll measure with you now!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

So they measured around and they measured about!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
So they measured around and they measured about;  
And Johnnie had him beat six inches on the spout!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town,  
And she liked Johnnie better than any guy around!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
And rolled her over onto her ass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little easy when you first do begin!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
For it hurts just a little when you first put it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow;  
For it don't hurt now like it did awhile ago!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

"Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
And I had a bull's ass to help push it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

OLD MACLELLAND  
(Larry Martin)

Old MacLelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and wooly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault MacLelland had;  
He was handy with his tool!

MacLelland left that cow-camp;  
'Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolman  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats;  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
For the schoolman on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate;  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may," said the schoolman  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit off his boots  
And straightened his cravat,  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolman of the flats.

They talked about the weather;  
They talked of this and that;  
They kept a-drifting onward--  
They knew not just where at!

They kept a-drifting onward  
Until they reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolman then and there.

He laid her on the bench--  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his horn  
And opened his handoo!

Then, bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolman on the flats!

He said, "I've diddled maidens,  
And negro wenches, and all that;  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolman on the flats!"

But when he shook his roller,  
Just nine days after that,  
He found he'd caught the gommeree  
From the schoolman on the flats!

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my song;  
Keep old John Henry in his chepps,  
And keep him fogging on!

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat!  
Remember old MacLelland  
And the schoolman on the flats!

(I JUST COULDN'T)  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Walking Down Canal Street

I wandered down the street,  
And I knocked on every door;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find a whore!

At last I found a whore;  
She was sitting on a rock;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find my cook!

At last I found my cook,  
In the center of my hand;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't make it stand!

At last I made it stand,  
As stiff as any pin;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it in!

At last I got it in  
And wiggled it about;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it out!

At last I got it out,  
All mattery and sore!  
To save your life from hell, boys,  
Never fuck a whore!



ROSEBERRY  
(Niah Davis)

(Johnnie the Rover)

32

(As I rode out on Roseberry.)

All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way--  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side;  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her garter came untied.  
For fear that she may lose it,  
These words to her I said,  
"Your garter is hanging down, my dear!"  
I derry down a-day!

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man?  
Oh, will you be so free?  
Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
As to tie it up for me?"  
"Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
When we get to yonder hill!"  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never did see:  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between!  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

"Now, since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came!"  
"My name 'tis (Johnnie the Rover,)  
And from Baltimore City am I,  
And I live by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

Now, she returned from market,  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhead  
It made her blood run cold!  
"But it is gone: let it go!  
He's the lad I love!" said she;  
"And he lives by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!



THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale and Alden Blaisdell)

It was in the month of may,  
When the jacks beginn to bray.  
And the jennies come prancing round the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack:  
"Will you climb upon my back?  
You can wind up my little ball of yarn!"

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom  
And the jennies were loose around the barn;  
There I met a little Miss,  
And I simply asked her this,  
"May I wind up your little ball of yarn?"

"Oh, why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes?  
Why don't you go to them with your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went,  
To wind up her little ball of yarn! ✕

After getting her consent,  
Around a stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown;  
So I gently laid her down,  
And I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a piss,  
I found my cock all matty and warm;  
Then I knew that by mishap,  
She had given me the clapp,  
As I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine months after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
There appeared before the door  
Her father and several more:  
"You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!" ✕ ✕

It was nine days after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then an officer in blue,  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you!  
Come and marry your little ball of yarn!" ✕ ✕ ✕

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

(We left the party early.)  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it,  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbus,  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

She first took off her collar;  
It fell upon the floor;  
Ye Gods! I saw her stoop for it,  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then came her dress and underclothes,  
Fifty, less or more;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down on the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee!

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

She sat before the fire,  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more;  
Ye Gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

If I was strong as Sampson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke up the whole damn town!

But I'm not as strong as Sampson,  
And I can do no more  
Than jack off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door!

(AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE)  
(Murray Hale)

Bell Bottom Trousers

[2 texts]

Immet her in a ballroom,  
And I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished;  
My hair was neatly combed;  
I danced with her all evening;  
That night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say,  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
who is being led astray!"

It was at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
It was in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
"We'll do it now, my Nellie;  
We'll do it now or die!"

I offered her a silver necklace;  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin;  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

He'll love you and caress you;  
He'll promise to be true;  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you!

B.  
(Dick Palfreyman)

When I was young and pretty,  
It was to my delight  
To go to balls and dances  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants!

His shoes were neatly polished;  
His hair was nicely combed;  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray;  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently;  
He raised my dress so high;  
He said, "Now, Mary, darling,  
You'll do it now or die!"

Now, all young girls, take warning,  
And take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

For if you do he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true;  
But when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"

AN INDIAN MAID  
(Ben Edwards and Phœnix Deschamps)

I once knew an Indian maid  
Who was very very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would shove it up her slough  
While she lay sleeping in the shade!

She took her little brown hand  
And filled it full of sand;  
And then she knew  
That no buckaroo  
Would monkey with the promised land!

But one buckaroo got wise,  
And he shoved it between her thighs;  
With an old gum-boot  
On the end of his root,  
He opened Redwing's eyes!

And then to her great surprise,  
Her belly began to rise;  
And then she knew  
That some buckaroo,  
Had slipped it between her thighs!

(IN BOMBAY)  
(Lester Bush)

Eagles They Fly High

The geese they fly high  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the fly,  
In Bombay!

The roosters they grow tall  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the wall,  
In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they tickle you on the dong,  
In Bombay!

The curly hair grows red  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
But it don't grow on your head,  
In Bombay!

They chew tobacco thin  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin,  
In Bombay!

The children they go bare  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear,  
In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
All the guys and gals together,  
In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat,  
In Bombay!

The women they grow fat  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat,  
In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street,  
In Bombay!

You can soak your cock in blood  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And God! does it feel good,  
In Bombay!

OF ALL THE BEASTS

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the sow:  
 I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
 And show the old bull how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the bull:  
 I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
 And pump the old cow full!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the dog:  
 I'd lift my hind leg in the air  
 And piss on every log!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the cat:  
 I'd shit in every pile of dirt  
 And smooth the place out flat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the whale:  
 I'd swim the whole world over  
 To find a piece of tail!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the bird:  
 I'd fly down on some woman's hat  
 And shit a juicy bird!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the buck:  
 I'd climb upon the old ewe's back  
 And fuck and fuck and fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the mare:  
 I'd back right up, and lift my tail,  
 And show the old stud where!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
 I'd rather be the sow:  
 I'd stretch my belly on the grass  
 And let the old boar plow!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
 I'd rather be the skunk:  
 I'd piss on every passer-by  
 To show him how I stunk!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
 I'd rather be the goat:  
 I'd steal my master's underwear  
 And cram them down my throat!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
 I'd rather be a man:  
 And then I'd get it a whole lot oftener  
 Than the other animals can!

a.

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat,  
Where my coat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in before!

b.

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a pisspot  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a pisspot  
With a lining in before!

c.

I looked into the cradle,  
Where my kid ought to be;  
And I thought I saw a stranger;  
I was drunk as I could be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my kid ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
With a diaper on before!

d.

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a pecker  
Where my prick ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a rolling pin  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more;  
But I never saw a rolling pin  
With hair on it before!

MY PRETTY FAIR MAID  
(Ben Infanger)

A (soldier walked into a candle shop.)  
Some candles for to buy,  
And to the soldier's great surprise,  
The devil, he saw, was nigh.

He hollered, he hollered, he loudly called,  
Unto his master cried:  
"You can have a bit of my pecker,  
Whenever you are mine!"

"Oh, no; oh, no, my pretty fair maid,  
I've never had such fun;  
To lie beside a pretty fair maid,  
Of such I've never done!"

"But I will call on master,  
For he is near at hand;  
And he'll take a bit of your pecker:  
He does it, I understand!"

He took her round her middle so small,  
And gazed in her jet-black eyes,  
And shoved the point of his do-take-care  
Between her lily-white thighs.

And after he was done and gone,  
He swore she was no whore;  
He could tell by the blood on his pecker  
That she never done it before.

Come, all you men with pretty young wives,  
You better be on the lookout,  
And look them up in a room at night  
Whenever you go out.

They'll tell you how kind and true they'll be,  
They'll tell you so and so;  
But they will take a bit of your pecker:  
They all do love it, you know!



## DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

not a song

41

A.  
(Lester Bush)

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen,  
Merrily throwing camel shit at each other;  
Horse shit was unknown in those good old days!

Suddenly, who should appear upon the scene but Daniel,  
Holding his left nut in his hand!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" cried Daniel, thereby scoring a hit.

"Kiss it!" cried the king, thus doing him one better.

"After you, you son-of-a-bitch!" cried Daniel,  
And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days, it was considered a mean thing  
To call a king a son-of-a-bitch.  
So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.  
He could be recognized only by the green umbrella  
Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly, a lion walked up to Daniel  
And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickles!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the king.

"Testicles!" cried Daniel,  
And for the second time that day  
The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, fart!" cried the king,  
And a gentle mist settled over the whole of his realm.

"Oh, shit!" cried the king,  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Squatted and did their utmost.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

"Come forth!" cried the king;  
But Daniel slipped on a fresh lion tird  
And came second.

"What about the princess?" somebody shouted.

"F--- her!" cried the king.  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Were trampled to death in the rush.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

## (Daniel in the Lions' Den)

B.  
(Terrell Lish)

Now, the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet,  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there!

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if the holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And there upon the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men:  
A lonely boy was sitting down,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel -- ah, that naughty man! --  
Had thoughts that aren't right;  
The little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bunghole well;  
Then he enjoyed himself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day,  
Hunting far and wide  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks,  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste,  
The troop drove up; and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped -- and so was the boy --  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!  
But some one told on Daniel bold;  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost!

So when Daniel to the royall court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wink their eyes?

The king said to Daniel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have f---ed your boy  
And f---ed him well!"

Whereupon the king, in his great rage,  
Had Daniel placed in the Lions' Den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
wiping his ass  
With the next to the largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" replied Daniel.

Whereupon the queen dashed madly through the court  
With her drawers at half-mast,  
And her ass shining like a looking glass  
In the moonlight.

Then the king, in a terrible rage,  
Cried out, "Where is the queen?"

"Why, she is out in the garden drinking tea!"

"What kind of tea?"

"S--H--L--T!"

"Is she occupied?"

"Yea, verily!"

"What is she doing?"

"Why, she is wiping her ass on fifty skeins  
Of the finest silk in the world!"

Thereupon somebody shouted, "F--- the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights were killed in the rush!

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

"A" is for ass upon which we sit,  
The external end and the passage for shit!

"B" is for bolls, each man has a pair  
In a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair!

"C" is for cunt, all juicy and slick;  
It's home-sweet-home for a seven-inch prick!

"D" is for dittaling, which never grows stale;  
There's nothing so good as a nice piece of tail!

"E" is for egg that is laid in the grass,  
The object which comes from a speckled hen's ass!

"F" is for fart, that odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad as limberger cheese!

"G" is for guts, that tangled up mass  
That connects your belly with the hole in your ass!

"H" is for hair that surrounds her cunt;  
To find the opening is a man's nightly hunt!

"I" is for inch (now, don't make me smile!);  
When she gives you an inch, you take half a mile!

"J" is for jissen that's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets when you have a wet dream!

"K" is for king, who wears a crown on his bean;  
His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick;  
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife  
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,  
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,  
When a man's prick won't stand up as in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong;  
It ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quiver that comes with a thump;  
Its a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

"R" is for rags, that are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

"S" is for safety, made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one is surely a sin!

"T" is for tits, supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh till a woman's been fucked!

"U" is for urine, a pot full of piss;  
Ain't it just awful to use language like this?

"V" is for vermin that wiggle and twist  
And hide in the hair when you go out to piss!

"W" is for woman, cradle of sin,  
That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

"X" is for x-ray, a magnifying glass,  
Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

"Y" is for yes; when a woman gets hot,  
There's nothing but a prick to cool her twat!

"Z" is for zero, supposed to be cold;  
The temperature of a man's balls at ninety years old!

(MARY JANE  
(Pimmie Smith)

Sarah Jane

She told me she'd fuck me  
When the clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just four miles out of town!  
Where the pig's eyes, and the pig's ears,  
And the tough old Texas steers,  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents a pound!

She's my honey, she's my daisy,  
She's knock-kneed and crazy,  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and blind;  
And they say her teeth are foamy  
From sucking my baloney!  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Mary Jane!

4/

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VULGAR STANZAS LEARNED FROM GRADE SCHOOL CHILDREN  
(By Kenneth Larsen)

1. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
2. Mrs. Woodin made a puddin'  
On a Sunday day;  
Mr. Martin came a-fartin',  
Blew it all away!
3. A monkey and a babboon  
Were sitting on the grass;  
The monkey stuck his finger  
Up the Babboon's ass;  
The babboon said,  
'God damn your soul!  
Keep your dirty finger  
Out of my ass hole!'
4. There was a little bird,  
And he shit a little tird,  
And he flew over into the garden;  
And he stretched his little neck,  
And he shit about a peck,  
And then flew across the River  
Jordan!
5. The he-cat sat on a high board  
fence;  
The she-cat sat on the ground;  
The tom made a pass  
At the pussy-cat's ass,  
And the world went around and  
around!
6. Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,  
Twenty pinches is the law;  
Pinch me now, pinch me then,  
Pinch me when I fart again.  
Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff, or box,  
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?
7. Father went a-hunting  
To shoot himself a bear;  
He shot him in the ass hole,  
And never touched a hare!
8. I've got the shankers  
And the blueballs, too!  
The shankers don't hurt,  
But the blueballs do!
9. I've got a girl in Indiana;  
She can handle my big banana;  
She can whistle, she can dance,  
She's got whiskers in her pants!
10. When a men grows old,  
His pecker gets cold,  
And the end of his pecker turns  
blue;  
Then he tries to diddle,  
It bends in the middle!  
Did it ever happen to you?
11. There was an old woman from France  
Who boarded a train by chance;  
The engineer fucked her,  
And so did the conductor,  
And the brakeman jacked off in her  
pants!
12. There was a young man from China  
Who went in an alley to pee.  
'Mine golly, mine sissy!  
My cock it no pissy!  
I think so maybe clapee!'
13. There was an old woman from  
Wheeling *(Limericks  
[text])*  
Who had a most wonderful feeling;  
She lay on her back  
And tickled her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling!
14. Poor old Robinson Crusoe;  
He had no woman to screw, so  
He sat on a rock  
And played with his cock,  
And shot it all over the seashore!
15. There was a young man from Boston  
Who bought for himself an Austen;  
There was room for his ass  
And a gallon of gas,  
But his bolls hung out, and he  
lost 'em!
16. There was a young man from St.  
Claire  
Who screwed his wife on a chair;  
On the forty-ninth stroke  
The furniture broke,  
And his gun went off in the air!
17. Here's to the girl of South Bend,  
Who always used a fountain pen!  
One day the cork went wild,  
Now she's nursing a negro child!
18. Ham and eggs between your legs,  
A little bit of gravy;  
Your machine and my machine  
Can make a little baby!

Old Joe Clark

19. Some come here to sit and think,  
And some come here to shit and stink,  
But I come here to play with my dink!
20. If you shit while you're eating,  
The Devil you're feeding!  
If you piss on your dink,  
You give him a drink!
21. I wish I had a load of bricks  
To build my chimney higher,  
To keep the girls around the town  
From pissing in my fire!
22. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
23. Oh, won't you come over to my shit-  
house?  
It's nice and shady there!  
The wind blows up around your ass  
And tickles your curly hair!
24. When I was young and in my prime,  
I used to jack off all the time!  
But now I'm old I've got more sense:  
I use a knothole in the fence!
25. The country girl is the girl for me!  
You can lay her on the grass,  
Lift up her lily-white petticoats,  
And tickle her on the ass!
26. Sally went down a new-cut road,  
And I went down behind her;  
She stooped over to tie her shoe,  
And then I saw her hinder!
27. Old Balaky Karaky had but one stone;  
The hair on his ass was a strawberry  
roan!  
Old Balaky, the butcher, had but one  
nut!  
He fucked his grandmother and had to  
be out!  
He went away and came back in the  
fall,  
Married to a woman with no pussy at  
all!
28. By the bar, (by the bar,) At the Bar  
where I smoked my first cigar,  
And the dollars in my pockets  
rolled away,  
It was there that by chance  
I slipped it in her pants,  
And now she's in a family way!
29. I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,  
And I'll tell you the reason  
why:  
She blows her nose in the corn-  
bread dough  
And calls it a custard pie!
30. May the bleeding piles torment you,  
And corns adorn your foot,  
And the itching crabs by millions  
Crawl out on your balls and eat!  
And when you are old  
And a syphilitic wreck,  
May you fall through your ass hole  
And break your fucking neck!
31. I asked a little nigger  
To let me frig her;  
But she said, "Wait  
Till the hole grows bigger."  
I waited till the hole got bigger,  
And in about nine months  
She had a little nigger.
32. (I fucked her in my dreams,) I Screwed you in My  
I listened to her screams; Dreams  
When I awoke,  
The bed was soaked,  
For I had fucked her in my dreams!
33. There was a woman from Connecticut  
who was good looking from face to  
butt;  
She was a shit-house poet,  
Had brains and yet didn't know it!
34. Listen, listen!  
The cat's a-pissin'!  
Where, where?  
Under the chair!  
Run, run,  
And get your gun!  
Never mind,  
It's all done!
35. A woman from Sleepy Hollow  
Got all of the man-folks to follow;  
They played with her crack,  
But she took all their jack,  
And gave the blueballs to them all-o!
36. A little old man from St. Chester  
Decided to tackle his sister,  
But all that he packed  
Was a wrinkled old sack,  
And all that she had was a blister!
37. There once was a goon from Sheepshit  
who proved to be only a half-wit;  
His girl-friend he bumped,  
And, seeing her cunt,  
"My God," he cried, "I've cracked it!"

## 1.

The Photographer

Two inexperienced young girls went into a photographer's shop to have their picture taken. The man posed them on a sofa, manipulating them, as customary, with his hands. Then he excused himself, saying:

"Pardon me while I get your focus."

As he put his head under the black cloth, the one girl seized the other by the arm and shook her excitedly.

"Let's get to hell out of here!" she cried. "Didn't you hear him say he was going to fuck us?"

## 2.

The Wilted Bouquet

A man and woman were sitting together on a train. Under the cover of a newspaper spread over their laps, they were making love. She had his big tool in her hand, standing up for itself very belligerently!

It was warm in the train, however, and soon they both fell asleep. Then a little breeze came in at the open window and blew away the paper. About that time the conductor came along and quickly sized up the situation.

"Madam, wake up!" he whispered, shaking the woman gently. "Your bouquet has wilted!"

## 3.

The Yodeler

Two miners owned a claim back in the mountains and seldom came to town. But one of them finally took very sick and had to see a doctor. That worthy, upon examining him, declared he had consumption, and advised him always to rise early and, for vigorous exercise, run up the mountainside, clap his hands, and yodel at the top of his voice. The miner promised to follow instructions.

The doctor heard no more from his patient, however, and several months later, seeing the other miner, accosted him and asked about the sick man.

"Oh, I had to shoot that son-of-a-bitch!" the miner declared.

Surprised, the doctor asked why.

"He got too damned cocky for his pants!" said the miner. "Every morning he ran up the mountainside, flapping his arms like a rooster, and crowing: 'I diddled the old lady too! I diddled the old lady too! Couldn't have that sort of thing going on with my wife!'"

## 4.

The Natural Rose

Two traveling salesmen were riding together on a train. Sitting across from them was a beautiful woman in elegant finery. Her hemline revealed a bare knee and a rose pinned to her garter. Concerning this rose the salesmen fell into an argument, and they decided to settle the matter by putting a question to the young lady.

"Madam," said one of them, "we want to settle a bet. Is that an artificial rose or a natural rose?"

The woman looked coolly at him and replied: "It's a natural rose, and it's watered by the spring above!"

Encouraged, the salesman asked, "May I plant my cucumber in your spring?"

"No!" she snapped, tossing high her head. "But you can plant it in your friend's ass! I understand they do well in shit!"



## 5. Cinders

A pair of newly weds had just occupied their new home, and the husband was impatient for their first night in bed together. When the lights were out at last and they were cuddled down, he began making love to her shyly. Just as he was about ready to mount, however, she started up in bed.

"John, darling!" she cried. "Did you remember to lock the front door?"

Grumbling and uncertain, he got up to have a look downstairs. He returned eagerly, however, and, though cooled off, began the process all over again. But just as he was about ready, she started up.

"John, darling! Did you put the cat out?"

Once more he trudged grumbling down the stairs, and again he returned, his ardor dampened, to begin the process anew. And still again, just as he was ready, she cried out.

"John, darling! Did you bank down the furnace?"

For the third time he went down the stairs. When, after some little delay, he crawled back into bed, he immediately turned his back on his wife. Now, about that time, she began to get ideas of her own. So she cuddled up to him and said cooly,

"John, darling! What shall we call our first child?"

"Call him cinders!" John retorted. "He's lying down there on the ash-pile now!"

## 6. The Furlough

The maid had the night before entertained her boy-friend, who was on leave from the navy. She therefore recounted all the details to her employer. And Mrs. Johnson, wishing to be polite, asked:

"Well, how long is his furlough?"

Hulda, that honest girl, blushed furiously and hung her head.

"Not so long as Mr. Yonson's," she finally managed to reply.

"But it's ticker!"

## 7. Just Like a Prick

A newly married couple were on the bed together for the first time. Both were modestly dressed. The girl seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, in an innocent voice, she asked:

"Henry, dear, what's a penis?"

The husband brightened appreciably and squared his shoulders. Surely he had married a pure virgin! To instruct her was therefore his duty. Obliging he pulled out the specified organ and laid it on the bed in full view.

"Oh, that!" she said depreciatingly. "Why, it's just like a prick, only littler!"

## 8. The Baby

A city slicker was forced to ask for a night's lodging at the home of a farmer. The countryman, though hospitable, was apologetic. After supper he said:

"Sorry, Stranger, but we're short of beds. You'll either have to roll into the hay or sleep with the baby!"

The slicker winced at the thought of a night among diapers. So he chose the stable. He spent a miserable night. Next morning, at breakfast, a beautiful young girl, most delectable, appeared at the table. The farmer then introduced her as his "baby."

## 9.

Take It Away!

A young girl, engaged soon to be married, happened upon her lover taking a leak in the barn. At the sight of him she ran screaming to the arms of her mother.

"Oh, Momma, I can't marry John!" she sobbed.

"Goodness, why not?" asked her mother.

"Ooh!" moaned the girl, "I could never take all that big thing!"

To no avail the mother reasoned with her that all was well. Finally, however, she persuaded her that it would be wise to try it now, under supervision, and, if it proved too big, she could then break the engagement. Reluctantly the girl consented. Then the mother had a talk with John and made the necessary arrangements. Soon, all three were in the bedroom together.

"I'll put my two hands around it," the mother said. "And then when you think you can take more, Mary, say so, and I'll take my hands away!"

Everything proceeded nicely. Mary liked it very well indeed! So soon the mother took away one hand. As this seemed to make no difference, presently she took the other one away.

A little later, Mary, all wrapped up in the job, exclaimed impatiently: "For heaven's sake, Mother, why don't you take your hands away!!"

## 10.

Chicken in the Coop

A fellow taking his girl for a drive in the country was compelled by the urgency of nature to park and walk back in the dark. There he stood against a barb-wire fence and vented himself into a ditch beyond.

Up out of the ditch suddenly reared a man, who exclaimed angrily: "Who the hell are you? A rain-maker?"

"Sh! Sh!" cautioned the pissing individual, in a hushed whisper.

"I've got a chicken in the coop!"

"Well, for Christ's sake!" snapped the other. "What do you think I've got down in the ditch? A duck?"

## 11.

The Undertaker

A boy and his girl-friend took refuge in a cemetery to carry on some important business. There, as they were busily at work on the top of a fresh grave, a cop stumbled onto them in the dark. He thought their actions looked suspicious. So he hauled them off to the local magistrate.

The judge looked down at them sternly: "Well what have you got to say for yourselves? What were you doing in the graveyard?"

Boldly, the boy spoke forth: "Nothing wrong, your honor! We were just burying the old stiff!"

The judge shifted his eyes to the girl: "And how about you?"

Innocently she looked up at him and replied: "Oh, I was just the undertaker!"

The judge was furious. He turned his wrath on the cop and exclaimed: "You idiot! I fine you twenty-five dollars! What you mean interfering with the burying of a corpus delecti?"

12.

The Singer Building

A jake from the country, in town for the first time, was following the instructions of slightly more experienced friends. They had told him that, to get a gorgeous woman, he must go to the Singer Building and ask for the latest model.

Finding the Singer Building at last (not, however, the whorehouse by that name), he entered and approached a desk behind which sat an attractive young woman.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I want one of your outest models," he said with a leer.

"Well, we have two sizes," she explained, recognizing his ignorance if not his intent. "The big ones, which have pretty curved legs, cost a hundred dollars."

The country jake visibly swallowed his Adam's apple at that figure.

"How about the little ones?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, they don't have legs," she replied archly. "You have to screw them on a table."

"Shucks!" he grumbled. "I don't object to screwing one on a table, but durned if I can stomach screwing one without legs!"

13.

The Headstone

The widow could not be consoled even after her husband had been dead a year. She persistently resisted all the pleadings of her present suitor.

She had a ritual, she told him, which she performed twice daily. Through the bedroom window she could see his tombstone. At dawn she always looked out and said, "Good morning, dear!" And before retiring at night she looked out and said, "Good night, darling!" Such a past devotion would not be fair to a second husband.

Her suitor, however, was willing to take his chances. So at last she yielded and married him.

Before going to bed, she looked out at the tombstone and said, "Good night, darling." They slept late. When at last they awoke, she looked out the window, stuck out her tongue, and cried, "Tooeey on you!"

14.

The Halfwit

John was dumb, but she never knew how dumb till their wedding night. He just turned over and went to sleep! She was frantic but thought he would surely take action the following night. When this went on for a week, however, she finally appealed to her mother.

"I just don't know what to do," she sobbed.

"Leave it to me," her mother reassured her. "I know how to take care of John."

Then she got him aside and gave him a lecture. "Tonight when you go to bed," she said, "put your hand on Mary's head and feel down till you come to the first hole. Then put your hand on your own head and feel down till you come to the first long thing. Then take the long thing and shove it into the hole hard."

John thought he had learned his lesson well. That night he felt down Mary's back till he found the ass hole. Then he felt down his own face till he found his nose. Promptly, he plunged his head down under the covers and made the connection.

"Sure fun," he exclaimed when he came up for air. "Only it smells kind of spoiled!"

## 15.

Fido!

A man sitting in church was suffering from gas pains. Next to him was a woman with a little dog, which jumped down off her lap and crawled under the bench, between them. The man decided to take advantage of this situation. He farted very gently, hoping the little dog would get the blame.

Soon the woman said reprovingly, "Fido!"

The dog looked guilty. Encouraged, the man repeated himself as soon as he again felt the urge.

"Fido!" again scolded the woman.

A third time the man relieved himself very gently and awaited the results. Then he got a real jolt!

"Fido!" snapped the woman angrily. "Get out from under that bench before the man shits on you!"

## 16.

So Close!

Each of the three sisters had her own steady beaux. One morning, after they had all had a date, they were bragging and comparing notes. Each wanted to impress the other with her successes.

"Why, we were so close together last night," the first declared, "that you couldn't put a hand between us!"

"Poof!" scoffed the second. "We were so close together that you couldn't stick a pin between us!"

The third sister was triumphant. "Piffle!" she jeered scornfully, "My beaux and I were so close together last night that you couldn't tell which one the nuts were fastened to!"

## 17.

A Gaseous Occasion

A man arrived home quite late and found his wife had already retired for the night. She had eaten alone a big supper of beans. They were both quite restless and tossed about in bed. Eventually, the wife got turned around so that her ass rested snugly on the pillow, next to her husband's face. Awaking, the husband was alarmed.

"Pugh! Your breath stinks!" he declared. "What did you have for supper last night?"

"Fissssh!" was the only comment, which made the smell even worse.

"How many?" inquired the husband.

"Teuuuu!" came the whispered response.

## 18.

The Seventh Relief

A country girl was washing dishes in the kitchen while awaiting the arrival of her boy friend. She was in a gaseous condition. To relieve herself, she would every now and then cock up her left leg and give vent to a ripping fart.

"Haw! The first relief!" she cried after the first one.

And, "Haw! The second relief!" she cried out after the second.

This continued for quite some time. And in the meantime, her boy friend had arrived on the back porch. He was rather shy. So he stood there waiting. Finally, she looked up and saw him in the doorway.

"Well, when did you come?" she demanded.

"Just before the seventh relief!" was his reply.

19.

Vaccination

Everybody was being vaccinated in the neighborhood. And Mrs. Johnson, mistress of a certain house, thought it proper to urge the Swedish maid, new to this country, to report at the clinic. Hulda, however, was not sure that she knew what the word meant.

"Hoh! I bane vaccinated already!" she declared.

"How many times?" asked the dubious mistress.

"Twice!" Hulda replied. "Vonce in da kitchen and vonce in da woodshed."

"What doctor?" asked the lady suspiciously.

"Oh, no doctor!" declared Hulda. "Vas Mr. Yonson!"

20.

The Coded Message

A young aviator was flying back from a mission over enemy territory. He thought it safe, now, to clean up the mess in his pants. So he wiped thoroughly on a piece of paper and tossed it overboard.

The paper came fluttering down and landed in a foxhole where Pat and Mike were taking cover. Pat picked it up and examined it eagerly.

"Begorra! It seems to be a message from the enemy!" he declared.

"But it must be in code, for I cannot make it out!"

Mike seized it out of his hands and examined it in his turn.

"Bejasus!" he shouted. "That's easy! It says: 'Rear end wiped out!'"

21.

Nuns!

"Papa," asked the little boy innocently, "why do they call them nuns?"

"I don't know," replied his father. "I guess it's because they ain't got none, never had none, and don't want none!"

22.

Oughtta Be!

A drunk staggered up to a stranger in a lavatory and asked: "Shay, Nishter! Is my cock out?"

"Why, no; it's not out!" the stranger reassured him.

"Well, by Gawd, it oughtta be!" was the drunk's rejoinder. "I'm a pisshin as fasht as I can!"

23.

V-Neck Sweater

A little boy in a department store was giving his mother trouble. She was trying to get him to make a choice of a V-necked sweater. But each time the clerk held up one for his inspection, he would shake his head and break into fresh sobs.

"I don't like it!" he wailed.

"Well, how about this one?" insisted his mother.

"Naw, I don't like that either!" the boy protested.

This continued till the sweaters and the mother's patience were both exhausted. Finally, shaking him violently, she asked: "See here, now! Why don't you like any of these?"

"'Cause teacher wears 'em at school, and I don't wanta be like old teacher!" cried the little boy. "Every time she stoops over her lungs fall out!"

24.

Golden Wedding

An old couple, celebrating their golden wedding, were retracing their steps of that memorable night fifty years before. Romantically they walked arm and arm out under the stars. Finally, however, they both had to stop to take a leak.

"Mirandy, darling!" he declared, with his prick in his hand.

"Things haven't changed a bit. They're just like they were before!"

"Silly boy!" scolded his wife. "You know they've changed!"

"But how, I'd like to know?"

"Fifty years ago," she replied, "you had to stick it under a limb to keep it from squirting in your eye! Now you have to hang it over a limb to keep it from running into your shoe!"

25.

Hand Operated

"Rastus! Do you hear me? What you all doin' behind dat tree?"

"It's just a-pissin', Melissa! I's just a pissin'!"

"You all stop it dis minute, Rastus! You know good and well you don't have to pump it out!"

26.

The Storm

Melinda was entertaining her young man in the parlor. But a supper of beans was keeping her in a little pain and considerable suspense. Finally, she hit upon the novel device of hammering out "The Storm" madly on the piano whenever she needed to break wind.

She would play other tunes for a while, and then would suddenly interrupt herself to say, "Well, Reuben, how about 'The Storm' again?"

This continued all evening, and Reuben was obviously growing more and more uneasy. He knew damned well that all was not well.

"Shall I play 'The Storm' again?" she asked once too often.

"Yeah! Go ahead!" he replied doggedly, as one being forced to gallantry against his will. "But, for Gawd's sake, Melinda, leave out that part where the lightning strikes the shithouse!"

27.

To Heaven Feet First!

"Mama," asked the little girl, "do people go to heaven feet first?"

"Goodness, No, child! What makes you ask that?" exclaimed the surprised mother.

"'Cause I saw the maid lying on the bed," explained the innocent one. "Her legs were sticking straight up. And all of a sudden she yelled, 'God, I'm coming! God, I'm coming!' And she would have, too, if papa hadn't held her down!"

28.

The Drink

"Papa, I want a drink!"

"Shh! Be still, son!"

Silence a moment. Then again, plaintively: "Papa, I want a drink!"

"Hush up!"

A much longer pause. Then, shrilly and determinedly, out of the darkness: "Papa, I'll shake the bed for mama, if you'll get me a drink!"



29.

The Holy Man

A young maiden, conscience burdened with guilt, appeared before the father confessor seeking ablution. He heard her tale of seduction patiently to the end. Then he informed her that, if she wished salvation, she would have to do exactly as he instructed her.

Thereupon, he led her into an anteroom and locked the door. And opening the Holy Bible, he placed it on the floor.

"Now, take off your clothes and sit on that!" he commanded.

She meekly and trustingly complied. Thereupon, shoving her over backwards, he released from his robe a huge and belligerent organ, and plunged it ruthlessly into her warm and quivering twat. And then, to the lusty and powerful rhythm, he pronounced this chant, for the purification of her soul:

"The Holy Book is under your hole! The holy man is over your hole! The holy pole is in your hole! So wiggle your ass and save your soul!"

30.

It Just Quivers!

A lusty white man sought the help of a physician to correct, by an operation, an unsightly hare-lip. The doctor agreed providing the man would ask no questions as to the source of the flesh used for grafting.

Then, however, the man was unconscious on the operating table, the doctor commandeered the services of a negro janitress, and secured the flesh from one of the lips of her twat. The dark hair, he thought, would make a nice moustache for covering the scar!

The patient recovered, and everything went well for a time. Then he turned up suddenly in the doctor's office in a sweat of anxiety.

"For God's sake, Doc," he pleaded, "tell me where you got my lip!"

He still lisped badly. Otherwise, he seemed all right, except for his agitated state.

"Well, what's your trouble now?" asked the practitioner.

"Why, I can't stand what's happening to me!" the man declared.

"Every time I get a 'hard-on' my ~~lip~~ just quivers!"

31.

In My Face!

A young couple were taking advantage of the darkness in a theatre for love-making. He had his hand up under her dress, on her cunt, and she had his prick out and was playing with it. And the music of the orchestra just in front of them blared!

Suddenly, the fellow groaned in ecstasy, and his gun went off in the hand of the sweet young thing. She was embarrassed beyond words by the cold sticky mess.

"Ugh! What'll I do with it?" she cried.

"Aw, hell! Just give it a big fling out into the orchestra pit!" he advised.

She did so with all her might, and the cold, slimy handful of jism landed on the bald head of the bass drummer and began trickling down his forehead and into his eyes.

The oboe player looked at him in amazement and exclaimed: "What hell happened to you?"

"I don't know," replied the drummer. "But I think some dirty son-of-a-bitch threw a fuck in my face!"

32.

Hysterics

A young couple were sitting on the back row of the movie theatre. Under the cover of darkness he was plying her twat very skillfully with his fingers. And every now and then she would utter, involuntarily, a shrill titillated giggle.

Finally, the manager approached and leaped threateningly over them. "What's the matter, young lady?" he asked crossly. "Do you have hysterics?"

"No, Sir!" the girl assured him, defensively, with another long hysterical giggle. "But he's sure got a-hold of mine!"

33.

This Damned Piccolo!

A famous American band was touring the royal courts of Europe giving command performances. And always, after each show, the crowds stormed onto the platform to show their respects.

First, they played before the King of England, and afterward, then, the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"The applause was terrific! They insisted on filling our instruments with gold coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Next, they played before the Kaiser of Germany, and afterward the piccolo player again telegraphed home:

"The braves were deafening! They insisted on filling our instruments with silver coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Then, finally, they played before the King of Spain, and once more the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"They couldn't stand our music. The crowd tried to mob us. They swore they would shove our instruments up our asses. They couldn't do it, though, with the bass horn, or the trumpets, or the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

34.

The Berth

A colonel in the army, home on leave, took passage aboard a small ship back to his overseas outfit. Everybody was soon green with seasickness. For the boat was over-crowded and the crossing very rough.

In the end, he had to give up his berth to a sick old woman who was a steerage passenger.

His wife was therefore amazed and mystified when, next day, she received the following telegraphic report from him: "Dreadful stormy passage. Deathly sick all the way. Finally gave berth to an old woman."

35.

That Last Gentleman

Two white men, leading a mule, were ambling down a country lane in the South when, under the trees, on the bank of a brook, they saw a huge negro woman at work over a tub of clothes.

Here was an opportunity! They approached and propositioned her. She was so engrossed in her work, however, that she seemingly did not hear them. So they threw up her dress from behind and, one after the other, helped themselves. On inspiration, they even led up the mule and accommodated him.

When they were through, they felt obligated, and, shaking her violently, asked, "Lady, how much do we owe you?"

"Not a thing, Mister! Not a thing!" she replied emphatically. "Only please give me the address of that last gentleman!"



## 36.

The Mathematician

A salesman stranded in a small town for the night inquired at the only hotel for a room. The proprietor informed him regretfully that all were taken. On second thought, however, he consented to let the salesman sleep with one of the regular roomers.

"The guy went to bed drunk," he explained. "So if you leave before he wakes up, he'll never know you shared his room."

The salesman took the offer gladly and piled in with the drunk, whose clothes were scattered over the floor. In the night, however, he awoke with the cramps, and jumped out of bed and went hepping about the place looking for a toilet. He could find none anywhere, and finally, in desperation, he squatted and made his deposit neatly inside the pants of the drunk. Then, since dawn was breaking, he hastily dressed and went his way.

All that day the regular roomer failed to put in an appearance down stairs. And on the following day, when he still had not been seen, the proprietor began getting worried. But not till the third day did he go to investigate.

Loud pounding on the door did not bring a response. And he was finally compelled to break down the door to get in. What he saw there surprised him beyond words.

The drunk, now sober, was lying on his stomach in the center of the floor. Scattered all about him were sheets of paper full of scribbling. And even on all the walls, as high as a man could reach, was a mass of mathematical figures scrawled in pencil.

"For God's sake, man, what are you doing?" cried the proprietor, fearing his guest had become deranged.

The man stared wildly at him. His face was unshaved, and his hair was on end. He replied in a crazy cackling voice.

"I'm trying to figure out," he cried, "how in hell I shit my pants without getting any in my drawers!"

## 37.

McClanahan Rides

On the first night of their marriage he, McClanahan, attempted intimacy. But the sweet young thing rebuffed him. She had ridden horseback all day and was galded!

On the second night he tried again. And again Myrtle refused. She had hiked ten miles in the rain, hunting pheasants, and was all muddy and completely exhausted!

On the third night he once more, this time timidly, made overtures to his still un-deflorated bride. But she scolded him gently, patiently, saying she was now wearing a rag!

McClanahan was by now dejected and, seemingly, defeated.

On the fourth night, however, he crashed through her locked bedroom door, all decked out in queer regalia indeed! He wore leather gloves, gum-boots, a raincoat, and a cowboy's chaps, and in his hands he carried a gun, a lariat, and an umbrella. The sweet young thing was simply dumbfounded!

"Why, what on earth do you mean by coming to bed like that?" she shrilled, drawing back in fright.

And then and there McClanahan made his now famous historic statement: "Rain, mud, shit, or blood!" he replied in a masterful voice; "McClanahan rides tonight!"

38.

The Goatee

An inexperienced young hunter, very cocky, bent on making a big name for himself, went trudging into the Rocky Mountains. But he had promised his fond parents to keep in touch with them daily.

On the first day out he sent a telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a bear!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the second day out he sent another telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a mountain lion!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the third day, however, the lad ran into trouble. He shot what to him looked like a very strange creature. Actually, it was a mountain goat. This time he wired for advice.

"I shot something today," he said, "but can't figure out what it is. It stinks like hell! And it runs around with its ass bare, its balls hanging down, and a silly little goatee on its chin. What shall I do?"

"For God's sake!" the father replied immediately; "make a run for it and come home! You've just killed one of those damned land-poor Idaho farmers!"

39.

Bumgut

A woman who was having trouble with her un-deflorated pussy went to the doctor for advice. He examined her briefly and was at once aware of her predicament.

"Go home," he said, "and insert a fresh goose-egg. Then get the man with the longest prick you can find to break the egg."

She returned home and followed all his instructions to the full. To find the man, however, was a problem, and she finally resorted to nailing a sign on the gate-post, asking for a man with a very long prick to call.

About that time Pat and Mike happened along. They read the sign and immediately began arguing about which was the best qualified. To settle it, they measured on the spot, and Mike had the advantage by four inches. So he knocked at the door.

The woman led him into the bedroom and spread her skirt for him. And he immediately mounted. As he made the penetration, however, the egg broke, and the yolk began running out.

Thereupon, he detached himself and dashed out of the house like a ghost was after him, yelling to his partner as he went by: "Run, Pat! Run! I busted her bum-gut!"

40.

The Laziest Man

A woman from the city stopped her car before a country store. At the door she saw an old darky sitting asleep with his face covered with flies. He was too tired even to make a pretense of brushing them off.

"My goodness!" she declared. "He must be the laziest man in the whole world!"

"No, Mam!" spoke up a little colored boy who stood nearby. "My uncle out back is lazier than that."

This the woman had to see. So the boy took her around to the back. What she saw was a big colored man standing on a pickle barrel behind a mule. He kept repeating, "whoa, get-up, back!", for he was too damned lazy even to do his own fucking! And, of course, you know how those pickle barrels roll! Oh, you do? Well, then, you must have tried it yourself!

## 41.

Making People

A man from the backwoods brought his son to the city for the first time to give him an insight into life. The young man was entirely innocent of worldly things. So, as they toured the town, looking in at the many shops, the father explained what was being done in each.

Before a machine shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in iron, so they can put in bolts."

And before a carpenter shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in chair bottoms, so they can fasten on the legs."

The young man watched everything with growing amazement. But his father hurried him by the whore-house with only the brief remark that that was where they made people.

Later, he decided to let the boy go around by himself, just for the experience.

"Well, what did you see?" he asked when his son returned.

"Oh, I watched them making people!" was the enthusiastic reply.

Puzzled, the father asked for an explanation. And the boy told how he had watched through the open door of the whore-house and seen the people at work.

"The workman were just finishing a woman!" he declared. "She was all done except her ass hole, and they had her down on the floor boring that out!"

## 42.

The Perpetual Hard-On

In a small town lived a man of ninety with the reputation of having a perpetual hard-on. He had outlived several wives. The last, however, had saved herself by encouraging him to seek elsewhere.

The old man finally died, and the undertaker began preparing him for eternity. But when he tried to put the lid on the coffin, he could not, for the old fellow had died with his usual hard-on!

Dismayed, he called in all the undertakers he knew, and they went into conference as to what ought to be done. Everything was tried. Levers would not bend it! Solvents would not soften it! And a picture of a naked woman laid in the coffin only made matters worse. It was suggested that they either cut off the organ or provide a hole for it through the lid. Both possibilities were rejected as sacrilege!

Then, finally, the old man's son proposed the obvious, that they jack him off! And, believe it or not, they had to do so seven times before the belligerent organ would stay down!

## 43.

The Maidenhead

A girl of unsavory reputation made the capture of a very innocent and virtuous young man. But she was worried. And the day before the wedding she went to her wise old mother for advice.

"How will I make Jack think I'm still a virgin?" she asked.

"Hoh! That's simple, Gertie!" her mother assured her. "Just hide a cigar box between your legs in bed, and when he climbs on, bang the lid shut, and he'll think it's your maidenhead snapping!"

The reformed whore did as she was told. On the wedding night, sure enough, John decided to climb on and do some experimenting. Then, quickly, she snapped the lid of the cigar box shut.

"My God!" he cried out. "What the hell was that?"

"Just my maidenhead snapping!" she assured him demurely.

"Well, for Christ's sake, unsnap it!" he roared. "It's caught around my balls!"

## 44.

The Three Brothers

There once lived a woman in Frisco who claimed to have the biggest pussy in the world. She was unhappy, however, for she could find no man capable of satisfying her. Finally, she determined to set out and search every corner of the world till she found exactly what she wanted.

Now, in the course of her inquiries, she heard rumors of three brothers in the hills of Arkansas who had prodigious pricks. And so she hastened thither to investigate.

She found the first brother resting against a tree-trunk lazily swinging his penis to shoo the mosquitoes away.

"My, what a dandy!" she cried in admiration.

"Shucks! 'Taint nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother down yonder!"

She hurried in the direction indicated and found the second brother sitting on the bank of a stream. She was amazed to see that he was using his long pecker as a fishing pole.

"Heavenly days! What a dandy!" she cried.

"Shucks! 'Tain't nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother up yonder!"

Again she hurried in the direction indicated. Inside a little cabin she found the third brother lying on his back on the bed. He was amusing himself by idly flipping his enormous prick to mash flies on the ceiling.

"Oh, God! At last!" she screamed in delight. "I've found what I really want!"

And with a little coaxing she got him to agree to do what he could to satisfy the burning of her pussy. Then and there he rolled her on the bed and went to his work. They toiled at it, sweating, all day long, but she just couldn't get enough!

That evening, the other two brothers came home. They found the woman from Frisco lying on the bed with her legs spread and her cunt wide open. The third brother had done his utmost. He was now just finishing the job by jacking off in a tablespoon and pouring it into her to get her completely filled up!

## 45.

The Cigar

A man riding on a train needed to go to the toilet very badly but could not get in because the throne was occupied. Finally, in desperation, he opened a window and stuck out his bare ass. The train at that instant whizzed by two section-gang men.

"I say!" said Pat. "Did you get a load of the funny looking guy with the moustache?"

"Begorra, no!" declared Mike. "But I saw a queer looking individual with a big cigar hanging out of his mouth!"

## 46.

Fishmarket!

And old blind beggar one day came hobbling by a fishmarket tapping his cane. He hesitated uncertainly, sniffed the air, and then came to a complete stop. Tipping his hat gallantly, he remarked: "Hello, girls! How's business today?"

47.

The Thing

The boys at the saloon were fed up with giving drinks to Indian Joe. Why, they could not set a glass down without his getting it! They were in a quandary until Sleepy, the "Desert Rat," offered to rid them of the nuisance once and for all.

Then, suddenly, somebody cried, "Here comes Indian Joe now!"

Sleepy immediately went into action. Pulling down his pants, he stooped over and started backing toward the door. Indian Joe took one look and fled as though somebody had shot at him. Soon he was just a little streak of dust disappearing into the desert.

Three days later, still running, he met an old prospector just headed for town.

"What the hell you running from, Joe?" the grizzled old-timer asked.

"He seem funny little man!" the Indian replied. "Only so high! (Indicating with hand.) One big eye in middle of forehead! Hair all over face! Musta come long way! Tongue hang out that far! (Again indicating with hand.)"

48.

Wahoo!

A young easterner, new to the West, was studying wild life. In a pool hall he watched a group of drunken Indian bucks shooting a game. And he noticed that whenever one of them hit the wrong pocket, he would grunt in disgust: "Wahoo!"

Later, he asked an old timer what people did when they wanted some good tail.

"Well, now!" the old timer said with a wink. "We just ride along till we see a squaw sitting by the road. Then we jump off and roll her!"

This seemed like a pretty good idea. So the easterner borrowed a horse and rode into the country. By the roadside he soon spied a squaw sitting wrapped in her blanket. He jumped off, pushed her over, and immediately inserted his prong.

The Indian protested vigorously, saying, "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!"

49.

Mistaken Identity

There was a case where a lusty young cowboy, looking for "moggan," rode out into Indian territory. Sitting by a stump he at last spied a fat and spunky Indian who promised to be good meat. So he jumped off then and there and made his attack. The Indian, however, protested vigorously, saying: "He no squaw! He buck!"

50.

Polluted Spring

An Indian riding a train for the first time discovered the toilet, by chance, and thereupon claimed that region as his own reservation. He refused to budge. When anybody else came, he would chase him away.

Finally, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, a big fat man was sitting on the throne taking a crap. The Indian was furious. He chased the man the entire length of the train, with his pants hanging at half-mast and his ass bare!

Afterward, when questioned by the conductor about his show of temper, the Indian explained: "He hateum fat man! He shittum in spring! Spoil drinking water!"

51.

Johnnie Fuckerfast

Johnnie, a boy right handy with his tool, went to a strange community and hired out as a farm-hand. When the boss asked his name, he replied cockily:

"Oh, I'm Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

"All right, Johnnie Fuckerfast," the boss said. "Go down to the pasture and get the cows. My daughter'll show you the way."

Johnnie and the girl walked down to the pasture hand in hand. By the time they reached the gate he had put the proposition to her squarely. So they hid in a ditch and went to work.

Soon it started getting dark, and the farmer grew worried because the cows had not come home. So he went out to see what was the trouble.

"Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!" he called through the darkness. "Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

Johnnie raised up out of the ditch and replied: "Shut up, you old fool! I'm fucking her as fast as I can!"

52.

Pee a Little

A little boy and a little girl began arriving at school late every day. The teacher, in despair, finally complained to the father. And he decided to go early and hide somewhere to see what they did.

Soon they arrived under a big tree and stopped to play. "You be the mare and I'll be the stud," the little boy said.

The little girl obligingly pulled down her pants. Then the little boy began prancing around her, on hands and knees, with his peter out. "Please pee a little for me," he begged. But she shook her head vigorously. So he sniffed at her little pussy, curled his lips, and glanced skyward. When what should he see but his father watching from up in the tree.

"Do you want me to pee a little for you now?" the girl asked.

"No!" replied the boy in desperation. "But if you look up in that tree, you'll shit a little!"

53.

Drive the Cows Home

Every evening Johnnie and Nettie went down to the pasture together to get the cows. He was the son of a farmer, and she was the daughter of the next door neighbor.

On the way back, one evening, he began teasing her for a piece of tail. But she was determined not to give him any.

"Please," he begged, "Gimme just an inch, and you can have old Bessie!"

She agreed, and he shoved in just the head.

"One more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Fannie!"

Again she agreed, and he shoved it in another inch.

"Just one more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Jinnie!"

Once again she agreed, for she had a definite turn for business; and he shoved it in still another inch.

"Oh, Christ!" he finally cried. "Let me shove it all in, and you can have the whole damned herd!"

Now, all this time, Johnnie's father had been hiding in the tall weeds listening to them. His gun was now about to go off in his pants. He was so excited that he could contain himself no longer. "Poke it to her, Johnnie!" he cheered. "I'll help you drive the cows home!"



54.

Warmed Up Supper

A young couple, desperately in love, were too poor to get married. But, suddenly, a wonderful solution occurred to them: they could live on love. Certainly they had enough of that!

The first morning after they were married he got up to go to work, and, since there was no breakfast, he laid her on the table and took a piece.

That noon he came home, and, since there was no lunch waiting, he again laid her on the table and took a piece.

In the evening, however, he came home quite famished, and still there was no food on the table. And his sweet young wife was sitting with her dress pulled high, her pants down, and her feet up on the oven door.

"What are you doing there, Dear?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm just warming up your supper, Darling!" she replied.

55.

It'll Stretch!

The sister of the new bride was a prankster. As a wedding present, therefore, she gave her a pair of pajamas sewn shut at the bottom so she could not get into them.

That night, the newlyweds retired to their bedroom and began getting ready, excitedly, for the big adventure.

What they did not know was that the girl's mother, a busy-body, a-fire with curiosity, was at the keyhole listening!

The bride shoved a shapely bare leg down into the leg of the pajamas and soon discovered the difficulty. Her foot would not make the penetration. She grew quite excited and hysterical.

"John," she cried, "I can't get it in! You'll have to cut the hole open a little bit with your pocket-knife!"

From behind the doorway the alarmed mother emerged screaming.

"Don't cut it! Don't cut it!" she cried. "It'll stretch! Mine did!"

56.

Little Short Stiff One!

The younger sister had, as a prank, ironed the bridal nightgown with a heavy dose of starch. It was, in fact, as stiff as a board, and just as flat and heavy.

That night, when the newlyweds retired to their bedroom, they were both shy about undressing before the other. So the man hid behind the clothes-closet door, and the girl took refuge behind a screen to change and slip into her nightgown.

"Now, don't you peek!" the young man warned her.

"I won't! And don't you, either!" the bride replied.

But pretty soon, when she looked at her nightgown for the first time, she burst out laughing. She got the joke at once. She could not get into the thing at all and would have to sleep naked!

"Oh!" she shrilled. "It's a little short stiff one!"

"There, I knew it!" the young man stormed, blushing furiously.

"You've gone and peeked, after all!"

57.

The Squared Circle

"How do you square a circle?" asked the perspiring sophomore, who was struggling over his lessons.

"I don't know," sneered the flippant senior, who was a math major, "unless you shove a four-by-four plank up a bull's ass!"

58.

Foraskins

The pretty young girl had sat fishing on the bank all day without even a nibble. She was therefore amazed when a man walked by carrying a string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man explained; "and today I had some especially nice tonsils!"

The next day the same thing happened again. Only it was a different man who came by with the string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man replied; "and today I had some especially nice appendectomies!"

On the third day, as the girl again sat fishing without a bite, still another man came along. He, too, had made a marvelous catch.

"Oh, doctor!" the girl shrieked. "What did you use for bait today?"

"Doctor? Doctor?" the man asked, puzzled. "I'm no doctor. I'm a Jewish rabbi!"

59.

Oliver Twist

The hotel guest awoke at midnight with a severe dose of skitters. Leaping eagerly out of bed, he made a dash for the toilet; but there was no toilet. He was therefore finally forced to open a window and thrust out his bare ass.

"Hey, you! Up there!" cried a drunk, who was leaning against a lamp-post. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Oh, I'm Oliver Twist!" replied the man at the window. "And who are you?"

"Can't you see, you damned fool?" shouted the drunk. "I'm Oliver Shit!"

60.

A Soldier's Goodbye

A soldier boy was bidding his bride a quick goodbye at the depot. The engineer, however, had up full steam and was in a hell of a hurry to get started. The soldier, standing on the steps of the car, stooped over to the platform to kiss the girl. But, just then, the train started off with such a rush that he missed her completely, and kissed, instead, a cow's ass a mile and a quarter out of town.



61.  
The Hard-On

A traveling salesman, unable to get a room in the small town, was compelled to seek lodging with a farmer. He was there told that he could have a bed, but he would have to share it with "Grandpa." To this condition he made no objection.

In the middle of the night, however, the old man reared up out of a nightmare, screaming wildly: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

"Oh, come now!" the salesman admonished him, shaking him awake. "You know good and well you don't want a woman, Grandpa! Go back to sleep and behave yourself!"

The old man quieted down. But a little later he again reared up, screaming: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

Once more the salesman patiently shook him awake. "Be sensible, Grandpa, and go back to sleep!" he admonished. "You know you don't want a woman! What you're hanging onto is a dandy, all right. But it's not on you; it's on me!"

62.  
Uncle John

"Oh, Momma!" teased the little boy. "Guess what I saw Daddy and the maid doing up on the bed!"

"Be still!" was the sharp response. "Don't you talk that way!" And then, after a moment's reflection. "You wait till Momma asks you to tell!"

That night, at the supper table, when the father was at his usual place, the mother turned to the little boy and said: "Now, Johnnie, you can tell me what you were going to this morning."

"Oh, I saw Daddy and the maid on the bed," the child replied gleefully, "doing just like you and Uncle John did last summer while Daddy was away fishing!"

63.  
Ask Mother

A group of women were discussing the delights of sex. The ecstasy of it was marvelous, they agreed unanimously, and they were unable to see how a wife could ever get quite enough. And then the question arose as to how old a woman had to be before she no longer wanted any. They decided to put the question to Grandma.

But when asked for her opinion, Grandma, who was seventy, replied: "Oh, guess I'm not old enough to tell you that, Girls. I'll have to ask mother!" And so she summoned her own mother from the bedroom.

But when the question was put to this old lady, who was past ninety, she replied without hesitation: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, Girls! But you'll have to ask somebody older than me!"

64.  
The Dimpled Chin

A man one day met an old girl-friend with whom he had formerly been intimate. He was surprised at her changed appearance. She now had a sweet little dimple on her chin which wasn't there before.

"My, you look wonderful!" he declared. "But where did you get that dimple?"

"Oh, I had my face lifted," she replied, "and that's my belly button you see!"

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Don't have it lifted again, or you'll be wearing a curly black beard parted down the middle!"

65.

The Candle

The girls of a small town where men were few had learned how to take care of each other. Frequently, they held slumber-parties, where, in couples, they played the game of man and wife. One would then mount the other using as a penis a candle of appropriate size.

But one day, woe betide! there came to town a pretty man with fine features, who decided to disguise himself as a girl and attend one of these parties. Needless to say, he fell into a delightful surprise, a treat for the most famished male!

One of the girls some months later began developing an alarmingly large belly. It became the talk of the town and a mystery to all.

"Daughter, what have you been up to?" her father, an unduly suspicious man, asked sternly. "How did you get in that condition?"

"I -- I don't know, Poppa!" the girl faltered, face streaming with tears. "But I guess the darned old candle must have melted!"

66.

Don't Get Discouraged!

The old farmer and his wife had a good-looking hired man. And every morning, right after breakfast, the two would go off together to work in the fields. Soon, however, the farm-hand got into the habit of making excuses to stay behind, such as the urgency of nature. And he would appear sheepishly on the job a quarter of an hour later.

One day, the farmer had to return to the house for his watch. And there on his own matrimonial bed he discovered the hired man and his wife hard at work knocking off a piece of ass.

The hired man jumped up, buttoning his fly, and grabbed his hat. Then he began edging toward the open door.

"Guess I can't stay on now!" he said apologetically. "I'll pack up and go!"

"Oh, that's all right! Don't get discouraged so easy!" the old farmer reassured him, quite unperturbed. "If the two of us can't keep the old woman satisfied, why, we'll just have to hire another man!"

67.

The Silk Handkerchief!

A traveling salesman who was a stranger in town dated its prettiest miss. In the course of the evening, as was his wont, he managed to seduce her. She was willing enough, though, when she glimpsed what he had, and only protested lest she get in a family way.

"Oh, I'll take care of that!" the salesman assured her. "I'll put on a rubber!"

A hasty and impatient search, however, while his luscious dish was steaming before him, revealed that he was entirely out of them.

"Guess I'll have to use a silk handkerchief!" he finally said.

A few years later the same traveling salesman again came through the town. Playing on the streets he observed a very cute little boy, and, loving children as he did, he stopped to pat him on the head.

"Son, you look like a mighty fine lad," he declared.

"Well, by Gawd, I ought to!" the boy replied belligerently. "Mom says I was strained through a silk handkerchief!"

68.

There Lies Eli!

A very pious married couple, long married, who didn't yet even know what it was for, finally decided that they would have a son. So, not knowing just how to go about it, they talked things over thoroughly. They concluded that the woman should lie on her back, legs wide, ready for the attack. And her husband would stand across the room, jack off till he was about to come, and then make a dive for the hole.

"And what shall we name him?" asked the wife, timidly.

"Oh, let's call him Eli, after the great prophet!" the husband replied fervently.

So she got ready on the bed, and he went to the other side of the room and started his jacking off. Then, just as he was about to go off, he made his dive for the hole. But on the way he slipped on a bar of soap and crashed to the floor.

Wiping himself off, he arose, and declared sadly: "Well, here I slipped, and here I fell. And there lies Eli deader than hell!"

69.

The Miscarriage!

Some small boys decided to play a prank on their old maid aunt. So they sneaked up into her bedroom and hid an inflated balloon in her pisspot under the bed.

That night, when the family thought she was getting ready for bed, she suddenly came dashing down the stairs, screaming wildly for a doctor. And when the doctor arrived at last, he found her all pale and trembling, as though suffering from shock.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor, I think I've had a miscarriage!" she cried.

"What in the world makes you think that?" he asked.

"Just look under the bed and you'll see!" the disconsolate woman wailed. "That's the first fart I ever let which had a skin on it!"

70.

The Cow's Bag

A farmer's wife was holding a quilting-bee for her friends. And her old man, a wit, who had been in the barn butchering a cow, finally came to the kitchen to clean up. Hearing the chatter of the females, he decided to play a joke on his wife. So he cut off the cow's bag and inserted it inside his pants with one tit sticking out through the fly. Then, in that condition, he walked nonchalantly into the midst of the group of women.

Immediately there were gasps and screams. And his wife, seeing the trouble, began making signals to him behind the backs of the others. But he remained oblivious to all. Then, suddenly, he looked down and saw the protruding thing. And, as if in sheer disgust, he snatched up the butcher knife from the table, cut it off, and threw it out the window.

Thereupon, his wife fainted.

Then, laughing at his little joke, the farmer went back out to the barn to remove the bag, very satisfied with himself indeed. But when he took the bag out of his pants, he found it still had all four of the tits on it. And then he fainted!

## A DIRECTORY OF CONTRIBUTORS

Blasdell, Alden	A childhood neighbor of mine at St. John, Idaho. Father, Andrew Blasdell, a debt-ridden farmer with many children, home finally broken by divorce. Alden is a fine singer. Now a refrigeration expert in California.	10,17,21,28
Blasdell, Verrell	My boyhood pal at St. John and a brother to Alden. Now works in a seed, feed, and fertilizer store at Wallowa, Oregon.	33
Burns, Bobbie	A hired man on the farm of John Blasdell, our nearest neighbor, at St. John, for a year so about 1918-1920.	7
Bush, Lester	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my roommate at college, in Pocatello, in the winter of 1927-28. He is now a mining engineer in Nevada or Montana.	15,22,36
Cathey, Altha	A fellow-worker (and old girlfriend of mine) on the Idaho Historical Records Survey, under novelist, Vardis Fisher, during 1936-39, at Boise and Pocatello. She is now a buyer for the Navy, at San Francisco, California.	16,17/41 32/42
Colton, Ethel L.	My sister (only sibling), now married and rearing a family at Malad, Idaho, where her husband is a wheat-farmer.	4/41
Colton, Roscoe	My brother-in-law, the Malad, Idaho, wheat-farmer, and a hand at the Crowther Milling Co.	4 9/41 28,28,29,31/42 40/43
Davis, Niah	My father's boyhood pal at St. John, Idaho. He died horribly during Volstead days from getting drunk on wood-alcohol.	27
Deschamps, Johnnie	Our next door neighbor at St. John and father of Pheno and Nello. He is now crippled and retired but still lives on his beet and hay farm.	39/43
Deschamps, Nello	A St. John grade school student somewhat younger than I. Now owns home in Los Angeles, California, where, according to his father, he has become a big wheel in the construction business.	2,3

Deschamps, Phenoï	A brother older than Nello but younger than I. He, too, attended the little country school in St. John, near Malad, Idaho. He now lives in Los Angeles.	5,11,14,19,25,31
Edwards, Benjamin	One of my students at McCammon, Idaho, where I taught high school English during 1930-33. He was a son of Walt Edwards, who owned The Big Store.	2,31
Fisher, Vernon	Son of V.E. Fisher, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, who psychoanalyzed me sporadically during 1937-40, at Boise and Salt Lake City. Vernon is now in the East learning to be an analyst himself. Vardis Fisher, the novelist, is his uncle.	7 3/44 5/45 24/50 31/51 32/52 37/53 38/54
Goodnough, George	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. His father was probably a wheat-farmer.	13,20
G Grant, Bobby	Son of Frank Grant, near neighbor of my ex-father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, where both were bean-farmers. Bobbie is now farming there and rearing a family.	2,22
Grant, Mrs. Frank	The Grants moved to Eden, Idaho, about 1908, at the time Minidoka Dam opened "Magic Valley" to settlement. They came from St. Louis, Mo., where Mrs. Grant learned her songs. They still farm at Eden, Idaho.	9
Hale, Murray	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was a railroad man.	28,30
Hansen, Abe Stephen	A sheepherder with whom my father worked one season about 1900 in Pocatello Valley, Idaho, just southwest of Malad. He played the banjo and sang ballads.	26
Harkness, Jack	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. A former Ford assembly-line worker in California. His father, O.H. Harkness, was a mill owner at McCammon and former owner of extensive early-day toll roads in Southeastern Idaho.	11,17

Howard, Basil	A second cousin of mine on my mother's side. He often visited us at St. John when I was a child. Now a section foreman at Menan, Idaho, north of Idaho Falls.	42/43
Howard, Leigh	Brother to Basil. Killed in a run-away, in 1916, while haying on his father's ranch, in a canyon north of Malad.	14
Hill, Wallace	My pal during upper grade school and high school days at St. John and Malad. His father was then a sugar-beet farmer. They now live in Boise, Idaho, where Wallace is a barber.	20,21,23/42 42/43
House, Roy	A cousin of Verrell Blasdell who lived with him a winter or two and went to school in St. John. He was drowned about 1930 when a canoe capsized with his fishing party on a reservoir in Utah.	33
Illum, Carl	Another of my father's boyhood pals in St. John. Later, he was a wheat-farmer there, and was the community wit. He lost his farm, however, moved to Ogden, Utah, and finally died there a few years ago, completely blind.	4
Infanger, Ben	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was probably a wheat-farmer there.	18,19,35
Jolley, Virgil	Still another of my high school students at McCammon. His father ran a small garage. Later, they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, where they are probably still in the garage business.	15
Jones, Hennie	Both he and his father, the latter now dead, were diversified farmers in Malad Valley. The incident of the joke actually happened to Hennie about 1910, when he was a small boy going to the pasture after the cows!	73/64
Josephson, Al	Originally from Holbrook and Snowville, Josephson, known as a great wit, finally settled in Malad, where for many years he was Sheriff of Oneida County. He shot himself a few years ago in a fit of despondency due to his having become an incurable invalid. He was a fearless sheriff and ran down many criminals.	70/63

Larson, Edna M.	My wife who, in Salt Lake City, operates her own millinery. We were married here in 1940, but afterwards lived in Berkeley, California; Eugene and Portland, Oregon; Washington, D.C.; and Idaho Falls, Idaho, before eventually settling in Salt Lake City permanently, in 1939.	7/45 13/47 58/60 61,62/61
Larson, Leff	My father, a native of St. John, Idaho, and a farmer there all his life. He still runs his own farms there at 73. I think of him always as a typical pioneer jokester and yarn-spinner.	26,27 6,10/41 45/43 6/45 19,21/49 33,34/52 63/61 71,74/64
Larson, Mrs. Leff	I remember my mother, who is still living, reciting this little poem when I was a small child. Her father, Steve Talbot, came to Kaysville, Utah, from South Africa, in 1861.	46/48
Lish, Terrell	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. I think he was an orphan who stayed with his grandmother.	21,37
Madsen, Leonard	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my room-mate at college, in Pocatello, in the fall of 1927. Being an infantile paralysis cripple, powerful in the arms, he was so sadistically cruel that he finally forced me to move out. He is now a book-keeper at the Wheel Inn north of Malad.	12 30/42
Martin, Larry	A young, ambitious bean-farmer at Eden, Idaho, from about 1930 till I left there in 1936. He was very wild and had in his repertoire an inexhaustible supply of dirty songs and jokes. He came from Missouri, however.	1,8,12,13,16,24,29,39 35,36,37/42 8/45 10/46 22,23/49 27,28/50 42/55 46/56 60/57 54/59 65/62
Monson, Reuelie	A rebellious youth of my early days in St. John. He finally ran away from home. His father, who went deaf, finally hanged himself from a tree, because the mother was unfaithful. The children nearly broke the old man.	7/41 34/42
Palfreyman, Dick	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. He is now a salesman for Raleigh products at Pocatello, Idaho.	3,5,6,30



Peterson, Ivan	A sadistic and ruffianly student at the St. John School, somewhat older than I, given to torturing birds and animals. Always playing truant. Very proud of his summer exploits as a sheepherder. His family moved to New Meadows, Idaho, about 1926, having lost their dry-farm in Malad Valley.	1
Peterson, Vernon	About my age, though below me in class standing, at the St. John School, he was one of my pals. Obviously, he was a brother to Ivan. He is now married and living at New Meadows, Idaho.	23
Rothstein, Harold	A Jewish lad, son of a prominent life insurance man in New York City, he was stationed at the Army Air Field, Fort Worth, Texas, while I was there in 1945. He was bucking for a discharge as a psychoneurotic. I remember him, in the classification office, for his constant singing of "Sentimental Journey" and "O'Reilly's Daughter."	16
Sorenson, Hye	My uncle, husband of my mother's sister, whom we visited at Leamington, Utah, where he was a farmer, in the fall of 1917. I learned the joke at that time.	17/48
Smith, Percy	The hired man of my father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, about 1930-32. I imagine he is still in the Twin Falls area. I have not been there, myself, since 1936.	29,30/50 66/62
Smith, Timmie	Another pal of mine at the St. John School. His father must have been a farmer, but died early. Timmie became an insurance man at Idaho Falls but later moved to California. His brother, however, is now a bartender at Malad, Idaho.	40 12/41 33/42 36/43
Talbot, Andie	My uncle, the half-brother of my mother, he is now a wealthy diversified farmer at St. John, Idaho. I remember from childhood his poems and jokes.	2,14/41 36/53
Talbot, Miriam	My aunt, the wife of Andie Talbot, noteworthy as a pianist. She has reared a large family. Her father, Hyrum Monson, once an Idaho representative, died of epilepsy.	1/41



Thomas, David S.

My uncle, the husband of Martina Larson, my father's sister. He was a droll pioneer character of Malad Valley, very popular at country dances and programs. I have heard of his eating boiled eggs shell and all just as a joke!

57/59

Toponce, Rufus

A hired man on the farm of Andrew and John Blasdell, neighbors of ours, at St. John, Idaho. He was the one who gave me my sex education, very perverted, when I was a boy in my early teens! His brother owned half interest in the Jones & Toponce Hardware, Malad, Idaho. Rufus had the reputation of being nasty with women but a "working fool!" He is now located at Ogden, Utah, where he owns half interest in Fuller & Toponce Transfer Company, a trucking and freighting outfit. So, though we thought he had no brains, he has succeeded, just the same, through a strong back! He was in St. John during 1917-19. A mere glance at his references, above, will suggest the extent of his wide knowledge of vulgar ballads, jingles, and jokes. He should have been a collector!

7,10,28,33,34  
3,5,8,11,13/41  
24,25,27/42  
41,45/43

1,2,3/44 9,11/46  
12,14/47 14,16,18/48  
20/49 25/50 35/52  
39,40/54 41,43/55  
44,45/56 47,48,49/57  
51,52,53/58 55,56/59  
59,60/60 64/61 67/62  
68,69/63 72/64

Varnes, Carrie B.

My ex-mother-in-law, wife of A.G. Varnes, with whom I lived much of my time, at Eden, Idaho, during the years 1928-36. I think she died about 1938. She was from Peoria, Illinois, where she learned the vulgar rhyme as a young girl.

18/41

## A GUIDE TO VULGAR BALLADS

All the Beasts	33	St. John, 1918?		
Alphabet of Life	39	Eden, 1932		
Barnacle Bill	6	McCammon, 1933		
Bombay	32	Pocatello, 1928		
Bonnie Brown Hare	22	Eden, 1932		
Buckaroo	20	McCammon, 1933		
Bye-Bye, Boyfriend	2	St. John, 1932		
Columbo	8	Eden, 1932		
Cousin Nellie	11	A. McCammon, 1933	B. St. John, 1933	
Damned Little Runt	12	A. Pocatello, 1927	B. Eden, 1932	
Daniel Lion's Den	36	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	
Denver Home	21	Malad, 1919?	McCammon, 1933	
Dickey and Murphy	2	McCammon, 1933		
Down Lehi Valley	17	A. McCammon, 1933	B. Malad, 1919?	
Hi Ree Dandy Ol	18	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Inch Above Knee	30	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Indian Maid	31	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1933	
Jailer's Song	5	McCammon, 1933		
Johnnie	23	St. John, 1921		
John Taylor	3	McCammon, 1933		
Jolly Shepherd	26	Malad, 1900?		
Just Couldn't	25	St. John, 1933		
Keyhole in Door	29	Eden, 1932		
Little Ball Yarn	28	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1919?	
Little Marine	7	St. John, 1919?	Idaho Falls, 1946	
Little Tinker	5	St. John, 1932		
Lulu	10	St. John, 1919	McCammon, 1933	
Mary Jane	40	St. John, 1916?		
Never	34	St. John, 1919?		
Old Apple Tree	1	Eden, 1932		
Old Aunt Sallie	14	St. John, 1915?		
Old MacLelland	24	Eden, 1932		
One-Eyed Riley	15	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	C. Fort Worth, 1945
Pain and Sorrow	3	St. John, 1932		
Pretty Fair Maid	35	McCammon, 1933		
Ring Dang Doo	13	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	C. St. John, 1932
Roseberry	27	St. John, 1900?		
Sally in Garden	4	St. John, 1900?		
Shepherd	1	A. St. John, 1917?	B. Eden, 1932	
Stovepipe Episode	4	Malad, 1932		
Tumble Lynn	9	Eden, 1932		
Two Tomcats	2	St. John, 1915?	Eden, 1932	
Yippie Yay!	19	A. St. John, 1933	B. McCammon, 1933	

## A GUIDE TO VULGAR JINGLES

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Ask Your Mother	43/43	1915?	Basil Howard	Malad, Idaho
Balaky Karaky	27/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Bleeding Files	30/42	1927	Leonard Madsen	Pocatello, Idaho
Bold Irishman	46/43	1915?	Mrs. Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Butter and Eggs	44/43	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
By the Bar	28/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Charlie, Barley	6/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Chicago	40/43	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Country Girl	25/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Dog's Delight	39/43	1932	Johnnie Deschamps	St. John, Idaho
Father A-Hunting	7/41	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John
Girl in Indiana	9/41	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Girl of South Bend	17/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Good frm Sheepshit	37/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Half Past One	38/43	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Ham and Eggs	18/41	1932	Carrie E. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
He-Cat Sat	5/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
In My Dreams	32/42	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
John Taylor	45/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Listen, Listen	35/42	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John, Idaho
Little Bird	4/41	1919?	Ethel L. Colton	St. John, Idaho
Little Nigger	31/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Load of Bricks	21/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Man from Boston	15/41	1938	Toilet Wall	Burley, Idaho
Man from Chinese	12/41	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Man from Nantuckett	41/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Man from St. Chestr	36/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Man from St. Claire	16/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Man Grows Old	10/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Mrs. Woodin	2/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Monkey and Baboon	3/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
New-Cut Road	26/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Old Joe's Girl	29/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Robinson Crusoe	14/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Shankers	8/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Shit While Eating	20/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Sit and Think	19/42	1915-20	Toilet Wall	St. John, Idaho
Sleepy Hollow	35/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
What Is That?	1/41	1932	Miriam Talbot	St. John, Idaho
When I Was Young	24/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman by Creek	42/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Woman fm Connecticut	33/42	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Woman from France	11/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman from Wheeling	13/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Won't You Come Over	23/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho

## A GUIDE TO VULGAR JOKES

All that Money	74/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Ask Mother	63/61	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Baby	6/45	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Berth	34/52	1918	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Bumgut	39/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Candle	65/61	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Chicken in Coop	10/46	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Cigar	45/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cinders	5/45	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Coded Message	20/49	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cow's Bag	70/63	1920?	Al Josephson	Malad, Idaho
Damned Piccolo!	33/52	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Dimpled Chin	64/61	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Discouraged	66/62	1932	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Drink	26/50	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Drive Cows Home	53/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fido!	16/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fishmarket	46/56	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Foreskins	58/60	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Furlough	6/45	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Gaseous Occasion	17/48	1917	Hye Sorenson	Leamington, Utah
Gates of Hell	71/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Goatee	58/54	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Golden Wedding	24/50	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Halfwit	14/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hand Operated	25/50	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hard-On	61/61	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Headstone	13/47	1950	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Heaven Feet First	27/50	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Holy Man	29/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Hysterics	32/52	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
In My Face	31/61	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
It Just Quivers!	30/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
It'll Stretch	56/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Johnnie Fuckerfast	51/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Just Like a Frick	7/45	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Last Gentleman	35/52	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Laziest Man	40/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Little Stiff One	56/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Maidenhead	43/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Making People	41/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mathematician	36/53	1916?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
McClanahan Rides	37/53	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Miscarriage	69/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mistaken Identity	49/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Natural Rose	4/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Newfangled Toilet	72/64	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Nuns	21/49	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho

Oliver Twist	59/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Oughtta Be!	22/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Pee a Little!	52/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Perpetual Hard-On	42/55	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Photographer	1/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Polluted Spring	50/57	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Red Thing	73/64	1910?	Hennie Jones	St. John, Idaho
Seventh Relief	18/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Silk Handkerchief	67/62	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Singer Building	12/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
So Close!	16/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Soldier's Goodbye	60/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Squared Circle	57/69	1918?	David S. Thomas	St. John, Idaho
Storm	25/80	1932?	Carrie B. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
Take It Away!	9/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
There Lies Eli!	68/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Thing	47/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Three Brothers	44/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Uncle John	62/61	1952	Elna Larson	Salt Lake City
Undertaker	11/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Vaccination	19/49	1918?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
V-Necked Sweater	23/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wahoo!	48/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Warmed-Up Supper	64/59	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wilted Bouquet	2/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Yodeler	3/44	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho

## GLOSSARY OF VULGAR AND RELATED PSYCHOLOGICAL TERMINOLOGY

- ABORTION** -- miscarriage, untimely birth.
- ADULTERY** -- fornication, stepping out, marital unfaithfulness.
- ANAL NEUROSIS** -- 1. retentive: constipation, hoarding, collecting, certain impotence and frigidity.  
2. sadistic: cruelty, dirtying (attacking with fecal matter), malicious gossip
- ANUS (see Buttock)** -- opening of alimentary canal, colon, rectum; ~~bing~~, pusher, bung-hole, ass-hole.
- BED-PAN (see Pot)**
- BED WETTING (see Enuresis)**
- BELLY** -- guts, paunch, stomach, "bishop," "corporation," "German goitre."
- BESHITTING SELF** -- anal neurosis, senility, loss of sphincter control, regression to infantile patterns, intense fear and anxiety
- BESTIALITY** -- sexual intercourse between man and animal.
- BIRTH** -- nativity, parturation; spawning, "pappoosing," popping of the pod, etc.
- BIRTH CONTROL (see Contraception)**
- BOLLS (see Testicles)**
- BOY (see Man)** -- boy-friend, beaux, fellow, female partner in homosexual relations (pederasty).
- BREAST (see Mamma)**
- BROTHEL** -- whore house, bawdy house, red-light district.
- BUTTOCK (see Anus)** -- rump, bum, butt, bottom, fanny, hinder, behind, backside, satchel
- CANNIBALISM (see Werewolf, Vampire)**
- CAPON** -- desexualized male bird.
- CASTRATE** -- castrated, neutered, de-stone, remove testicles, desexualize, emasculate, make effeminate (psychic castration), sterilize.
- CASTRATION COMPLEX** -- 1. female: fantasy of the lost penis, penis envy, envy of masculine prerogatives.  
2. male: fantasy of threat to sexuality, fear of envy of father, voluntary effeminacy to escape rivalry with father or penis envy of mother.
- CHAMBER (see Pot)** -- v, to practice ludeness, to shack up, to go under a blanket.
- CHANGE OF LIFE (see Menopause)**
- CIRCUMCISION** -- removal of the prepuce or foreskin; Jewish purification rite; token castration to appease the hostile father.
- CLANDESTINE** -- stealthy, surreptitious actions, usually in connection with illicit sexual conduct.
- CLITORIS** -- the "button," the female "penis."
- COITUS or COITION (see Copulation)**
- CONDOM** -- artificial membrane to prevent conception: merry widow, diaphragm, fish-skin.
- COPULATE** -- v, to have sexual intercourse; to fuck; to frig, screw, shag, diddle, grease your bolts, soak your pecker.
- COPULATION** -- n, booty, moggan, ass, tail, pussy, nooky, cheese-cake, piece of ass (or tail).
- CORDEE (see Venereal Disease)**
- CRIME (see Sin, Vice)** a wrong committed against society or the State.
- CUNNILINGUS (see Perversion, Homosexuality)**
- DEFECATE** -- v, discharge, excrete, evacuate the bowels; to shit, stool, take a crap; to ride the throne, make chamber music, go into the woods (weeds, bushes).

- DEFECATION** -- body waste, product of an evacuation; feces, shit, crap, stool, dung, tirds, manure, "uckey," "nasty," "queedup" (Indian word).
- DEFLORATE** -- seduce, ravish, violate; rape; pick her cherry, crush her flower, bust her maidenhead.
- DESEXUALIZE** (see Castrate)
- DEUSCHE** (see Contraception)
- DYSENTERY** -- diarrhea; summer complaint, running off at the bowels; trots, skitters, running-shits.
- EMASCULATION** (see Castration)
- ENEURESIS** (see Anal Neurosis, Sphincter Control) bed-wetting.
- ERECTION** -- distended penis; hard-on, stiff prick, the "old stiff," "bone."
- EUNUCH** -- an emasculated man, one who has been castrated.
- EXCREMENT** -- sweat, urine, fecal matter.
- EXCRETION** -- defecation, urination (which see).
- EXHIBITIONISM** -- the perversion of indecently exposing the body or the sex organs for sexual gratification.
- FECES** (see Defecation)
- FEMINIST** -- suffragette, advocate of the rights of women; battle axe, battle wagon, old dragon, man-hater; masculine woman; woman with masculine strivings, or penis envy, or a castration complex.
- FETISHISM** -- a perversion involving sexual gratification from a symbol or representation, such as picture, hair, or token, of the normal love-object, rather than from the love-object itself; a displacement of affect.
- FETUS** -- unhorn young.
- FLAGELLATION** -- whipping, scourging, punishing; psychologically, the punishing of the sex object, or the self, to reduce the tensions of guilt feelings; one type of sadistic behavior, or masochistic.
- FLATUS or FLATULENCE** -- windiness, gas on stomach, or the relief of same; n, zephyr, "beans," odoriferous breeze.  
v, to fart, to blow off, to break wind, or to bust a button.
- FORESKIN** -- prepuce of the penis.
- FORNICATION** -- adultery, illicit sexual interest between unmarried persons, harlotry, incest.
- FREE LOVE** -- the practice, or cult, of cohabitation as husband and wife without marriage, with freedom to change to another partner at will.
- GELDING** -- a castrated horse.
- GIGOLO** -- a man who "entertains" women for pay; male counterpart of a mistress or prostitute.
- GIRL** (see Woman) -- female child, young woman; girl-friend; girl or girlie (a prostitute).
- GONADS** (see Testicles)
- GONORRHEA** (see Venereal Disease)
- HARLOT** -- bawd, whore, or lewd woman; prostitute; chippie, tough, "Madam," girlie, flusie, "woman," pick-up, push-over, bar-fly; loose woman, street-walker, good-time gal, lady of the red-light district.
- HOMOSEXUAL** -- a pervert who satisfies emotional needs through his own sex; Lesbian (female), Sodomist (male); queer, fruit, fairy, "Frenchie," cock-sucker, corn-holer, 69 clubber.
- HOMOSEXUALITY** -- Federasty, cunnilingus; Lesbianism, Sodomy.



**HOSTILITY**

-- enmity, antagonism, hatred; psychologically, the resentment or aggression felt toward a person who is thought to be blocking, hence frustrating, the satisfaction or fulfillment of a strong racial (Freudian Id) impulse, egoistic or sexual, or who offers a threat to the defense system or to the safety or well-being of the individual; subconscious hostility is a generalized and usually misdirected hatred growing out of the maladjusted condition of existing complexes and conflicts.

**HYMEN**

-- vaginal membrane of virginity; cherry, flower, glory, maiden-head.

**HUSBAND**

-- the old man, dad, pop, father, the "provider," the head of the house, the guy who pays the bills, the "old tyrant," etc. Also "honey bunch," "lover boy," "sugar-daddy," etc., though the latter term usually applies to a rich "play-boy" supporting a gold-digging mistress.

**IMPOTENCE**

-- sexual incapacity, mental or physical; a "flat tire," a "wilted bouquet," a "prick that bends in the middle" (that God damned middle inch!); psychic castration; 1. "Id - Super Ego" conflicts involving incest, father prerogative, and mother possessiveness guilts; and 2. self-emasculation to placate the castration demands of the father and the penis envy of the mother; also 3. subconscious reluctance to yield up the semen, growing out of anal-retentive neurosis; and 4. subconscious fear or hostility toward the sex object, or a threat to defenses or to ego ideals.

**INCEST**

-- sexual intercourse between close relatives, particularly within the family group.

**INFANTILITY**

-- emotional immaturity; expectation of treatment from the world at large of a type shown to a much loved small child by doting parents -- undue coddling, praise, favoritism, with a dearth of discipline, criticism, or demand for conformity to social standards; unwillingness to face reality as an adult among his peers; wilfulness, selfishness, lack of consideration for others; lack of self-control through the absence of Super Ego or the introjected correcting, punishing parent; the basis, perhaps, for psychopathic personality, and some perversions and sex criminality, as well as juvenile delinquency and ordinary criminality.

**INFERIORITY COMPLEX**

-- a character pattern built around feelings of inadequacy, due to childhood influences such as: glaring underprivilege, lack of opportunity for growth and self-improvement, parental coddling and over-protection (as a reaction formation to subconscious hostility), arrested emotional growth (infantility), the castration complex (growing out of parental hostility, belittlement, and desire to destroy), and other like factors.

**INHIBITION**

-- the bottling up of Id impulses (anti-social attitudes, desires, and urges) within the Freudian subconscious mind; perhaps the most important of all defense mechanisms, or sharing place with introjection (growth of Super Ego) and reaction formation; very nearly synonymous with repression.

**INTERCOURSE** (see Copulation) i.e., sexual intercourse.

**JISSEM** (see Semen)



- KIDNAP** (see Rape, Sex Criminal)
- KNOCKED UP** (see Pregnancy)
- LAVATORY** (see Toilet)
- LESBIAN** (see Homosexual)
- LEWD** -- carnal, lecherous, licentious, lustful, lascivious; wicked, sinful, wanton; nasty, vulgar, sexy, over-sexed, excessively sensual.
- LIBERTINE** -- a seducer, one who does not restrain his desired.
- LOVER** (see Paramour) - love-bird, turtle-dove, sweet-heart; "cookie," "sugar candy," darling, etc.; friend, mistress.
- LUKORRHEA** (see Venereal Disease)
- LUST** -- inordinate desire for carnal pleasure.
- MAIDENHEAD** (see Hymen)
- MAMMA** -- breast, milk secreting organ; tit, dairy, nipple, "grape-fruit," boopie, milk-shake.
- MAN** -- guy, jake, fellow, blade, goon, bounder; prick, slink, little fucker, lover-boy; gay-blade, right guy, hail fellow well met, good-time Charlie; lady-killer, ladies' man, personality kid, package of goodies, cock-master; drip, droop, sad-sack; sat-chel ass or cheese-ass (fat man); old fart, old puke, clod-hopper, Rube, hick, old gander; boob, nut, simp, dumb-bell, dumb-gong.
- MARRIAGE** -- a legalized and socially approved union between man and woman for the purpose of forming a family unit.
- MASOCHISM** -- a sexual perversion in which pleasure is derived from domination or even cruel treatment; psychologically, it solves a conflict situation and hence serves as a defense mechanism by combining sexual excitation with a much needed punishment for sex-guilt; a placation of God, of angry and accusing father, and of the Super Ego, and thus an achieving of forgiveness and acceptance, by the deliberate seeking of punishment or of penance; a self-effacement to escape wrath, hostility, or envy by being beneath notice; humility, lack of conceit; "sack-cloth and ashes"; a primitive and basic attitude in many religions.
- MASTURBATE** -- v., to abuse self sexually, jack off, pull pud, flip dick, etc.
- MASTURBATION** -- n., self-abuse, auto-eroticism, or the practice thereof; jacking off, pulling your pud, playing with your hound, rolling your marbles, rattling your bottles, shaking your thing, jerking your dingus (string, hose, rope, cord, etc.), reaching in your pocket, petting your dog, pounding your meat, or simply playing with yourself, etc.
- MENOPAUSE** -- change of life, climacteric, cessation of menses (monthlys, periods of a woman).
- MENSTRUATION** -- periodic discharge of the menses; monthlys, the period; the red river, the red flag, pussy in full bloom, also: wearing a rag, riding a white horse, having the red flag out, etc.
- MIDDLE SEX** (see Sissy, Feminist, Homosexual) the man whose self-concept (characteristics, personality structure, and ego identifications), or, in Freudian terminology, Ego, is more like that usual to a typical woman, and vice versa; an area where, mentally and emotionally, the two sexes become almost indistinguishable, consisting of men who would prefer to be women and of women who would prefer to be men; notably, the creative world of artists and writers.

ect cause, too, of normal Super Ego formation, such as the incest barrier, the conscience, and the ego ideal, and, if exaggerated, of such abnormal and neurotic formations as the castration complex and paranoid projection; the basis for growing up, for abandoning infancy, and facing reality as an adult, with his own Eve (consider the final ejection, father rejection, in the Garden of Eden fantasy, which is itself wholly Oedipus in nature, with God being the at first benevolent father of the oral and anal periods and later the outraged, vengeful, and castrating father of the pubic period, and with the whole garden, in general, and the tree of life or of knowledge of good and evil, in particular, being but lush dream symbolism for the mother, because incest-guilt has made his direct image impossible and repressed, and with the forbidden fruit being the weaning, denying breast, later the pubic region, of the mother, and the serpent tempter of Eve the erotic and possessive penis of the prerogative-exercising father, and, lastly, the flaming sword of the expelling angel being the incest enraged sexuality of the father terminating the situation by final rejection), for only by establishing his own family can Adam avoid the wrath of the father, by abandoning his mother for his sister (sister-substitute), and thus, in his own little nest, replacing the father by assuming his role fully and completely.\*

#### ORGASM

-- sexual climax; ejaculation of semen; discharge; gun going off, shooting your wad (or your load, charge, cream, juice, etc.). Symbolically, the orgasm represents and resembles death, for it brings an end (and comes in the end!) and a culmination (as of life itself), even though it actually plants the seed of life; and since, in dream symbolism, a body lying in a coffin (or Christ in the tomb), may represent penetration of vagina by penis, the highly repressed religious fanatic seeking martyrdom may, in his subconscious, actually be combining wish for orgasm with need for punishment for that wish through death (because they tasted the fruit Adam and Eve brought death upon themselves). Flood and water fantasies (the deluge) growing out of anal, or urination, memories of infancy, and lush landscape fantasies (Garden of Eden) growing out of breast-sucking and maternal pubic-hair memories, are later associated with sexuality, and, in dream symbolism, are probably equivalents of the orgasm.

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\*Problems involving culture and social conformity grow out of the relationship between mother and child. They have their roots in the oral (sucking and weaning) and the anal (diaper and toilet-training) periods. Later personality is there laid down as a pattern for further development as maturation proceeds. Problems involving authority, however, and political order and regimentation in a State, grow out of the relationship between father and child, and, particularly, out of the Oedipus or Electra situation, brought to a head in the pubic period. The real culmination of Super Ego growth, begun earlier, takes place in the adolescent conflict between father and child. Attitudes toward sex, God, and religion also ripen. The mother figure in religion, however, precedes that of the father, for her sensual and rewarding figure is in the Garden before God.

MISCARRIAGE (see Abortion)

MISTRESS

-- sweetheart; a "kept" woman, or a woman "lived with"; a woman living with a man, though unmarried, for purposes of sex, companionship, and financial support.

NUDISM (see Exhibitionism) theory and practice of nakedness and primitivism, or the cult thereof, aiming, ostensibly, at improvement in mental and physical health through a return to the conditions of the Garden of Eden; symbolically, an attempted return to that infancy, innocence, and dependency antedating the weaning period and the Oedipus situation (Garden of Eden fantasy), and the final ejection, or rejection, bringing about enforced facing of reality and assumption of responsibility; likely also a movement partially motivated by the infantile drives of the Voyeur and the Exhibitionist; in addition, a kind of physical confessional, satisfying the very human urge to stand before one's fellows frankly revealed, without subterfuge, and to achieve a longed-for closeness and communion with people and the outside world, such as might be highly gratifying to the lonely or shut-in type of personality; the kind of thing, too, perhaps, which takes place on an emotional and intellectual level during a psychoanalysis -- a complete disrobing and revealing of the repressed, hidden, unsonscious self to that other person, who, in a sense, represents a judging and evaluating God, and, by indication, helps the disrobing person better to see and understand himself; and, lastly, even a perversion, if you will, of sexual expression in the direction of merely seeing and being seen, instead of having actual intercourse; a motivation, too, in some individual cases, might be downright lust and the hope for unusual opportunity to satisfy it without inhibition and to the full.

NIMPROMANIA

-- a morbid and insane sexual desire in women; an ego identification with sexual prowess, a highly egoistic satisfaction with the sexual act itself and with insatiability; a subconscious envy of the male penis, a castration fantasy, and a hunger to regain the lost penis, which combine to produce a yearning which can only be satisfied so long as a penis actually lies within the vagina; also, perhaps, a fantasy of triumph in conquest of the father figure, and hence of God, and the complete defeat of the rivaling mother, involving owning the father and devouring him, via the vagina, by sucking him dry of the precious fertile seminal fluid, the life-giving fluid -- hence, a type of vampirism, only with semen replacing the blood-fluid on which the conventional vampire feeds; in a sense, symbolically, the male becomes God bestowing his gifts, and the female, the earth (earth-mother), receiving the gratifying bounty of God, and being fertilized, rejuvenated, and renewed.

OEDIPUS COMPLEX

-- a Freudian concept, named for a Greek myth, involving the rivalry of a male child with his father for the love of the mother, with the ensuing hate and jealousy between the two, and the castration wishes of each directed toward the other; the dir-

- PANDER or PANDERER** -- pimp, arranger; procurer of sexual partners for others, usually with an eye to financial gains or other advantage; the male business partner of a prostitute.
- PARAMOUR (see Lover)** -- one who unlawfully takes the place of husband or wife; moll, mistress, lover, concubine, quasi-wife, common-law wife.
- PASSION** -- amorous feeling, desire, sexual appetite.
- PASSIONATE** -- horny, hot, worked up, sexually aroused (see Titillated).
- PEDERASTY (see Homosexuality)**
- PENIS** -- copulating or seed-planting organ of the male animal; prong, dong, baloney, prick, cock, pecker, pud, jock; club, knob, hose, pencil; old stiff, sprinkler, stud-horse, Indian root, Adam's whip, tally-whacker; drip, spigot, faucet, gun, rod, staff, joy-stick (or the name of almost any object, or dream symbol, which somewhat resembles in size, shape, or use).
- PERVERSION** -- any abnormal or unnatural form of sexual interest or activity: masturbation, auto-eroticism; bestiality; fetishism (totem pole); homosexuality -- pederasty, cunnilingus, Lesbianism, Sodomy; rape, sex criminality, kleptomania, pyromania; masochism, sadism, flagellation; exhibitionism (sexual, not infantile egoistic, aspect); nudism; nymphomania.
- PENIS ENVY (see Castration Complex, Feminist, Oedipus Complex)**
1. Of woman (toward father, brother, son, or toward men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, rage, resentment, and sense of loss and deprivation because he has what she so obviously lacks, a penis, and growing out of the childhood fantasy of having once had one and having been deprived of it villainously; also, the envy growing out of masculine strivings and a feeling of rivalry with men, because she would prefer being one herself and thus enjoying the freedoms, privileges, and advantages of being a man, including that, if she is a repressed homosexual, of having intercourse with women. (Such a woman may be expected to be either frigid or oversexed and perhaps even to destroy, or emotionally castrate, her husband and sons.)
  2. Of men (toward father, son, or men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, hostility, fear, and desire to castrate the rival, because of the latter's recognized or suspected sexual superiority, or ability to outrival, and, in the case of the son, particularly, the sense of having been cheated out of his just dues and of being inferior to his father in sexual capacity, because of the latter's much larger, more mature organs, and his greater skill in dealing with women; this envy may, furthermore, be aggravated by a feeling of castration threat from the other, and a need to avoid that threat by a belittling, depreciating, or denying of one's own penis, or sexuality, in order to avoid giving offense and become the object of hostile attack (or, in other words, castration of self to avoid castration at the hands of the other, performing, through the Super Ego, the interjection of the castrating father, of the latter's expected function, resulting in impotence).

PIMP (see Pander)

PLACENTA

-- membrane surrounding, nourishing, and keeping the fetus bathed in fluid; the afterbirth.

POT

-- chamber, bed-pan, receptacle for urine or feces; piss-pot, shit-pot; can, throne, stool, thunder-mug

POTENCY

-- sexual prowess, capacity; ability to fertilize the female and produce pregnancy; prolific.

PREGNANT

-- knocked up, carrying, heavy with child, fertilized.

PROFLIGATE

-- insensible to decency, dissipated, abandoned to vice or evil-doing.

PROSTITUTE (see Harlot)

PYROMANIAC

-- a "fire bug," or one with the insane propensity of setting fire to things; a sex pervert who gains his excitement or orgasm only at the moment of witnessing a building, which he himself has fired, in the grip of raging flames (dream symbolism for intercourse and the orgasm, just as is levitation, flood-waters, or the exhotic landscape!), and who is thus, in psychotic fashion, substituting the symbolism of fantasy for reality. (Similar processes are also present in kleptomania, illegal entry, Voyeurism, sex murder, and like perversions, where, at the moment of consummation of the crime, the individual experiences sexual excitement and sometimes even orgasm, which he is incapable of achieving in any other way. The typical sex murderer, like Jack the Ripper, for instance, probably can experience orgasm only by stabbing, slicing, and destroying the sex object with a knife, which, by symbolic processes and a transference of affect, has become a substitute for the penis making penetration, and which satisfies thereby a double motive, that of gratifying the sexual hunger and at the same time destroying the sexual object, surrogate of the hated mother.)

RAPE

-- v, to seize, overcome, overpower, force, assault sexually; or to take by violence, as a theft, what normally is given as an act of love.

RECTUM (see Anus)

REPRESSION

-- end of alimentary canal.  
-- a Freudian term for the mental process of forcing down into the unconscious, and out of awareness, any urge or impulse of animal nature (Id impulse), and thereby conforming to social standards by preventing the consummation of an anti-social act or criminal behavior. The Id (devil) is thought of as being, thus, in a state of constant warfare with the Super Ego (God), and the Ego (enlightened man) exercises free-agency in the choice between good and evil. The modern revolt of institutionalized convicts, epitomizing Id impulses repressed into the unconscious, attempting to break through the barriers, or limen, but nevertheless held incardinated by authority of the police and the courts, the Super Ego, represents but an objectifying, in Society at large, of these forces in the human mind.  
-- rake, rotter; one lost to sense of decency, abandoned to depravity.  
-- the process of reverting in behavior and emotional responses to a level in development antedating the obstacles which initiated the neurosis.

REPROBATE

REGRESSION

- SADISM** -- a sexual perversion in which gratification is derived from inflicting pain on the love-object, either physical or mental; thought to be based in the infant hostility of the anal period, when, through his fecal attacks, he combines his expressions of love and hate.
- SCAPE-GOAT** -- fall-guy, victim; that person, in a group, who affords peace among otherwise hostile elements, by becoming an object of attack and thus focalizing the undirected hostility and discharging it; also, the out-group, in society, as against the in-group.
- SEDUCE** -- to make, to lead astray, to entice into surrendering the chastity.
- SELF-ABUSE** (see Masturbation)
- SEMAN** -- the impregnating male fluid; cream, juice, sap, load, charge, jisse; powder (in bag), lead (in gun) or ammunition, also lead (in pencil).
- SEX-APPEAL** -- "oomph," "it," voluptuousness, ability to arouse desire in the opposite sex.
- SEX CRIME** (see Sadism) rape, sex murder, homosexuality, perversion.
- SEX WAR** (see Feminist, Sissy, Vampire, Werewolf).
- SHOPLIFTING** (see Perversion, Pyromaniac)
- SIN** (see Crime, Vice) a wrong committed against God or the tenets of religion.
- SISSY** -- effeminate man, "queer," woman-hater; tea-hound, cake-eater, lounge lizard; psychologically, a man with repressed masculinity, self-castrated, psychologically, to placate the hostility of the jealous father and the penis envy of the man-hating mother; also a man who, because of over-identification with women and absence of contact with men, has grown up with thoughts, emotions, attitudes, and behavior patterns resembling those of a woman, and has never been able to let go of his mother's apron strings and his emotional dependence on her.
- SODOMY** (see Perversion, Homosexuality)
- SPANISH FLY** -- a sexual excitant, the powdered body of a beetle, sometimes criminally used by men to break down the resistance of virtuous women to seduction.
- SPHINCTER CONTROL** -- ability to retain excrement, urine and feces, and hence conform to social standards of decency and cleanliness; established in infancy through toilet training, often at the cost of great conflict between mother and child.
- STEER** -- castrated bull.
- SYPHILIS** (see Venereal Disease)
- TESTICLES** -- male gonads; bolls, eggs, stones, nuts, bollocks, oysters (mountain oysters: sheep nuts eaten by shepherders).
- TITILLATE** -- to excite pleasurably, to arouse sexually.
- TOILET** -- privy, can, backhouse, outhouse; shithouse; pissery, urinal, lavatory, dispensary (beer dispensary); latrine, slit-trench (army).
- TOILET TRAINING** (see Sphincter Control) the process, or the fact, of housebreaking an infant, the basis for anal period neurosis (which see).
- TRIAL MARRIAGE** -- cohabitation on a temporary basis, pending the decision of the participants as to whether they are, or are not, sufficiently satisfied with each other to make it permanent, sanctifying it with marriage.



UMBILICAL CORD	-- the rope-like structure connecting the fetus with the placenta.
URINATE	-- void or pass urine; piss, make water, pass water, spring a leak, drain your tank, squeeze your lemon, shake your sprinkler, water your stud-horse, pick daisies (or flowers).
URINE	-- fluid secreted by the kidneys; piss, water, kidney wash.
VAGINA	-- female sex organ, receptacle for the penis; cunt; twat, twitch, twidget, snatch, thatch; hole, crack, slough, split, pussy, mound; hair poultice, "ball of yarn," "ring dang doo." (These names, instead of following lines of resemblance, seem to lean toward an unusual and suggestive sound.)
VAMPIRE	-- one who preys on persons of the opposite sex; a ghostly blood-sucking creature; a man-hating, cannibalistic woman, who castrates men psychically, by destroying their confidence in themselves; a ruthless gold-digger preying on the affections of men to enrich herself.
VENEREAL DISEASE	-- 1. Gonorrhea: dose, clapp, blue balls. 2. Syphilis: syph, pox, "shankers". 3. Also: leukorrhea (whites), chordee (an erection cramp), Chinese rot, etc.
VICE (see Crime, Sin)	an act committed against and to the detriment of the self, such as masturbation (self-abuse) or the use of narcotics, alcohol, or barbituates.
VIRGIN	-- a woman undaunted, unused, and still a maiden (usually possessing her maiden-head).
VOYEUR	-- one who obtains gratification from seeing sexual objects, acts, or scenes; a peeping-Tom.
VOMIT	-- throw up, puke, retch, spew, gag, belch forth; emesis, puke, regurgitation.
VULGAR	-- coarse and common, nasty, dirty-tongued, obscene in speech.
WANTON	-- unrestrained, running to excess; lewd, lascivious, lustful; horny, hot, loose, adulterous, on the make.
WEREWOLF	-- a person who, at will, changes into a wolf in order to practice cannibalism; a man who is a woman-hater; one who, fixated at the oral level (with the breast-eating fantasy), continued in an infantile dependency on the mother, mixed with helplessness and hate.
WETHER	-- castrated sheep.
WHITE SLAVERY	-- enforced prostitution.
WICKEDNESS	-- wickedness, moral depravity.
WIFE (see Woman)	-- frau, missus, old woman, ball and chain, etc.
WOMAN	-- broad, bag, dame, package, skirt, petticoat; gal, miss, missie, girl, maiden; moll, jane, frill, frail, damsel; bunny, quail, doll, slick-chick; baby, chicken, cunt, pussy, split-tail, cock-teaser, pecker-bait, whistle-bait, jail-bait, love-flesh, moose-meat; cat, witch, hag, bitch, she-devil, shrew, termagant, battle-axe, battle-wagon.
WOLF	-- a man whose ego feeds on his conquests over women.

## TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE

From the  
Collection  
of

Gershon Legman  
858 Hornaday Place  
New York 60, N.Y.

Gershon Legman, by his own account, is Hungarian. He is 36, and describes himself, perhaps exaggeratedly, as "notably awful looking." He has been interested in the collecting of vulgar folklore since around 1936. He has published, among other things, a book titled LOVE AND DEATH (A Study in Censorship), 1949, and a magazine, NEUROTICA, 1950-52, banned by the courts as obscene since the ninth issue. Legman hopes to fight on against prejudice and opposition until he can publish his articles, if not his full collection, without fear of persecution by the "blue laws."

---

LARSON, J. Kenneth  
Typical Specimens of  
Vulgar Folklore from  
the collection of  
GERSHON LEGMAN

Typed by

Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
November 28, 1952

1976



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MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!  
 (Tune: "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean") *My Father Makes Two Kinds of*

My father sells snow to the snowbirds;  
 My mother makes synthetic gin;  
 My sister makes love for a living;  
 My God, how the money rolls in!

*Whiskey*

My brother's a young missionary;  
 He saves little girlies from sin;  
 He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars;  
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My uncle's an artist and painter;  
 He turns out a beautiful fin;  
 He sells them ten cents on a dollar;  
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt is a boarding-house keeper;  
 She takes little working girls in;  
 They put a red light in the window;  
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt runs a girl's seminary,  
 To give girls a cultural in;  
 Her callers address her as 'Madam; "  
 My God, how the money rolls in!

I tried selling snow to the snowbirds;  
 I tried making synthetic gin;  
 I tried making love for a living --  
 My God, what a mess I am in!

#### A LETTER:

*Humoresque*

Was it you who, with your penis,  
 Screwed my darling daughter, Venus,  
 Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you who did the pushing,  
 Who put stains upon the cushion?  
 If it was, you'd better leave this town!

It was I who did the pushing,  
 Who put stains upon the cushion,  
 Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down!

Ever since I met your daughter,  
 I've had trouble passing water,  
 Gee, I wish I'd never seen this town.

Ever since I laid your Venus,  
 I've had pimples on my penis,  
 And now it's slowly turning brown!

SNAPOO!

See also Mademoiselle From  
Acrentier  
[i.e. vice versa]

5

Oh, (madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine!)  
Snapoo!

Oh, madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine  
To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Chorus:

Tap o tap pater and van de go tater  
And shaker snap peter snapoo!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; I'm not too fine  
To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's teasing me!  
He's tickling the hole I use to pee!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's on me yet,  
And if he don't stop, I will certainly shit!

Eight months rolled by and the ninth did pass,  
And a little Dutch soldier marched out of her ass!

The little Dutch soldier grew and grew,  
And now he's chasing the chippies too!

(NO MORE A-ROVIN')

A-Roving

And then (I touched her on the knee!)

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the knee;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather free!"

Chorus:

A-rovin, a-rovin, since rovin's been my ru-eye-in,  
I'll go no more a-rovin with you fair maid!

And then I touched her on the thigh!

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the thigh;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather high!"

And then I touched her on the thatch!

Says she: "Young man, that's my main hatch!"

And then I slipped it to the blocks!

Says she: "Young man, I've got the pox!"

THE (BUGLE CALL!)

Ass hole, ass hole, (a soldier I would be,)  
And piss, and piss, and pistols on my knee;  
Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,  
To fight for cunt, for cunt, for countrie!

There were (three whores in Canada )  
Sipping sherry wine;  
The object of the conversation was,  
"Is yours as big as mine?"

Oh, roly-poly, tickle my holey,  
Slip in my slimy slew,  
And drag your nuts across my cuts,  
For we're part of the whorey crew!

Oh, the first whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the sea,  
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,  
And never bother me."

The second whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the air,  
The planes fly in, the planes fly out,  
And never touch the hair."

The third whore spoke up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the moon;  
Three men went up in January,  
And didn't come back 'till June."

( THE MAID THAT WAS NOT SATISFIED )  
(The Great Wheel)

Fucking Wheel

A man told me just before he died --  
I'll never know if the bastard lied --  
About his wife who cried and cried  
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a fucking great wheel,  
Driven by steam, with a prick of steel,  
Two brass balls all filled with cream,  
And the whole friggin' riggin' was driven by steam.

Round and round went the fucking great wheel;  
In and out went the prick of steel;  
Till at last the maiden cried:  
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit;  
There was no way of stopping it;  
She was split from ass to tit;  
And the whole friggin' riggin was covered with shit!

(LITTLE LAMB)

7

Mary had a little lamb,  
A cunning little runt,  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little cunt.

Mary had a little lamb --  
It fed upon the grass --  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little ass.

Mary had a little lamb --  
Its fleece was white as snow --  
And every where that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to the barn one day;  
For eggs she was to hunt;  
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes  
And got a whiff of cunt.

Now, Mary was a naughty girl  
And didn't give a damn;  
She let him have another whiff,  
And killed the God damned lamb!

Mary had a little watch;  
She swallowed it one day;  
And now she's taking cascareds  
To pass the time away.

But as the time went on and on,  
The watch refused to pass;  
So if you want to know the time,  
Just look up Mary's ass!

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store;  
I worked in the candy department.  
I did, but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some candy;  
I asked, "What kind?" at the door.  
"Sucker," she said. Suck her I did.  
I did, but I don't any more!

2. Hat department -- hat -- felt.

3. Cake department -- cake -- layer.

4. Hardware department -- hardware --  
screw.

(The Corporal)

One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping;  
 One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping,  
 Along came a corporal on his hands and knees a-creeping,  
 With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
 One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
 She wished that the corporal would come and do it over,  
 With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
 Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
 She wished that the corporal had never come a-creeping,  
 With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
 Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
 The neighbors all wondered just who the hell had frigged her,  
 With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
 Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
 And out jumped a corporal with a regimental number,  
 And a funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

(GOODMAN)

Our Goodman

Now, I came home the other night  
 As drunk as I could be;  
 I saw a hat upon the rack  
 Where my hat ought to be.

I asked my wife, my darling wife,  
 "Whose hat is that I see?  
 Whose hat is that upon the rack  
 Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you drunken fool,  
 Any son-of-a-bitch can see  
 It's nothing but a pisspot  
 That you have given to me!!"

Now, I have traveled round this world  
 Some forty years or more,  
 But a pisspot with a sweatband  
 I've never seen before!

- |              |     |               |
|--------------|-----|---------------|
| 2. Pants     | --- | chair         |
| Curtain-sash | --- | pecker-tracks |
| 3. Pole      | --- | hole          |
| Rolling-pin  | --- | circumcised   |

I went to town, and on the street  
I met a girl so very sweet;  
She said, "Hello!" I said, "How do!  
Will you let me play with your Ring Dang Doo?"

"A Ring Dang Doo, pray what is that?"  
"It's soft and sweet like a pussy cat,  
Covered with hair and cracked in two;  
That's what is called a Ring Dang Doo!"

She took me down her old man's cellar,  
Said I was a darned nice feller;  
She fed me wine and whiskey too  
And let me play with her Ring Dang Doo.

She laid me in her pappy's bed,  
Put two pillows beneath my head,  
Took my Johnny in her hand,  
And shoved it up her Promised Land.

"Naughty girl!" her mother said,  
"For letting him crack your maidenhead!  
Pack up your trunk and suitcase too,  
And go to hell with your Ring Dang Doo!"

The men they came, the men they went;  
The price went down to fifty cents;  
From sweet sixteen to sixty-two  
She let them play with her Ring Dang Doo!

### NO BALLS AT ALL!

Oh, come, all ye laddies and listen to me,  
And I'll tell you a tale that will fill you with glee  
Of a pretty young maiden so fair and so tall  
Who married a man with no balls at all!

No balls at all; no balls at all;  
She married a man who had no balls at all!

The night of the wedding she crept into bed  
(Her cheeks were so rosy, her ass was so red!);  
She reached for his penis, his penis was small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

"Oh, mother, oh, mother, oh what shall I do?  
I've married a man who's unable to screw.  
My troubles are many, my pleasures are small,  
For I've married a man who has no balls at all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, do not be so sad;  
The same thing happened to your dear old dad.  
There's always an iceman awaiting the call  
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!"



This daring young daughter took mother's advice  
 And laid with the man that delivers the ice;  
 A bouncing tough bastard was born in the fall  
 To the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

Nine months have elapsed since that memorable night;  
 The boy that was born was a terrible sight;  
 His head was too large, and his body too small,  
 But the worst thing of all -- he had no balls at all!

(EVEN AS YOU AND I)

A fool there was, and he met a belle,

Even as you and I!

He took her to a swell hotel,

Even as you and I!

He thought himself a smart young gink

As he wrote, "And Wife," with his pen and ink

(And gave the desk clerk a nudge and wink)

Even as you and I!

He called her "Dear" and she called him "Pet";

He smiled as he thought what he was to get;

The Jane was Frisco's most beautiful belle,

And Julius was set to give Jane hell,

But when you're past fifty you never can tell!

They went up the hallway and into the room,

Trying to look like a bride and groom;

He gazed on her beautiful form divine,

He put out the light and pulled down the blind,

And thought he was in for a wonderful time!

She took off her waist and showed her white breast;

He stripped right down to the hair on his chest;

He jumped into bed with a yearning desire,

His body was feverish, his brain was on fire,

And then he discovered he had a flat tire!

Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy!

The fool sat down, and he made a prayer,

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;

For once in his life he prayed on the square;

But the beautiful Jane gave up in despair,

She called in a bellhop and gave Julius the air!

This is between you and I!

IN DERBY TOWN

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
The streets are made of glass;  
And every time you take a step,  
You fall right on your ass.

Inky-dinky bob-o-linky,  
Never tell a lie,  
Come to Derby Town  
And say the same as I!!

See also: Ask Me No Question  
" " Derby Ram  
[L vice versu]

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A teacher was teaching a class,  
And every time she'd turn her back  
They'd kick her in the ass.

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
There were two men who were rich;  
One was the son of a millionaire,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A lady was climbing a pole,  
And every time a man walked by  
He'd look right up her hole!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
Two men were digging a ditch;  
One of them said to the other one,  
"You're a dirty son-of-a-bitch!"

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
A man was driving a truck,  
And every time a girl walked by  
He'd ask her for a fuck!

THE GAY CABALLERO

I once was a gay caballero  
Coming from Rio Janeiro,  
Bringing with me my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I met a gay senorita,  
An exceedingly gay senorita,  
I asked her to see my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

She said she hadn't oughter,  
For she was a minister's daughter,  
But she wanted to see my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros!

I laid her on the sofita,  
An exceedingly soft sofita,  
And inserted the tip of my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

That son-of-a-bitch senorita,  
 She gave me a case of clapita,  
 Right on the tip of my lachambolee  
 And both of my lachamboleros.

I went to see my medico,  
 An exceedingly wise medico,  
 He cut of the tip of my lachambolee  
 And both of my lachamboleros.

I now am a sad caballero  
 Returning to Rio Janeiro,  
 Without the tip of my lachambolee  
 And both of my lachamboleros!

### THE (PIONEERS) The Engineers Have Hair in Their Ears

The pioneers have hairy ears;  
 They piss through leather britches;  
 They wipe their ass on broken glass,  
 (Those hardy sons-of-bitches!)

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear  
 (They knife him if he snitches);  
 They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass  
 From fairies or from witches;  
 Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse  
 And beat him if he twitches;  
 Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool  
 He's beat with hickory switches;  
 They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugging sheep  
 In sundry bogs and ditches;  
 Nor give a damn if he be a ram --  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,  
 They take a shot of Fitches';  
 They fuck their wives with butcher knives,  
 Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

## RED WING

There once was an Indian Maid  
 Who was very much afraid  
 That some buckaroo  
 Would slip it up her slough  
 As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Now she had an idea grand:  
 She filled her slit with sand,  
 So no buckaroo  
 Would slip it up her slough  
 As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Oh the moon shines down on pretty Redwing.  
As she lies sleeping,  
There comes a-creeeping,  
A pair of cowboy eyes a sneaking  
In search of the promised land.

Now this buckaroo was wise,  
 He crept between her thighs,  
 And with a gum-boot  
 On the end of his root  
 He started for the promised land.

Little Redwing came to life  
 And drew her bowie knife;  
 With one pass  
 She cut his balls from his ass,  
 And his sporting days were o'er.

Oh the sun shines down on pretty Redwing.  
As she lies snoring,  
There hangs a warning,  
A pair of cowboy rocks adorning  
The flap of her wigwam door.

(ONE BALL RILEY) *O'Riley's Daughter*

As I was sittin' in O'Riley's bar  
 Listenin' tales of blood and slaughter,  
 Came a thought into my head,  
 "Gonna go shag O'Riley's daughter."

Tiddle-i-ee, tiddle-i-ay,  
Give three cheers for the One Ball Riley!  
Rub-a-dub-dub, balls and all,  
Ric-a-tic-a-tic, shag on!

First I threw her on the floor;  
 Then I threw my left leg over;  
 Shagged and shagged till she yelled for more,  
 Shagged until the fun was over.

Came a knocking at her door;  
 Who should it be but her God-damned father,  
 Two horse-pistols in his hands,  
 Lookin' for the guy what shagged his daughter.

First I grabbed him by the neck,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water,  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
Farther than I shagged his daughter.

When I go walking down the street,  
The people stand on every corner:  
"There's that God-damned son-of-a-bitch,  
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter!"

# CONSERVE THE AMMUNITION *not sure*

Save your ammunition, boys, don't waste a single shot,  
For some day you may need a little, just as like as not;  
Don't be a fool and blaze away at everything you see;  
Select the best, pass up the rest, and, take a tip from me,  
The game is fine and plentiful, the supply exceeds the demand,  
So use a little judgment -- keep a fair supply on hand;  
For when you run out of lead you might just as well be dead,  
And what good's the inclination when it's only in your head?  
I'm told each man starts out with three thousand rounds, about,  
And that he can neither borrow, beg, nor steal when he runs out;  
So it's up to you, old Top, and you'll find it out at last,  
That the mill can never grind with water that is passed;  
So conserve your ammunition while you are young and strong;  
Remember you are ageing, getting pretty well along,  
And should you meet a worthy foe, that foe would jeer and scoff  
If twere found you had an old gun that you couldn't fire off;  
I find when men grow old, with ammunition meagre,  
They lose enthusiasm, and are never quite so eager  
As when young and full of vigor, and it's tough to hear them say,  
"Had a good supply of lead, I did, but I shot it all away!"

Don't boast of what you used to do, way back long years ago,  
For that makes people tired, and what they want to know  
Is -- can you turn the trick today? If not, you're in the ranks  
With those who do no damage and fire only harmless blanks.

The successful athlete depends upon his strength and skill;  
The pugilist must have a punch that he can land at will;  
'Tis so in every walk of life. If you don't possess the stuff,  
You'll have to take a gambler's chance of winning out through  
bluff

To be entirely out of lead, you might as well be down in hades;  
You can fool a bunch of men, but you cannot fool the ladies,  
Who are keen and quite observing -- 'tis instinct makes them so --  
They're cool, calculating Missourians, whom you have got to show!

ANOTHER PIECE

Now, Bill, she said, No more tonight,  
 For three you've had already;  
 She was indeed quite liberal,  
 But then he was her steady.

But, Bill replied with great emotion,  
 Can't you see, dear, that I crave it?  
 And furthermore just what's the use  
 Of endeavoring to save it?

Learn to control yourself, she said,  
 For soon we will be married;  
 Accomplish this, and we'll be happy.  
 This was how she parried.

But it's ripe, my angel girl,  
 And it will not last forever.  
 She just smiled and taunted, laughing,  
 Don't you think you're awfully clever?

Oh, dear, he said, just one more piece;  
 I'll soon have it stripped, my dear;  
 One more will not hurt, my darling;  
 Banish your unfounded fear.

Well, she said, Here, you can have it;  
 But you must strip it by yourself.  
 He slowly stripped the herbacious fruit  
 And ate the whole banana himself.

A (SEVENTY YEAR OLD FOLLOWER)

Slow-Timer

(An old sport lounged in a grandstand chair,  
 Shit in his whiskers and hay in his hair,  
 And his voice rang hoarse in the salty air:  
 "He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!")

Just wait till you see them turn him loose;  
 He'll go through that field like shit through a goose;  
 He'll do it as easy as ace takes a deuce -- etc.

His breeding is right; he can't run slow;  
 He's out of Black Bitch, by Bollicky Joe;  
 That bunch of crowbait won't even show -- etc.

I ain't got no money, but if I was rich,  
 I'd go dead broke on that son-of-a-bitch;  
 When he gets a-going he'll make 'em all itch -- etc.

The barrier's up, he got the worst kind of start;  
 It don't make no difference -- he don't give a fart;  
 The suckers are yellow -- he's game; what a heart -- etc.

From the nineteenth position way out in the grass,  
 Where the weeds are so tall they tickle his ass,  
 He's nosed into fourth place past Scotch Highland Lass -- etc.

They've swung down the stretch and the bastard is third;  
 He's worked up to second -- he's slipped on a turd;  
 He's down in the ditch, sweet son-of-a-bitch!  
 He He wasn't in it, b'Jesus!

## LULU

*Banging Away on Lulu*

[3 texts]

Now, Lulu had a baby;  
 She called him Sunny Jim;  
 She put him in a pisspot  
 To teach him how to swim.

He swam to the bottom;  
 He swam to the top;  
 Lulu got excited  
 And grabbed him by the cock.

Now, bang away at Lulu;  
 Bang it good and strong;  
 What'll we do for banging  
 When banging Lulu's gone?

I wish I were a diamond  
 Upon fair Lulu's hand,  
 And every time she'd wipe her ass  
 I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were a necklace  
 Upon fair Lulu's breast,  
 And every time she heaved a sigh  
 I'd see the old crow's nest.

## 2.

I wish I was a diamond  
 Upon my Lulu's hand,  
 And every time she wiped her ass,  
 I'd see the promised land.

Bang away, my Lulu;  
Bang away good and strong;  
Oh, what will we do for a damned good screw  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

I wish I was a pee-pot  
 Beneath my Lulu's bed;  
 For every time she took a piss  
 I'd see her maidenhead.

My Lulu had a baby;  
 She named it Sunny Jim;  
 She dropped it in the pisspot  
 To see if it could swim.

First it went to the bottom,  
 And then it came to the top;  
 When my Lulu got excited  
 And grabbed it by the cock.

I wish I was the candle  
 Within my Lulu's room;  
 And every night at nine o'clock  
 I'd penetrate her womb.

My Lulu's tall and sprightly;  
 My Lulu's tall and thin;  
 I caught her by the railroad track,  
 Jacking off with a coupling pin.

I took her to the Foodle Dog,  
 Up on the seventh floor;  
 And there I gave her seventeen raps,  
 And still she called for more.

My Lulu was arrested;  
 Ten dollars was the fine;  
 She said to the judge:  
 "Take it out of this ass of mine!"

### 3.

Now, Lulu was a pretty gal;  
 Her eyes were snakeshit brown;  
 Her cheeks were like a billygoat's ass;  
 Her tits were big and round.

Bang my Lulu,  
Bang her good and strong;  
Who the hell am I gonna bang  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Now, Lulu had a little boy,  
 She called him Sunny Jim,  
 She put him in a pisspot  
 Just to see the bastard swim.

I wish I were a cake of soap  
 Right in my Lulu's tub,  
 And every time she took a bath  
 Just think what I would rub!

I wish I were a little flea  
 Right in my Lulu's thigh,  
 And every time she spread her legs  
 I'd bang her to the sky!



BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS  
 (The (Servant Maid's Lament!))

(The Rifleman)  
 [4 texts]

When I was but a serving girl  
 Way down in New Orleans,  
 I had a mysterious happening  
 That brought me to my shame.

I met up with a sailor  
 Who'd just come back from sea,  
 And that was the beginning  
 Of all my misery.

He asked me for a candle  
 To light his way to bed;  
 He asked me for a handkerchief  
 To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,  
 Not thinking it no harm,  
 I jumped into that sailor's bed  
 To keep him nice and warm.

He put his arm around me  
 And kissed me there in bed;  
 Then with his nine-inch Johnson bar,  
 He broke my maidenhead.

Early in the morning,  
 When that sailor boy awoke,  
 He reached into his pocket  
 And handed me a note.

"You take this, my darling,  
 For the wrong that I have done;  
 For in nine months you're going  
 To have a daughter or a son!

"And if it is a little girl  
 Just rock her on your knee;  
 But if it is a little boy,  
 Why, send him out to sea,

"With his bell-bottom trousers,  
 And his jumpers made of blue,  
 And let him climb the masthead  
 Like his daddy used to do!"

Now, all you pretty maidens,  
 A warning take from me:  
 Never let a sailor put  
 His hand above your knee.

For I did it once,  
 And you can plainly see,  
 He went away and left me  
 With a baby on my knee!

## 2.

Oh, I was but a serving maid,  
 I lived in Drury Lane.  
 My master he was kind to me,  
 My mistress was the same.  
 Oh, along came a sailor lad  
 With heart so bold and free,  
 And he caused all the trouble  
 That ever came to me!

Wearing bell-bottom trousers  
And coat of navy blue,  
He'll climb up the rigging  
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle  
 To light him to his bed;  
 He asked me for a kerchief  
 To wrap around his head.  
 Oh, I was but a foolish maid,  
 And thinking it no harm,  
 I hopped into that sailor's bed  
 To keep the sailor warm!

Oh, early in the morning,  
 He was gone when I awoke;  
 A letter on the mantel  
 With a soggy five-pound note:  
 "Oh, this will help to pay for  
 The mischief I have done,  
 For you may have a daughter,  
 And you may have a son."

"If you have a daughter,  
 You may bounce her on your knee;  
 But if you have a son,  
 Send the bastard off to sea!"

## 3.

(As above except:)

Early in the morning,  
 At the break of day,  
 He handed me a fiver,  
 And he was on his way.  
 His hand had wandered idly,  
 In the course of which,  
 His finger crushed my glory --  
 The lousy son-of-a-bitch!

He said, "If you have a little girl,  
 Bounce her on your knee,  
 And when the bitch is seventeen,  
 Send her here to me.  
 And if you have a little boy,  
 Bounce him on your knee,  
 And when he is seventeen,  
 Send the bastard out to sea!"

## 4.

The Rifleman

'Twas at a ball I met her,  
I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a rifleman  
By the way I wore my pants.

My shoes were neatly polished,  
My hair was neatly combed.  
And after the ball was over,  
I asked to take her home.

'Twas in her father's hallway  
That she was led astray.  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she first got her lay.

I promised her silks and satins,  
I promised her diamond rings.  
I promised her a golden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She never got silks or satins,  
She never got diamond rings.  
All she got was a wooden cradle  
To rock her bastard in.

Oh girls, oh girls, take warning,  
And listen to my plea.  
Don't ever trust a rifleman  
An inch above your knee.

He'll love you and caress you,  
And say that he'll be true.  
But when your cherry's busted,  
He'll say to hell with you!

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures;  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

Big Jim Folsom

(Poor But Honest)

(She Was Poor But She Was  
Honest)

She was just a parson's daughter,  
Pure, unstained was her fame,  
Till a country squire came courting,  
And the poor girl lost her name.

So she went away to London,  
Just to hide her guilty shame;  
There she met an army chaplain,  
Once again she lost her name.

Hear him as he jaws his tommies,  
Warning of Hell's bright flame;  
With all her heart she had trusted,  
But still she lost her name.

Now, he's in his riding britches,  
Hunting foxes in the chase,  
While the victim of his folly  
Makes her living in disgrace.

So she settled down in London,  
Sinking deeper in her shame;  
Then she met a labor leader --  
Once again she lost her name.

Now, he's in the House of Commons,  
Making laws and gaining fame,  
While the victim of his pleasures  
Walks the street each night in shame.

Then there came a bloated bishop,  
Marriage was the tale he told;  
There was no one else to take her,  
So she sold her soul for gold.

See her in her horse and carriage  
Riding daily through the park;  
Though she's made a wealthy marriage,  
Still she hides a breaking heart.

In a cottage down in Sussex  
Live her parents old and lame,  
And they drink the wine she sends them,  
But they never speak her name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures,  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

## POOR BUT HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,  
 Victim of the squire's whim;  
 First he loved her, then he left her,  
 And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,  
 For to hide her grief and shame;  
 There she met another squire,  
 And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,  
 In the park and all so gay;  
 All the nobs and nobby persons  
 Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village  
 Where her aged parents live,  
 Drinking the champagne she sends them;  
 But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,  
 Like a bird with broken wing;  
 First he loved her, then he left her,  
 And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,  
 Entertaining with the best,  
 While the girl that he has ruined,  
 Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,  
 Making laws to put down crime,  
 While the victim of his passions  
 Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
 She says: "Farewell, blighted love."  
 There's a scream, a splash -- Good Heavens!  
 What is she a-doing of?

Then they drag her from the river,  
 Water from her clothes they wrang,  
 For they thought that she was drowned;  
 But the corpse got up and sang:

"It's the same the whole world over;  
 It's the poor that gets the blame,  
 It's the rich that gets the pleasure!  
 Isn't it a blooming shame?"

(SHE CAME ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN) Nancy Brown

In the hills of West Virginny  
 Lived a gal named Nancy Brown;  
 She was the fairest maiden  
 In city or in town.

One day there came a deacon,  
 Aseekin for a thrill;  
 He took our little Nancy Brown  
 Away up in the hills!

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
 Rollin' down the mountain,  
 Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise;  
 For she didn't give the deacon  
 The thrill that he was seekin';  
 She's as pure as West Virginia's bluest skies!

Then there came a western cowboy  
 With all his chaps and frills;  
 He also took our Nancy Brown  
 A-way up in the hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
 Rollin' down the mountain,  
 Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb;  
 For in spite of all his urgin'  
 She still remained a virgin;  
 She's as pure as West Virginia's home-smoked ham!

Then there came a city slicker  
 With his hundred dollar bills;  
 And he took our little Nancy Brown  
 Away up in the hills.

Oh, she stayed up in the mountains,  
 She stayed up in the mountains,  
 She stayed up in the mountains all that night;  
 She came down next mornin' early,  
 More a woman than a girlie,  
 And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight!

Now she's livin' in the city,  
 Livin' in the city,  
 Livin' in the city mighty swell;  
 For she's through with cookin' vittles  
 And with washin' pots and kettles,  
 And the West Virginia hills can go to hell!

(LADY LIL)  
(By: Eugene Field)

Priss Pot Pete  
[2 texts]

Lil was the best our camp produced,  
And of all the gents what Lilian goosed,  
None had such goosin', nor never will,  
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil.  
We had a bet in our town  
There warn't no geezer that could brown  
Lil to a finish, any style--  
And no bloke ever made the trial  
'Cept Short Pete, the halfbreed galoot,  
Who wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.  
His takin' it surprised us all,  
For Pete, he warn't so big nor tall,  
But when he yanked his tool out far  
And laid it out across the bar,  
We 'lowed our Lil had met her fate,  
But thar warn't no backin' out that late;  
And so we 'ranged to have the mill  
Behind the whorehouse on the hill,  
Where all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that halfbreed brown his meat.  
Lil's start was like a gentle breeze  
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees,  
But when het up, she screwed for keeps  
And laid her victims out in heaps.  
She tried her twists and double biffs  
And all such maneuvers known to quiffs,  
But Pete war thar with every tack  
And kept a-lettin' out more jack.  
It made us cocksmen fairly sick,  
To see that halfbreed shove his prick.  
She gave Short Pete a lively mill  
And wore the grass half off the hill,  
Till finally she missed her shot,  
And Short Pete had her on the pot;  
But she died game, just let me tell,  
And had her boots on when she fell.  
So what the hell, Bill, what the hell!

(Lil, Poor Lil)

She was the best our camp produced,  
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil  
Ain't had no goose or never will,  
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town  
That no one could screw her and clamp her down.  
For when Lil screwed, she screwed for keeps,  
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,  
Down from the land where the winters meet.  
When he laid his cock out on the bar,  
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

We all knew Lil had met her fate,  
But we couldn't back down that thar late.  
So it was arranged down by the mill  
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,  
Lil started out like an autumn breeze  
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

She tried the twist and double bunt  
And all the tricks what's known to cunt.  
But Pete was with her every lick  
And just kept reeling out more prick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop  
For Pete had nailed her on the spot.  
Her clothes were tattered and torn to shreds  
And scattered all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around  
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground;  
But she died game, I'm here to tell,  
Died with her boots on where she fell!  
So what the hell, boys, what the hell!

( Her Name Was Lil ) Poor Lil

Oh, her name was Lil, and she was a beauty.  
She lived in a house of ill repute.  
The men all came from far to see  
Lilian in her deshabelle.

Oh, Lily in her deshabelle!

She was comely, she was fair,  
She had lovely yellow hair.  
But she drank too much of the demon rum,  
And she smoked hashish and opium.

Oh, she smoked hashish and opium!

Now day by day her cheeks grew thinner  
Because of the lack of protein in her.  
She grew two hollows in her chest  
Till she had to go around completely dressed.  
Oh, she had to go around completely dressed!

She went to see the house physician  
To prescribe for her condition.

"You have got," the doctor say,

"Per-nish-i-us anem-i-a.

Oh, per-nish-i-us anem-i-a!"

She took treatments in the sun,  
She even tried Scott's emul-si-on.  
Three times daily she took yeast,  
But still her clientele decreased.

Oh, still her clientele decreased!

Now it may be said of her cli-en-telly,  
That it rested mainly on her belly.  
And when she covered her belly with cloth,  
Her clientele grew exceedingly wroth.  
Oh, her clientele grew exceedingly wroth!



Now clothes may make a girl go far,  
But they have no place on a fille de joie;  
And Lily's troubles they began  
When she concealed her abdomen.

Oh, when she concealed her abdomen!

As she lay there in her dishonor  
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.  
She said, "Oh, Lord, I do repent,  
But that's gonna cost you thirty-five cent.  
Oh, that's gonna cost you thirty-five cent!"

### LYDIA PINKHAM

[2 texts]

Have you ever heard of Lydia Pinkham  
And her compound so refined,  
It turned pricks to flowering fountains  
And made cunts grow on behind?

(Lydia Pinkham's Compound)

Then, we'll sing, we'll sing,  
We'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Savior of the human race,  
How she makes, she bottles,  
She sells her vegetable compound,  
And the papers publish her face!

This text comes

From The Immortalia

(1927) pp. 19-20

Widow Brown she had no children  
Though she loved them very dear,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now she has them twice a year!

Willie Smith had peritonitis,  
And he couldn't piss at all,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now he's a human water-fall!

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys;  
Poor old lady couldn't pee;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they pipe her to the sea!

Geraldine she had no breastworks,  
And she couldn't fill her blouse;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows!

Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled,  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they hang all round his butt!

Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
 And his pecker wouldn't peck,  
 So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
 Some vegetable compound,  
 And now it's as long as a gy-raffe's neck!

### Lydia Pinkham's Compound

Oh, Mrs. Jones had a pregnant daughter,  
 And oh, the pain was hard to bear.  
 So she gave her a bottle of Compound,  
 And she dropped her cargo right under the stair!

So we'll drink a drink a drink  
To Lydia Pinka Pinka Pink,  
The savior of the human race.  
She invented a legitimate compound,  
And now all the papers publish her face!

Oh, little Johnny, the little bastard,  
 Through masturbation had lost his vim;  
 So we gave him two bottles of Compound,  
 And now the rabbits all envy him!

Oh, little Willy, the little fuck-up,  
 Could pass no water -- oh, none at all.  
 So we gave him three bottles of Compound,  
 And now he clears a ten-foot wall.

### THE LOVER'S ALPHABET

A for the Artful word he uses.  
 B for the Blush as she gently refuses.  
 C for the Creep of his hand up her legs.  
 D for the "Don't" as she quietly begs.  
 E for the Excitement when his hand gets higher.  
 F for the Feeling of ticklish desire.  
 G for the Gasp as her sweet spot he touches.  
 H for her Helplessness fast in his clutches.  
 I for the Itching which makes her feel hot.  
 J for the Jumps as he touches her spot.  
 K for the Kiss with which he rewards her.  
 L for the Love he now has towards her.  
 M for the Move they make into bed.  
 N for the Neat way her legs are outspread.  
 O for the Opening thereby revealed.  
 P for the Pencil already peeled.  
 Q for the Queer feeling she has when it's in.  
 R for the Rapture even though it is sin.  
 S for the Strokes which wax stronger and stronger.  
 T for the Throbs which she wants to last longer.  
 U for the Uction which comes with a rush.  
 V for the Vim which attends a last push.  
 W for the Wishes to do it again.  
 X for the Ecstasy girls find in men.  
 Y for the Yearning which comes from desire.  
 Z for the Zeal which the pleasure inspires.

(ANNE COOPER HEWITT)

I'm Only a Sterilized Heiress

I'm only a sterilized heiress,  
 A butt for the laughter of rubes,  
     I'm comely and rich  
     But a venomous bitch --  
 My mother -- ran off with my tubes.

Oh, fie on you, mother, you dastard!  
Come back with my feminine toys.  
Restore my abdomen  
And make me a woman --  
I want to go out with the boys!

Imagine my stark consternation  
 At feeling a surgeon's rude hands  
     Exploring my person  
     (Page Aimee McPherson)  
 And then rudely snatching my glands.

Oh, fie on you, medical monsters!  
How could you so handle my charms?  
My bosom is sinking,  
My olitoris shrinking --  
I need a strong man in my arms!

The butler and second-man snub me,  
 No more will they use my door key;  
     The cook from Samoa  
     Has spermatozoa --  
 For others, but never for me.

Oh, fie on you, fickle men-servants!  
With your strong predilection to whore.  
Who cares for paternity?  
Forgive my infirmity --  
Can't a girl just be fun any more?

What ruling in court can repay me  
 For losing my peas-in-the-pod?  
     My joyous fecundity  
     Turned to morbundity --  
 Like Pickford, I'll have to try God.

Oh, fie on you, courthouse and rulings!  
I want my twin bubbles of jest.  
Take away my hot flashes  
And menopause rashes  
And let me feel weight on my chest!

(HOW I'VE SUFFERED)

For forty years I've been buggared  
 With all sorts of horrible pains;  
 I've had every ailment, I reckon,  
 From rupture to varicose veins.

Neuritis with me's quite a hobby,  
 And I've bunions and corns on my feet,  
 While I seem to breed stones in my bladder  
 Like bloody great lumps of concrete.

I've spent a small fortune at chemists  
 And lain monthly in hospital beds,  
 But the stuff I have taken to shift me  
 Has torn my poor arsehole to shreds!

I've a sciatic nerve that's a torture,  
 And I'm told I've a valvular heart,  
 While I strain like a bloody buck navvy  
 Before I can squeeze out a fart!

The rheumatic gout in my fingers  
 Has made them all sizes and shapes,  
 Whilst the piles that I've got up my dirt-box,  
 Just hang like a big bunch of grapes!

My digestion at times is quite stupid;  
 If I have a square meal I feel sick;  
 And I get an unpleasant sensation  
 Like gnats gnawing holes in my prick!

Uric acid, they say, is the trouble,  
 And I don't mind telling you this:  
 I've got to whistle *The Last Rose of Summer*  
 To get my old doodle to piss.

And as far as a God damn erection,  
 The idea is simply absurd;  
 For my prick's like an undersized maggot  
 And as soft as a young baby's tird.

Despite the advice I keep taking,  
 There isn't a day I feel fit;  
 And it takes half a pound of gunpowder  
 Before I can possibly shit.

So you see, I spend hours in the crap-house,  
 Or groaning and meaning in bed,  
 And my pals simply mutter when passing,  
 "Ain't it time the old bastard was dead?"

### THE STREET CLEANER'S DREAM

You can see me wid me little cart upon the street each day,  
Cleanin' after horses, for which Oi gets good pay;  
Oi likes to clean an' sweep an' dodge around the teams,  
But at night, whin Oi gits in me bed, Oi have such terrible dreams!

Oi sees (horseshit on the ceilin') an' horseshit on the floor,  
Horseshit on the tete-a-tete an' horseshit by the door,  
Horseshit in the sugar-bowl, horseshit in the chair,  
Horseshit in me whiskers, an' horseshit every where!

The best friends sweepers have is the little English sparrer;  
Sure, they'd eat more horseshit in one day than could go in a wheelbarrer;  
But in spite of all the sparrers at, an' Oi cleans wid me broom,  
In me dreams there's loads of horseshit piled all around the room!

There's horseshit in the water-pail, an' horseshit in the sink,  
Horseshit in every bite I eat, an' every drop Oi drink;  
Horseshit on the pilly-shams an' horseshit in the bed;  
Sometimes Oi think there's nothin' but horseshit in me head!

Me woife says it's the noite-mare that makes me act so bad,  
For Oi tears up all the bed-clothes, an' screams an' yells like mad;  
This mornin' about half past thray, Oi nearly lost me head,  
For Oi thought the noite-mare'd been there an' shit all round me bed!

O Oi saw horseshit on the dure-mat, an' horseshit in the hall,  
Horseshit in the kitchen stove an' horseshit on the wall,  
Horseshit in me poonkin pie an' on the windy-pane,  
An' the doctor told me woife that Oi have horseshit on the brain!

Now they're buildin' wagons to be run by steam, that never shits, begob,  
An' bye an' bye when they gets plinty, Oi suppose Oi'll lose me job,  
But all things happen for the best, and praps 'twill save me loife,  
For Oi'm crazy now from horseshit, and it's nearly kilt me woife!

### THE PATIENT WITH THE SILENT P

The staff of the hospital was getting quite vexed;  
The antics of a patient there had got them all perplexed;  
He'd had his operation now for pretty near a week,  
But hadn't shown an inclination yet to take a leak.

They filled him full of lemon juice and orange juice and tea,  
And yet he didn't seem to have the least desire to pee;  
They took him to the bathroom and turned the faucets on,  
'Cause running water's s'posed to bring the urine on.

The patient simply stood there like a person paralyzed;  
So they decided they would have to have him psycho-analyzed.  
They made him say the alphabet beginning A B C,  
But though he got to M N O, he couldn't get to P.

They tried to hypnotize him, and they got him in a trance,  
But the only thing that happened was a doctor wet his pants;  
They found that kindness, sympathy, and tact were no avail,  
And thought that sterner measures now might possibly prevail.

They raged and stormed and threatened him, each doctor getting madder,  
 But the patient turned to each of them with unresponsive bladder;  
 Then someone on the staff had a bright idee and said,  
 "Suppose we try him with a glass of beer instead?"

The patient pricked his ears up and before he'd had a drop,  
 He started urinating, and they couldn't make him stop;  
 And that's the story, gentlemen, though it may sound rather queer,  
 Of how a common fellow in a flash became a peer.

(AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?)

There's a homely old adage  
 Among maidens forlorn,  
 That (the older the buck  
 The stiffer the horn;  
 But I've been around  
 And I know, which is why  
 I say it's a chestnut  
 And all a damn lie.

From twenty to thirty,  
 If a man lives right,  
 It's once in the morning  
 And twice every night;  
 From thirty to forty,  
 Without any warning,  
 He misses a morning  
 Or cuts out the night;  
 From forty to fifty  
 It's now and then;  
 From fifty to sixty  
 It's God knows when;  
 From sixty on up,  
 If he's still inclined. . .  
 Don't let him kid you --  
 It's all in his mind.

With women it's different;  
 It's morning and night  
 Regardless of whether  
 They live wrong or right;  
 Age makes no difference,  
 They're always inclined;  
 They have nothing to get ready,  
 Except maybe their mind.

So after all  
 Is said and done,  
 A man of sixty has  
 Finished his run;  
 But a woman of sixty  
 (And figures don't lie)  
 Can take the old man  
 Till her time comes to die.

(SHOVE IT HOME)  
(The Inches Song)

Main Speaker

Echoing Voice

I gave her inches one,  
Shove it home, shove it home;  
I gave her inches one,  
Shove it home;  
I gave her inches one:  
She said, "Johnny, ain't it fun!!  
Put your belly close to mine  
And shove it home!"

(Inches one, inches one)

(Inches one)

So I gave her inches two,  
Shove it home, shove it home;  
So I gave her inches two,  
Shove it home;  
So I gave her inches two:  
She said, "Johnny, I love you!!  
Put your belly close to mine  
And shove it home!"

(Inches two, inches two)

(Inches two)

3. She says, "Johnny, got to pee..."

4. She says, "Johnny, I want more..."

5. She says, "Johnny, look alive!..."

6. She says, "I've seen bigger pricks!..."

7. She says, "Golly, ain't it heaven!..."

8. She says, "Johnny, this is great!..."

9. She says, "Johnny, ain't it fine!..."

10. She says, "Can't you come again?..."

(Or: "I've seen better men!...") (Inches ten, inches ten, twenty)

11. I gave her inches twenty,  
Shove it home, shove it home;  
So I gave her inches twenty,  
Shove it home;  
So I gave her inches twenty:  
She said, "Johnny, that's a-plenty!  
Put your pecker in your pants  
And shove off home!"

(Inches twenty, inches twenty)

KIND BETTY

See also: Var Int One More  
[ & vice versa ]

(I laid my hand on her toe;)

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Toe, tickle-toe -- come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her shin;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her knee;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her thigh ;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her cock;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Cool black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her belly;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her breast;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her mouth;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Mouth for to kiss, breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"



VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon.  
 Virgin sturgeon is a fish.  
 Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',  
 That's why caviar's a very rare dish.

Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah,  
Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah!

I fed caviar to my girl-friend.  
 She was a virgin tried and true.  
 Now my girl-friend needs no urgin';  
 There ain't anything she won't do!

I fed caviar to my grandpa;  
 He was a man of ninety-four (three).  
 Screams and cries were heard from grandma,  
 Grandpa had her on the floor (up a tree).

Glass in astronomy, learning about stars.  
 Teacher asked Willie, "Have you seen Mars?"  
 Willie answered nice and cute,  
 "I ain't seen ma's, but pa's got a beaut!"

Postman called the first of May.  
 Policeman came the very next day.  
 Nine months later out came Jimmy;  
 Who fired first the blue or the gray?

Three little girls, all powdered and painted,  
 Met three little boys behind the school.  
 Two of them laid and the other one fainted;  
 Wasn't she a God-damned fool?

I put caviar in the soda.  
 That livened up the party, sure.  
 What am I doing, stripped down naked?  
 Thought these girls were sweet and pure.

I fed caviar to my mistress;  
 She always did it cheerfully.  
 Now she does it with a vengeance --  
 Oh, my God, it's kissing me!

THE JOLLY TINKER

[ 2 texts ]

## 1.

Now, there was a jolly tinker  
 Who came over from France,  
 Came over especially  
 To learn to fuck and dance.

Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza  
Buzza-buzza boo,  
Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza boo!

Well, the ship which he came over on  
 The women were so few,  
 First he fucked the captain,  
 Then he fucked the crew.

Well, the ship which he came back in  
 The women had the pox;  
 So he shinnied up the mast,  
 And he fucked the double blocks.

And he went in the cabin  
 To get a glass of cider,  
 And there he found a bed-bug  
 A-jerkin' off a spider.

Now my song is ended;  
 I can't sing any more;  
 The apple's up my ass hole,  
 And you can have the core!

## 2.

There was a jolly tinker,  
 And he came from Dugaree,  
 With a half a yard of fungus  
 Hanging down below his knee.

With his long, long dilly-whacker,  
Over-grown kidney cracker,  
Looking for a scrimmage  
Around the belly whang.

The landlady's daughter,  
 Coming from the ball,  
 Saw the jolly tinker  
 Lashing piss against the wall.

"Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
 I'm in love with you!  
 Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
 Will half a dollar do?"

Oh, he screwed her in the parlor,  
 He fucked her in the hall,  
 And the servants said, "By Jesus,  
 He'll be jumping on us all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter,  
You were a silly fool  
To get to fucking with a man  
Whose tool is like a mule!"

"Oh, mother, oh, mother,  
I thought that I was able;  
But he split me up the belly  
From the cunt up to the navel!"

SAM MCCALL'S SONG

→ (By: Jim Tully)

(My name is Sam McCall,  
And I come from Donegal,  
And I have no balls at all, balls at all.

Oh, my name is Sam McCall, Sam McCall,  
And I'm the greatest stud that ever had a stall,  
Had a stall.

Oh, I kicked the boards all out  
When the women came about;  
Now I have no balls at all, balls at all.

There can be no room for balls  
When your penis fills the stalls,  
Fills the stalls.

Oh, the girlies laugh and sing  
At the joy I always bring;  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all!

Oh, when I was just a lad,  
My mother and my dad  
Had to put me in a tent to hide it all, hide it all.

For they knew when girls discover  
A big penis in a lover,  
It would be the last of any lad from Donegal,  
Donegal.

And when Barnum came to Dublin,  
He my father kept a-broublin',  
To make a circus freak of Sam McCall, Sam McCall.

For he knew that all the women  
With passion would be swimmin'  
To get a private look at Sam McCall, Sam McCall.

# KAFOOZALUM

In olden days there lived a maid  
Who plied a very ancient trade;  
It was a trade of ill repute;  
In fact she was a prostitute.

Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem,  
Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The daughter of a rabbi!

She had a bush, 'twas very black,  
In fact the thing could quite contract  
To fit the tool of any fool  
That fucked in all Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived a bastard tall  
With prick so hard could break a wall;  
'Twas rumored he had ridden all  
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One day returning from a spree  
His customary hard had he,  
He spied beneath a nearby tree  
The harlot called Kafoozalum.

With many a nod and glancing look  
She led him to a nearby brook  
And from his bulging pants she took  
The pride of all Jerusalem.

She took his pride with aim to please,  
And rubbed it gently 'twixt her knees,  
The bastard showered all the trees  
And drowned out half Jerusalem.

The bastard he was underslung;  
He missed the cunt, and hit the bung;  
And didn't stop till he hit the dung  
In the asshole of Kafoozalum.

Kafoozalum she knew her art,  
She arched her back and blew a fart  
And sent the bastard like a dart  
Over all Jerusalem.

# CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

In fourteen hundred and ninety two  
A Dago from Italy  
Walked the streets of sunny Spain  
A-shouting, "Hot tamale!"

He knew the world was round-o;  
His balls hung to the ground-o;  
That Dago bastard with seven-year-itch,  
That syphilitic son-of-a-bitch,  
Was Christopher Columbo.

Columbo went unto the queen  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
And said, "I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

Columbo paced upon the deck;  
He knew it was his duty;  
He laid his whang into his hand  
And said, "Ain't that a beauty?"

A little girl walked up the deck  
And peeked in through the keyhole;  
He knocked her down upon her brown  
And shoved it in her pee-hole.

She sprang aloft; her pants fell off;  
The villain still pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg:  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

Each sailor on Columbo's ship  
Had each his private knothole;  
But Columbo was a superman,  
And he used a padded porthole!

Columbo had a cabin boy;  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night they went to bed  
And laid upon each other.

For forty days and forty nights  
They sailed in search of booty;  
They spied a whore upon the shore --  
My God, she was a beauty!

All the men jumped overboard,  
A-shedding coats and collars;  
In fifteen minutes by the clock  
She made ten thousand dollars!

Those were the days of no clap cure;  
The doctors were not many;  
The only doc' that he could find  
Was a son-of-a-bitch named Benny.

Columbo strode up to the doc';  
His smile serene and placid;  
The God-damned doc' burned off his cock  
With hydrochloric acid.

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a horse stand in the stable,  
Where his horse ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose horse is that there in the stall,  
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you damned fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the heifer calf  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But harness on a heifer calf  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a hat upon the rack,  
Where his hat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose hat is that upon the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's nothing but the chamber-pot  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But ear-flaps on a chamber-pot  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a coat upon the wall,  
Where his coat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose coat is that upon the wall,  
Where my coat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the new petticoat  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But sleeves upon a petticoat  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a head upon the bed,  
Where his head ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose head is that upon the bed,  
Where my head ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the cabbage-head  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But hair upon a cabbage-head  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a thing up in her thing,  
Where his thing ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose thing is that up in your thing,  
Where my thing ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the rolling pin  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But a rolling-pin with ballocks on  
I never before did see."

'Twas the gathering of the clansmen, (Carrie Moore)  
And all the lads were there,  
A-lyin' with the lassies  
An' stroking silky hair.

The king was in his counting-house  
A-counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlor  
A-playin' with her bunny.

There was fuckin' in the parlor;  
There was fuckin' in the sticks.  
Ye kinna hear the music  
For the swishin' o' the pricks.

The farmer's daughter she was there,  
A-standin' out in front;  
A wreath o' roses in her hair  
An' a carrot in her cunt.

There are cunts wi' the syphilis,  
An' cunts wi' the piles,  
An' cunts wi' their assholes  
All wreathed up in smiles.

Under the spreading Chestnut tree  
The village idiot stands,  
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself  
An' catchin' the draps in his hands.

The preacher's wife she was there,  
Her back against the wall,  
A-callin' to the laddies,  
"Come ye one an' all!"

The bride was in the bridal suite  
Explainin' to the groom  
That the vagina, not the rectum,  
Is the entrance to the womb.

Old MacTavish, the rector, was there,  
And so surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads  
A-hanging from a tree.

The doctor was in the parlor  
Admonishing the maid,  
"You'd better stop your twitching  
If you're itching to be laid!"

And when the ball was over,  
They all lay down to rest,  
Saying the music was delightful  
But the fucking was the best!



Oh, I went down to Darby Town,  
All on a rainy day,  
And there I saw the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-Darby;  
Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-day;  
Now, wasn't that the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Every tooth it had, Sir,  
Was hollow to the horn;  
Every tooth it had, boys,  
Held forty barrels of corn.

The wool on that ram's neck, boys,  
It grew most neat and fine,  
And spun two thousand bolts of cloth  
As fine as any twine.

The wool on that ram's belly grew  
Until it reached the ground;  
The owner trying to weigh the wool  
Broke his weigher down.

The wool on that ram's back grew  
Until it reached the sky;  
And ravens built their nests in it,  
For I heard their young'uns cry.

Yes, the wool on that ram's back, boys,  
Actually grew up to the moon;  
The Devil went up in January,  
And never got back till June.

Such a sheep as this I've never seen  
Since the day that I was born;  
It took a buzzard forty years  
To fly from horn to horn.

The mutton this ram, when killed,  
Fed a million men and more;  
The blood it turned a water-mill  
That was never turned before.

It took all the boys in Darby Town  
To haul away his bones;  
It took all the girls in Darby Town  
To roll away his stones.

Now, the man that owned this mighty ram  
Was counted very rich;  
But the one that made this silly song  
Was a dirty son-of-a-bitch!

The Skunk

DE (SKONK I HUNT)

(I Hunt the Bear)

(2 texts) 43

I'm hunt de bear, I'm hunt bull moose,  
I'm sometimes hunt de rat;  
Las' week I take ma hax an' go  
For hunt a skonk polecat.

Ma fren' Beel say he's very fine fur  
An' sametam good to heat;  
I tell ma wife I get fur coat,  
Sametam I get some meat.

I walk 'bout two, three, five, seex mile;  
I feel one damn strong smell;  
Tink mebbe dat damn skonk she die,  
Fur coat she's gone to hell.

Forsoon bimeby I see dat skonk  
Close up by one beeg tree;  
I sneak up ver' ver' close behin',  
I teenk she no see me.

Bimeby I'm up there ver' ver' close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
Dat Goddam skonk she up an' plunk,  
Trow something in ma heye.

Oh sacre bleu! I teenk I'm blin'  
Jees Chris! I no can see;  
I run all roun' an' roun' an' roun'  
And bunk in Goddam tree.

I drop my gun; by Gar, I run;  
I light out for de shack;  
I teenk 'bout hundred million skonk  
She clim' up on ma back.

Ma wife she meet me hat de door;  
She sick on me de dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here tonight;  
Go out an' sleep wit' hog."

I try to climb in dat pig-pen!  
Jees Chris! no what you teenk?  
Dat Goddam hog he up and goes  
On 'count of awful steenk.

So I'm no more go hunt de skonk  
For get his fur an' meat;  
Say if he pees he smell so bad,  
Jees Chris! What if he sheet!

## THE CAT-ASS-TROPHY

(As told by the French-Canadian Trapper)

I hunt ze bear, I hunt ze rat;  
Sometimes, by Gar, I hunt ze cat.  
Last wik I take my hax in hand:  
I go to hunt ze skunk pole-cat.

My fren' Bill he say  
Ver' good fur, same time good meat;  
So I tell my wife she get fur coat,  
Same time get good eat.

So I walk one, two, threes, four, fi' mile,  
An' I feel one awful smell,  
And I tink dat skunk she gone an' die,  
An' fur coat gone to hell.

Byme-by I get up pretty close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
An' God dam skunk, she up an' trow  
Something -- plunk! -- right in my eye.

Sacre bleu! I tink I blind!  
Jees Chrise! I no can see!  
I run aroun' an' roun' an' roun'  
An' bump in God dam tree!

I curse, I swear, I tear out hair!  
Byme-by I light out for ze shack;  
I tink one million pole-cat skunks  
Clime right up on my back!

My wife she meet me at ze door;  
She sic on me ze dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here wi' me;  
You go sleep wiz ze hog!"

So I go out by pig-pen,  
An' say! What do you sink?  
Zat God dam hog get up an' leave  
On 'count of awful stink.

So I no hunt ze skunk no more  
For to get his fur an' meat,  
For if his pee she smell so bad,  
Jees Chrise! what if he sheet!

Oh, I'm tired picking cotton  
And I'm ppor as a snail;  
So I'm going punching cattle  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

Come a ti vi vippy!  
Come a ti vi yay!  
Come a ti vi vippy vippy yay!

I hit Butte, Montana,  
On July the third;  
By the Fourth of July  
I couldn't shit a dry tird!

I was there six weeks  
Before I set sail  
A-pulling for Texas  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

They fed us on sow belly  
And the work was mighty hard,  
And for sixteen weeks  
I shit pure lard.

They called me one morning  
To go on guard;  
It was cold as hell  
And raining mighty hard.

It was cold as hell  
And coming on to rain,  
And my damned old slicker's  
In the wagon again!

With my feet in the stirrups  
And my ass in the saddle,  
I swore and I wrestled  
With them long horned cattle.

Says I, "Old boss,  
I may look like a fool,  
But really this weather  
Is too damn cool!"

Heifer went loco,  
And the boss said, "Kill it!"  
Shot him in the arse  
With a long-handled skillet.

I went to the foreman  
To figure out my roll;  
He figured me out  
Twenty dollars in the hole.

I jumped on my pony,  
And I let out a yell;  
Says I, "Old boss,  
You can go to hell!"

"You can go to hell!"  
Says I to the boss;  
"I'm the best damn cowboy  
That ever rode a hoss!"

I'm going to town  
To see my honey;  
I'm going to town  
To spend my money.

I'm on my pony,  
And a-coming on the run;  
The best damn cowboy  
That ever pulled a gun!

I hit Fort Worth, Texas,  
With two hundred plunks,  
And I went on a bunt  
With a damn swell cunt!

Now, Miss Sal Johnson  
Is a mighty nice squaw,  
And she lives on the banks  
Of the great Mushataw.

The hair on her head  
Was a piss-burnt color,  
And the crabs on her ass  
Kept a-fucking one another!

She had bubbies on her breast  
Like a four-leaf table,  
And her cunt it was stretched  
From her ass to her navel.

Asked her to fuck her,  
And I offered her a quarter;  
Says she, "Mister Man,  
I'm a decent man's daughter!"

When Sal Johnson died,  
I shed no tears;  
I said, "Bartender,  
Give me forty-nine beers!"

It was damn fine doings,  
But I ran it too close;  
And I wound up  
With a hell of a dose!

I went to the doctor;  
He said I had the clapp;  
Gave me a little bag  
So my dingus wouldn't flap!

I went to a surgeon;  
He said I had the siph;  
A hell of a dose  
For a damned old stiff!

I was there six weeks  
Before they turned me loose  
And I had to soak my cock  
In tobacco juice!

With my feet in the saddle,  
And my ass in the sky,  
I'll quit punching cattle  
In the sweet by and by!

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers;  
Oh, my God! how they could love!  
They swore to be true to each other,  
True as the stars up above.  
He is her man; he wouldn't do her no wrong!

Frankie goes down to the bar-room,  
Just to get a bucket of beer;  
She says to the big fat bartender,  
"Is my lover, Johnny, been here?"  
"He is my man; he wouldn't do me no wrong!"

"I wouldn't tell you no story,  
I wouldn't tell you no lie;  
I saw your man about an hour ago  
With a whore named Nellie Bly;  
He is your man, but he's doing you wrong!"

Frankie goes down to the whorehouse,  
Peeks in at the window so high;  
There she sees her lover, Johnnie,  
Finger-fuckin' Nellie Bly;  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went down to the pawnshop,  
She didn't go there for fun;  
She pawned her blue-silk kimono  
For a shiny blue-steel gun.  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went back to the whorehouse;  
She rang the old whorehouse bell:  
"Stand back, y ou whores and bitches,  
Or I'll blow you all to hell!"  
"He is my man, but he's doing me wrong!"

Frankie shot Johnnie once,  
Frankie shot Johnnie twice;  
The third time Frankie shot Johnnie,  
He hollered, "Jesus Christ!"  
"I was your man, but I done you wrong!"

"Roll me over so slowly;  
Hold me tight, little Nell;  
Roll me over very gently,  
For these bullets hurt like hell!  
I was her man, but I done her wrong!"

Bring out the rubber-tired carriages,  
Bring out the rubber-tired hacks;  
Ten men going to the graveyard,  
Nine men coming back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong!

Last time I saw Frankie,  
She was riding on an east-bound train,  
Wearing diamonds big as hoss-tirds,  
And going under a different name.  
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong!

NEVERMORE  
(Parody on Poe's The Raven)

not saying

Once upon a midnight dreary, when of smoking I was weary,  
And had drunk my pint of whiskey and was wishing there was more,  
Suddenly there came a tapping, sounded like some female rapping,  
Rapping like the very devil, just outside my chamber door;  
'Tis some chippy seeking entrance, just as they have done before --  
Only this and nothing more!

And the smoke-rings now more certain drifting up above the curtain  
Warned me, told me with fantastic curling, words I'd heard before;  
As I sat there, still delaying, in my heart I kept on saying:  
'Naughty female, thus assaying entrance at my chamber door;  
I'll arouse and let her enter, even though she be a whore --  
Let her enter, nothing more."

Open wide I threw the portal, and before me stood a mortal  
That in wildest dreams of fancy I had never seen before;  
While each palpitating bubbly seemed so fine and smooth and chubby  
That my spirits rose within me, just my spirits, nothing more;  
Then I suddenly grew bolder just inside my chamber door,  
Bolder, yes, but nothing more!

Oh, how well I do remember, on that fourteenth of December!  
And the fifteenth that she left me, then our little dream was o'er;  
'Twas a dream without a sleeping, and with sad, reproachful weeping --  
For she showed me red spots -- red spots caused, she said, by hymen's  
gore --  
Told me this all as she stood there just inside my chamber door,  
Told me this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas the fifteenth of December;  
Better still do I remember, sequel of nine days before!  
Now my penis, never skipping, still is dripping, ever dripping,  
Every morning, every evening, dripping on the bath-room floor;  
For my painful, dripping penis certain surcease I implore --  
Penitent and very sore!

Deep into the darkness peering, every night I lie here hearing  
Words so softly spoken in the silence by that winsome whore;  
But with vows not soon forgotten, every time I change the cotton,  
Loud I cuss that gentle tapping once outside my chamber door:  
Damn the chippy, damn the dripping, painful, on my bath-room floor!  
For your uncle -- Nevermore!

O say, my friends, and have you heard  
The tale that is told in Weatherford,  
Of the deed that was done in an art musee  
By a modern sculptor from Tennessee?  
There are other tales that are somewhat gory,  
And celebrated in song and story;  
But the three blind mice and the farmer's wife  
Who cut their tails with a carving knife,  
Could not compare with statues three,  
Who met with the selfsame cruelty.

This modern sculptor was fresh and green,  
And he evidently had never seen,  
Since he left the scenes of his native heather,  
A statue posed in the altogether.  
So he called for a chisel and hammer and tong,  
To handle the thing that didn't belong  
In the realm of art; and with one swift blow  
He removed the cause of old Adam's woe,  
And left the poor statues standing there,  
The pictures of impotent, wild despair.

That night as he slept in his trundle-bed  
The spooks came floating around his head.  
They pointed their fingers at him in scorn,  
And made him wish he had never been born;  
There were doctors there, and sculptors, too,  
And they raised a regular hullabaloo;  
The doctors shrieked, "You measly skate!  
Who gave you license to amputate?"  
And the sculptors screamed, "You infernal quack!  
You'd better get busy and put them back;  
For if you don't, we'll cut -- ahem!  
We'll do unto you as you did unto them!"  
They flourished their knives in fiendish glee,  
While the old man begged on his bended knee,  
And told them they mustn't emasculate  
A man so essential to church and state;  
"This world," said he, "will go straight to perdition,  
Unless I can issue a second edition."  
At this his inquisitors formed a ring,  
And danced a regular Highland fling;  
They rode him around from Beersheba to Dan,  
Till he woke, a sadder and wiser man.

That day the illustrious president  
Bought him a bottle of good cement,  
And returned to the school with a single thought:  
To repair the damage that he had wrought.  
But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip --  
And the boys hadn't left him a single chip;  
Those innocent cherubs of tender years  
Had carried them off for souvenirs.  
There was naught remaining for him to do  
But to manufacture a thing or two.  
So he worked with a chisel, with might and main,  
Till his mind gave way with the horrible strain;  
For the only model he had, alas!  
Was the one he saw in the looking-glass.  
Imagine the stalwart Hercules  
With pygmy attachments, if you please,

And I think you will then be prepared to say,  
No wonder the old man's mind gave way.

Now the modern sculptor is running rife,  
With pincers and saw and carving knife;  
And if you linger around the gate,  
You'll be a eunuch, as sure as fate;  
He never stops for bone or gristle,  
But whittles them off as slick as a whistle;  
For he hopes to find, when he looks them over,  
An appendage to fit on the Disdus Thrower,  
A match for Apollo (the Belvedere),  
And another for Hercules, too, I hear.  
But you never can find in a little town  
A very good fit in a hand-me-down;  
Good models are scarce in these latter days --  
For average men look more like jays;  
And that is the reason, I apprehend,  
That no one can tell where the trouble will end.

The moral to this isn't hard to find;  
The nastiness is all in your mind;  
So, unless for sculpture you have a knack,  
Don't take things off that you can't put back.

--Mrs. Nell A. Snider, 1910.

(SUZANNE WAS A LADY)

Suzanne was a girl with plenty of class  
Who knocked them all dead when she wiggled her  
Eyes at the fellows, as girls sometimes do,  
To make quite plain she wanted to  
Take in a movie, or go for a sail,  
And then hurry home for a piece of  
Cake or ice cream or a slice of roast duck,  
And after each meal she was ready to  
Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock  
With any young man with a sizeable  
Roll of big bills and a pretty good front,  
And if he talked fast, she would show him her  
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,  
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her  
Little white hands, then with a movement so quick,  
Why, she'd reach right over and tickle his  
Chin while she showed a trick she learned in France,  
And ask the poor fellow to take off his  
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shore,  
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no BORE!



Oh, the bards they sing of an English king  
Who lived long years ago;  
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low.  
He was used to hunt the royal stag  
Within his royal wood,  
But it was none but knew his greatest sport  
Was pulling his royal pud.

And his nether garb was a woolen shirt  
Which used to hide his hide;  
But this undershirt couldn't hide the dirt  
That no one could abide.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
That humans ne'er could stand;  
And his terrible dong to his knees hung down --  
The Bastard King of England!

Now, the queen of Spain was an amorous dame,  
A sprightly dame was she,  
And she longed to fool with his Majesty's tool  
So far across the sea.  
So she sent a note to the dirty king  
By her royal messenger,  
And requested his Majesty's sailing to Spain  
To spend a month with her.

But when Philip of France got the news one day,  
He turned to all his court,  
And he said: "My fair queen prefers this clown  
Because my tool is short."  
So he sent abroad Marquis Siphylissap,  
Who smacked of fairvland,  
To supply the queen with a dose of clap  
To trap our Dear Old England.

Then the news of this filthy deed was heard  
In Windsor's merry halls,  
And the king did swear he would have anon  
The Frenchman's greasy balls.  
So he offered the half of all his lands,  
And the whole of Queen Hortense,  
To the trusty lord of his English court  
Who'd nut the King of France.

So the loyal Duke of Essexshire  
Betook himself to France;  
Then he swore he was a fruitier the king  
Took down his royal pants:  
Then around his prong he tied a thong  
And gaily galloped along,  
Till at last in Windsor's merry halls,  
Was the Frenchman and his dong.

And the king threw up and he shit his pants;  
For in the lengthy ride  
The thbng had stretched by a yard or more  
The fucking Frenchman's pride.  
And then all the ladies of London town  
Who saw the mighty stand  
Cried aloud, "To hell with the English crown!"  
And made Philip King of England.

The minstrels sing of an English king who many long years ago  
Ruled his land with an iron hand, and his mind was weak and low.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag within the royal wood;  
But his favorite occupation was to pull the royal pud!  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

His only undergarment was a dirty undershirt  
Which half concealed the royal hide but failed to hide the dirt.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she.  
She loved to fool with the royal tool of the king across the sea.  
She sent a special message by a royal messenger  
To ask the King of England if he wouldn't sleep with her.  
Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of France heard the news and summoned the royal court.  
He told them how he had lost because his tool was short.  
He summoned the Count of Ziggidysap, to give the queen a dose of clap  
By which to bitch the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The King of England heard the news outside the castle walls.  
He swore upon his testicles he'd have the Frenchie's balls.  
He offered half his kingdom and a piece of Queen Hortense  
To any loyal subject who would down the King of France.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Earl of Sussex mounted his horse and betook himself to France.  
He swore he was a fairy, and the King took down his pants.  
He knotted a thong around his dong, and mounted his horse and rode  
along,  
And brought him to the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of England shot his load and fainted on the floor,  
For during the ride his rival's pride had stretched three yards or  
more;

The merry maids of England came down to London town  
And shouted round the castle's walls:

"To hell with the English crown!"

The king usurped the royal throne;  
His sceptre was the royal bone  
By which he bitched the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

THE BALLAD OF KING FARUK AND QUEEN FARIDA

O we're all black bastards, but we do love our king.  
Every night at the flicks you can hear us fuckin' sing:

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just fuckin' wags, but we do love him so,  
And we all do without just to keep him on the go;

From Sollum to Solluch,

Tel el Kebir to Tobruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just damned niggers that a bugger brouth to birth,  
But when we have a bint, then we want our money's worth.

You may have a tarboosh,

A gamel, a gamoos,

But you can't fuck Farida if you ain't got filoos.

O it's no use to say, if you want to have it in,  
"Be a sport, King Faruk!" He would only fuckin' grin.

You may beg on your knees,

He would just say "Mafeesh."

Oh, you won't get Farida if you don't give baksheesh.

O his subjects all tell of the fame of King Faruk  
From Gezira to Turf, from Helwan to Bab-el-Louk.

They can tell what a sell,

Hang their balls on a hook,

For they can't fuck Farida if they don't fuck Faruk!

If her boudoir you pass 'tween the hours of ten and two,  
You will see all the Wafd standing waiting in a queue.

Though Nahas ain't an ass,

Though Nahas is a crook,

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

O it's not hard to see poor Delilah's up a tree,  
For the "She" wears the horns in the Lampson familee.

Old Sir Miles with his wiles

In advance tries to book --

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

If you feel like a grind when you've had a pint of beer,  
To the Berka wend your way, where it ain't too fuckin' dear.

Quais ketir, mangariyeh,

Quas ketir gonrrrhoa.

Shufty kus. Got filoos? Shove it up -- from the rear!

Queen Farida's very gay when Faruk has got his pay,  
but she ain't so bleedin' glad when she's in the family way.

Stanna shwaya! O desire!

Stanna shwaya! Pull your wire.

Pull your pud. Does it good. Send it higher! Send it higher!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Hang your ballocks on a hook!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Let the swaddies have a look.

Quais ketir Abassia!

Bags o' beer. Shit and fear!

Up your pipe! Take a swipe! Quais ketir! Quais ketir!

O this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if we made old Nahas king.

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Oh, we won't mind your morals if you hand out the cash.

And this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if they'd Rommel for a king.

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Oh, we're glad you've won the battle and we're so bucked  
you're here!

Then sing Sieg Heil for Egypt's King

And to his feet your tributes bring.

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

Tune: Salam el Malik (Egyptian National Anthem).

The version as sung (1942) in the First South African Division,  
Seventh Armored Division, Ninth Australian Division, Second New  
Zealand Division, and Fifty First Highland Division.

### Glossary (Arabic)

Quais ketir -- plenty good; bint -- woman; tarboosh -- fez; gamel  
-- camel; gamoos -- water buffalo; filoos -- money; mafeesh --  
"there ain't none"; Bab-el-Louk -- Cairene railway terminus; stan-  
na shwaya -- take it easy (Lat. stay a little).

"Sung by the troops in all the civilian cinemas, when the Egyptian  
national anthem was played." -- Cecil Woolf, London, 1951.

### Additional Glossary

Abassia -- a suburb of Cairo; Wog -- an Arab; Nahas Pasha -- lead-  
er of the Wafdist Party; Up a tree -- pregnant; Berka -- Arab  
quarter; mangariyeh -- food; ous -- female pudendum; Swaddies --  
British troops; Gippos -- Egyptians.

Last verse, p. 21 (actually the 8th verse), refers to Faruk's pro-  
Axis sympathy.

The story goes that Socrates, that Wise Athenian codger,  
Carried concealed about his clothes a rara avis dodger,  
Wherewith he used, whenas he felt particularly nippy  
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.  
Young Alcibiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion  
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion,  
Which spurred him not Xantippewards to coddle and to hug her,  
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts 'twas not considered nasty  
For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pederasty.  
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times, the Master,  
Did know a tergo, as they say, a pretty boy, high Aster.  
The old Diogenes who thrived by raising of the Dickens  
Was wont to occupy all bums from pupils down to chickens;  
While that revered and austere man, the great and pious Solon,  
Did penetrate a Thracian youth unto his transverse colon.  
In short it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle  
This gummy vent instead of that with which the ladies piddle.

Now Alcibiades was tall, and straight as any arrow;  
His buttox thrilled old Socrates unto his very marrow.  
No hairs as yet profaned the vale that cleft those globes asunder,  
No hairs to stay the fetid breath of bogorygnal thunder,  
No hairs to interrupt the course of his diurnal ordure  
And gather from that excrement a rank dilberrie bordure.  
His sphincter was as fair a band, so Socrates protested,  
As ever kept one's victuals in or passed them undigested.

No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous beauty,  
And on its virgin fords no prick had spent its pleasing duty;  
Like some sweet bud it nested there; the winds blew gently through it  
Scenting the breeze; Old Socrates more madly longed to do it.  
But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection  
When Socrates proposed the scheme of forming a connection.  
The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was nasty,  
That his prodex was for voiding dung, and not for pederasty,  
And kept the horny old philosopher from being hasty.  
And so he grew from day to day; his bum waxed hourly fatter,  
And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter.

It so befell that on a day in sweaty summer weather  
They walked into the Acropolis quite casually together;  
And as they walked the youth bent down to tie his sandal laces --  
They always come unlaced, you know, at meanest times and places --  
And as he stooped he lifted high and left without protection  
The lower tract of his virgin gut from pod to sigmoid flexion.  
For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapism;  
His ponderous ods, a sight for Gods, were both surcharged with gism.  
Seeing that bum, and his first chance, he made up his mind to spot 'em,  
So he hit 'em a lick with his attic prick and occupied Alcy's bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian boy begged, bellowed, pissed, and farted;  
Full twenty minutes passed before his friend and he had parted.  
And while old Socrates explored the tantalizing glories  
Of rugae and plicae and quivering levatories,  
The victim of his lust cried out: "Ehue, that all in vain I  
Should to this hour have kep t intact my rosy sphincter ani!  
Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old odger,  
With his three-cornered velper and his greasy balls to roger.

Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's embraces?  
As I have had the chance to do at divers times and places?  
Why not have given up my wealth of callipyggeous treasure  
To handsome Cimon's burning lust or pious Pluto's pleasure?  
How would the men have gloried in my coy and virgin rectum,  
With nary a thought of vagrant dung, or cundoms to protect 'em;  
But now, yet gods, this lecherous goat with sardonic soulduggery  
Doth rive my arse in twain with his incarnate god of buggery,  
And when he pulls the pintle out, with which just now he shuts in  
The sigh my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts in?"  
Thus railed the youth against the fate that threatened to undo him;  
But Soc, all heedless of his cries, right briskly socked it to him.  
He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow  
That when thereafter Alcy pooped, the poop was mostly tallow.

(Written by Field for the Papyrus Club of Boston in 1888.)

I am a young stenographer,  
My age is just sixteen,  
And I will frankly tell you  
The things I've done and seen.

The men have always called me  
A very pretty girl;  
They say my form is perfect;  
And my mother named me Pearl.

My first job was in a garden,  
And I was greatly pleased;  
I left it on the second day  
Because my tits were squeezed.

I then worked for a lawyer,  
And this job was a cinch;  
I liked it very well until  
He gave my ass a pinch.

I slapped a fresh old geezer  
Who dealt in eggs and cheese,  
Because his hands were working  
Too far above my knees.

A doctor then employed me,  
Who had not much to do,  
But spent his time in flirting  
And asking me to screw.

A boy, working in his office,  
Teased me till I cried,  
And boldly took his prick out  
And jerked off by my side.

A smart professor told me  
I was a shapely lass;  
I quit because he wanted  
To goose me in the ass.

I tried a certain doctor  
Who came up from the South,  
Who always tried to coax me  
To take it in my mouth.

I felt the insult greatly,  
It gave me such a shock;  
I had to quit again because  
I wouldn't suck his cock.

I next worked for a preacher,  
A hairy little runt;  
I left because he begged me  
To let him lick my cunt.

At last, I decided  
To take things as they came,  
And if I lost another job  
I'd have myself to blame.

I saw an advertisement  
For a confidential clerk;  
I found a handsome bachelor  
Who offered pleasant work.

I came on Monday morning,  
And knew where I was at;  
He settled in a rocker,  
Taking off his hat.

The boss got down to business:  
He said he'd treat me right;  
He pulled me down upon his lap,  
And there he held me tight.

Along my lace-trimmed panties  
His cunning fingers stole;  
I shyly spread my legs apart  
To help him reach his goal.

In just about a second  
He found my pussy there;  
I felt his fingers working  
There in my curly hair.

He placed a cunning finger  
Into my burning slot;  
He pushed it in and out  
Until my hole got hot.

Responding to such treatment,  
My cunt grew moist and soft;  
Love's strolling way lost no  
delay,  
But wanted to go off.

He knew a little trick of nature  
To fill my tender quiff  
Quite full of juicy lubricant  
To help his gallant stiff.

In answer to this dallying  
Each part sent forth a stream,  
Until my dainty love-nest  
Was filled with slippery cream.

His other hand was plucking  
My shirt-waist clean and new,  
And in another moment  
My breasts came into view.

He disengaged my chemise  
From round my shoulders white,  
And as it fell below my knees  
I knew he'd seen a sight.

My snow-white tits heaved up and  
down,  
As soft and deep he pressed;  
They filled right out with zeal;  
The nipples stood erect.

Between his burning lips, he took  
The tempting nipple on the left  
And while engaged in sucking it,  
He stroked the other tit.

I felt his body quiver,  
And I looked down to see  
The cause of this commotion,  
And saw his cock was free.

Its head had formed an opening  
Like a knife so sharp and keen;  
The boss then let my nipple go,  
And ripped the buttons clean.

His noble staff stood stiff and  
firm;  
~~It quivered and it danced;~~  
The boss jumped up in frantic  
haste,  
And struggled with his pants.

Within a moment he was stripped,  
And said please do the same;  
I too disrobed completely then,  
With disregard for shame.

We both stood there naked,  
Like kids when they were born;  
His cock was stiff and husky,  
Just like an ear of corn.

He made me pull his pecker,  
Which made it larger still;  
I raised his balls upon my hand  
And got an awful thrill.

I squeezed it hard below the head  
And jerked it in and out;  
And when the thing began to throb,  
I thought I held a trout.

And as I pulled his majesty,  
He rubbed my throbbing nest;  
It took but just a moment  
To make him do the rest.

"My dear," he said politely,  
You've got it good and stiff;  
Now come and let me put it  
Into your pretty quiff!"

He laid me on the sofa  
And spread my legs apart;  
He kissed my dimpled belly  
And mounted for the start.

He placed my hand upon my tit,  
Which I pushed up to his lips;  
He settled down to do his bit,  
And started his prick into my  
slit.

Its husky head now quivering  
Was buried in my crush;  
He put his hand around my back  
And gave a dandy push.

Each time he sent it deeper  
His tool would gain an inch;  
My surging cunt was stretching  
But he couldn't make me flinch.

I wrapped my legs around  
His strong and brawny back;  
My ass I shoved up quickly  
To meet his fierce attack.

This motion soon grew faster --  
Oh, boy, how he could screw! --  
I knew I had him going,  
So I worked faster too.

I nearly swooned with rapture,  
Because I loved it so;  
And his knob was discharging  
To meet my maiden flow.

We both went off together,  
And bliss was in that room;  
And hot emotion mingled  
Within my burning womb.

For some time we lay panting,  
Locked in each other's arms,  
Until I felt the drippings  
Of that wand of magic charms!

About an hour later,  
As the clock was striking one,  
The boss set me on his lap  
And sucked my tits for fun.

I grasped his lily-white penis,  
Because I couldn't resist;  
With rapid motions up and down,  
I jerked it off with my fist.

His belly squirmed with each  
stroke,  
He wiggled with delight;  
I placed my other hand on it  
And worked with all my might.

This time I got above him;  
Inside my quiff I tucked  
The head of his enchanting cock;  
Then on top of him I fucked.

This quickly did the business,  
And made his pecker swell;  
The boss was lying on his back,  
And I was hot as hell.



At first I moved quite slowly  
 To make the pleasure last,  
 But gradually increased my speed  
 And then we both worked fast.

I held my body higher  
 To make him close to me;  
 He raised his buttocks quickly  
 And drove it straight to me.

His greasy back was sliding  
 Between my shapely lips;  
 They opened up to smother it,  
 And round its head they  
 slipped.

It roused up all my passion;  
 My ass, I made it whirl  
 With short and happy circles  
 Like any happy girl.

The boss suddenly turned over;  
 To him it was a joke;  
 With his arms around my belly  
 He gave my ass a poke.

Then cigarettes were lighted,  
 And he played a little joke;  
 He stuck one in my monkey  
 To teach it how to smoke.

Before the day was over  
 I tried another trick;  
 Between my snow-white boobies  
 I squeezed his swelling prick.

I kept on squeezing harder  
 Until it had to spit,  
 And then the sticky fluid  
 Went trickling down my tits.

I made up my mind quickly  
 To make his pecker stiff;  
 I swore I'd have it spitting  
 Until he hollered quits.

He stretched upon the sofa;  
 His pecker was standing  
 straight;  
 He closed his eyes with rapture,  
 And I just took the bait.

I twirled his prick in circles,  
 I shot it to and fro,  
 I jerked it up and jerked it  
 down  
 To make the dew-drops flow.

I glanced down at his belly;  
 It was a sight to see;  
 It was heaving up and down  
 Just like a rolling sea.

I placed my fingers on his balls,  
 His breathing soon got faster;  
 His belly rose and fell;  
 I thought that he would yell.

I tickled here, I tickled there,  
 I dallied with delight;  
 His dangling balls I stroked  
 with glee;  
 His prick, I squeezed it  
 tight.

I gripped his pecker firmly,  
 I shook his balls once more;  
 He shot into the air  
 As I held his dripping oar.

The juicy stream rolled down my  
 hand,  
 And oh, but it was hot!  
 The shining head was dripping  
 white;  
 I thought it would never stop.

I still continued jerking  
 Upon his great big gun;  
 I swore I'd make him holler,  
 For I had just begun.

The juicy stream quit coming out;  
 His prick was shrinking fast;  
 It doubled up and quivered  
 Just like a broken mast.

The boss rolled over on his side;  
 He really wished to rest;  
 I took his jaded pecker  
 And stuck it on my nest.

This time I didn't put it  
 Into my vaginal swell,  
 But kept it lying lengthwise  
 Outside my dripping well.

It lay there in the opening  
 Of love, sweet and fair;  
 His balls were resting on my ass;  
 The head was in my hair.

The widening lips enfolded it  
 And kissed its head so neat;  
 I threw my legs around his hips  
 And gave the boss a treat.

This spread my swelling cunt;  
 It gave me lots of room  
 To slide my love way up and down  
 Against his noble spoon.

His prick began to tremble  
 There in its favorite spot;  
 Its size was enormous  
 As it moved within my slot.

He threw his arms around me  
 In a wild and frenzied embrace,  
 And I moved my cunt slowly,  
 For I knew there was no haste.

The pleasure was unparalleled;  
 My body thrilled with joy;  
 This time I knew that I could  
 clean  
 The cock of that old boy.

His prick was now gigantic  
 And pounded like a boom;  
 It sought to find that juicy hole  
 That led into my womb.

Stalling and delaying,  
 I played the game of love;  
 I slid my nest up quickly,  
 And he gave my ass a shove.

I raised my cunt a little,  
 And then I let it slip  
 Right down upon his prick:  
 This surely did the trick.

A cock eight inches long he  
 plunged  
 Into my throbbing womb;  
 I never hoped to find such joy  
 As I did right in that room.

It was sometime later  
 That I released my cunt;  
 The boss was really weary,  
 For he let out a grunt.

"You've given my cock a lesson;  
 You made it spit with glee;  
 You played it out completely;  
 A rest is now my plea!"

At nine o'clock next morning  
 I went to work, it's true;  
 I felt a little giddy  
 And itching for a screw.

The gay young spark was waiting;  
 He called me his darling kid,  
 while he hugged me up so closely,  
 And some other things he did.

He locked the doors and windows  
 And opened a bottle of booze;  
 We drank and raised the devil  
 And did just what we choose.

Of course, it made me giddy;  
 My head began to sing;  
 But I stripped myself skin-naked  
 And the boss stripped off every-  
 thing.

Reclining on a sofa,  
 I puffed a cigarette  
 And spread my legs widely,  
 And my box felt hot and wet.

My knees were elevated;  
 On the sofa I did lay;  
 The boss looked at my beauty,  
 And then I heard him say:

"Your ass is fair and round;  
 Your thighs are shapely built;  
 Your cunt is well-developed;  
 Your hair is soft as silk."

He bent his head still lower  
 To gaze with sparkling eyes;  
 And then his face he buried  
 Between my shapely thighs.

The boss before me kneeling  
 Now braced himself in front  
 And gave a little shiver  
 As his tongue went in my cunt.

My heart was beating faster;  
 His nose was flatly pressed;  
 His lips went to it hotly  
 As he kissed my cuckoo's nest.

His hands were on my boobies;  
 I shook them to and fro  
 To keep time with his sucking  
 And my excited nerves below.

Around his neck was hugging  
 My shapely legs were hung;  
 My blushing cunt with rapture  
 Was licking at his tongue.

A burst of smothered laughter  
 From my lips shrilly pealed;  
 My belly twitched and wiggled,  
 But nature had to yield.

The lapper was rewarded  
 With a stream of juicy cream;  
 Right in his mouth I fed it;  
 He had me about to scream.

At length my head was resting,  
 And here I must confess,  
 While it was quite depressing,  
 I liked the French way best.

His tired tongue burned madly  
 And did a slippery stunt;  
 His lips drained all the juice  
 That filled my dripping cunt.

At length the boss rose slowly  
 And sat upon a chair;  
 I saw his pecker standing;  
 Its size was something rare!

I've heard of girls who practice  
The French unnatural way;  
I too made up my mind  
To see if it were gay.

The boss leaned back and waited;  
The new desire I felt;  
And so without delay  
Between his knees I knelt.

In a moment I was busy  
Within those office walls;  
In a most adoring manner  
I kissed his prick and balls.

My fair white arms were clasping  
Around his naked hips;  
I took the head of his pecker  
Between my ruby lips.

My pretty lips just fitted  
Around his noble shaft;  
I drew out all I could get,  
For it was very fast.

My moist lips were slipping  
On flesh erect and firm,  
And every time that I'd recoil,  
The boss would panting squirm.

I varied the operation  
And, using my tongue to lick,  
The throbbing sensitive part  
Of his enormous prick.

My mouth was overflowing,  
But that didn't make me stop;  
I always liked the taste of cream,  
So I swallowed every drop,

Until his balls were resting  
Upon my dimpled chin,  
And still I sucked upon his cock,  
Which was all the way in.

Before the day was over,  
We both got down again;  
I tried a double-header,  
This time making it ten.

The boss lay on the sofa;  
His legs were widely spread;  
Reversed to his nakedness,  
I stretched over his head.

His tongue at once got busy;  
My box was fondly tapped;  
My boobies rose and fell,  
The way my cunt was lapped.

He had a nice big hard-on,  
The kind that I adore;  
I took its tempting throbbing  
head  
Between my lips once more.

I sucked his cock with greediness,  
And licked till I was sick;  
The boss was pressing in my ass  
And lapping my juicy quiff.

I had his big stick writhing,  
And my cunt began to spout;  
His cock was also spitting,  
And I sucked in every drop.

It was a great sensation  
Of wild and delicious bliss;  
The most fabulous fucking  
Can't thrill the nerves like  
this!

When both of us were satisfied,  
He pinched my ass to rise;  
I had nearly smothered him  
Between my perfumed thighs.

His cock is growing larger;  
My cunt is growing too;  
We spend much time together,  
Because we love to screw.

I like to pull his pecker  
And feel it growing stiff,  
And watch the spouting love-juice  
Shoot forth from his big prick.

So my diary is finished;  
I hope you have been pleased;  
And if you too were lying here,  
I'd give your cock a squeeze.

I'd demonstrate each lesson  
So you'd know what to do  
When some nice girl is waiting  
To have you teach her how to  
screw.

But read this little diary;  
The points are very plain;  
And when you meet your sweetie,  
Just let her do the same.

She will just love to have you  
Strip her to the skin  
And kiss her little cuntie  
Before your prick goes in.

Rub her snow-white boobies  
And shake them to and fro;  
Let her pull upon your prick  
Until it begins to grow.

Lay her on the sofa;  
Spread her legs apart;  
Let her hold onto your prick  
Till you are ready to start.

Let her make her motions,  
As she will quickly do;  
Hold your ass up in the air;  
That is the way to screw.

When the pleasure is all over,  
Kiss her juicy box;  
Let her hold your limber prick  
Until it again gets hot.

She will love you for it  
And let you have your way,  
To give her pleasant lessons  
And fuck her every day!

1. MARY MOTHER (1946)

Mary, Mother, I believe  
Without sin thou didst conceive;  
Mary, Mother, still believing,  
Let me sin without conceiving!

2. HERE'S TO THE MAID (1946)

Here's to the maid who's not afraid  
Her lover's dick to handle;  
To hell with the maid who sits in the  
shade  
And fucks herself with a candle!

3. IF THE SKIRTS (1928)

If the skirts grow any shorter,  
Said the flapper with a sob,  
I'll have two more cheeks to powder  
And another place to bob!

4. HICKORY (1928)

Hickory is the hardest wood;  
Jazzing does the ladies good;  
It brightens their eyes and widens  
their thighs,  
And gives their asses good exercise!

5. SAM MCGUIRE (1946)

This is the story of Sam McGuire,  
Ran through the town with his pants on  
fire,  
Got to the doctor's and fainted with  
fright,  
For the doctor told him his end was in  
sight!

6. (FARMER BROWN) (1946) *Dummy Line*

Farmer Brown had an awful scare,  
Was chased ten miles by a grizzly bear;  
Everyone thought he had lost his mind,  
Running ten miles with a bare behind!

7. THE (JAYBIRD) (1946) *Two Little Flies*

Oh, a jaybird flew in a country store,  
And he shit on the counter and shit on  
the floor;  
He wiped his ass on a piece of ham,  
And didn't give a damn for the grocery  
man!

8. THE SCORPION (1928)

The scorpion climbed the tarantula's  
neck  
And shortled with fiendish glee!!  
I'll fuck this poisonous son-of-a-bitch  
Or it's a cinch that he'll fuck me!

9. GALAHAD (1946)

My cock has been in many cunts,  
But never in more than one at once!

10. BOGGY-WOGGY (1952)

St. Louis woman,  
She had a yen for men;  
She went to bed  
With a rubber fountain pen.  
The rubber broke  
And the ink went wild,  
And now she's nursing  
A boggy-woggy child!

11. A TOAST (Undated)

Here's to the men!  
When I meet 'em, I like 'em;  
When I like 'em, I kiss 'em;  
When I kiss 'em, I love 'em;  
When I love 'em, I let 'em;  
When I let 'em, I lose 'em.  
God damn 'em!

12. (VIOLET TIME) (1943)

Violate me in violet time  
In the vilest way you know --  
Ruin me, ravage me,  
Brutally, savagely,  
On me no mercy bestow!  
To the man who is gentle and kind I'm  
oblivious;  
Give me a man who is lewd and lasciv-  
ious!  
Violate me in violet time,  
In the vilest way you know!

13. THE FOOL (1928)

A fool there was and he made his prayer,  
Even as you and I,  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;  
Then he put the bone up against the  
hair,  
And the damned fool found that the rag  
was there!

14. WHORE HOUSE KEEPER (?)

He that will a whore-house keep  
Must have three things in store:  
A chamber-pot, a feather-bed,  
A chimbley and a whore!

15. THE LAST DOLLAR (?)

Cards and booze and dice;  
Blueballs, crabs, and lice;  
I've had 'em all,  
But Jesus Christ,  
I've got another dollar  
So I'll have another slice.

16. BELLY TO BELLY (1930's)

It's belly to belly  
And tongue to tongue;  
I made a grab for Lil's left lung;  
I missed her lung and grabbed her gall,  
And out came bag, shit, guts, and all!  
Stink? A Godddddd-damn!

17. SATISFIED WITH LIFE (1927)

All I want is fifty thousand women  
Earning lots of money just for me;  
And then I want a harem of good-lookers  
Naked cunt and honey, just for me;  
If I only had a hundred tons of yen-she,  
And the nerve to kill my bull-bitch of  
a wife;  
And if I never had to take the hopcure,  
Then I think that I'd be satisfied with  
life!

18. (LOST) (1920's)

I lost my arm in the army;  
I lost my leg in the navy;  
I lost my balls  
Over Niagara Falls;  
And I lost my cock in a lady.

19. A MAN'S TOAST (?)

Tobacco when you're tired,  
And whiskey when you're blue;  
Cunt-hole when your cock stands,  
And Heaven when you're through.

20. OSCAR (?)

Oscar was a Wilde man,  
He threw the boy a fritter;  
And when the boy stooped over,  
He shoved it in his shitter.

21. HIZZEN AND HERN (1946)

Drifting down the stream of izzen,  
They were seated in the stern,  
And she had her hand on hizzzen,  
And he had his hand on hern!

22. QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

O Cunt, O Cunt, thou slimy slit,  
Besmeared with hair, besmirched with  
shit;  
Like a polecat's ass, thou smelliest  
bad,  
But O thou Cunt, thou must be had!

23. (OLD KING COLE) (1930) *Stone: "Old King Cole"*

Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,

With a buckskin belly and a rubber  
ass-hole.

Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,

And a bugger for the hole was he;

He called for his wife

And stuck her with a knife,

And out jumped a K-I-D

(And out jumped four kids three)!

24. (JOYS OF COPULATION) (1952) *[2 texts]*

Do you know John Peel?

Yes, I know him very weel;

He sleeps with his wife,

But he never gets a feel;

He sleeps by her side,

But he never gets a ride,

And he wakes up with a hard-on in the  
morning

(And he revels in the throes of mas-  
turbation)!

25. WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD (?)

When a man grows old

And his balls grow cold,

And the head of his dick turns blue;

When he goes to diddle

And it bends in the middle --

Did that ever happen to you?

26. THE BASS (1946)

Of all the fish that swim the seas

I love the best the bass;

It climbs up into seaweed trees,

And slides down on its ass!

1.

In Your Boyhood Days      not sure?

First you knock at the door, and then you ask for Annie,  
Then you put in a nickel in the old pianny;  
And down comes Annie in her dirty silk kimono,  
All dolled up with perfume and cologne;  
Then you pay your dollar for a bottle of beerie;  
Another dollar goes for the music you hearie,  
Three dollars more, and up you go with dearie,  
And then you've got nine days of doubt and fearie!

2.

Daydreams

Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;  
I'd live in a house with a little red light,  
And I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night;  
I'd take a rest about once a month  
To drive my customers wild --  
Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
Instead of a legitimate child!

*Fascinating Lady*

3.

The Woodpecker

A woodpecker flew in a schoolhouse yard,  
And he started to peck, for his pecker was hard;  
So he flew on the sill just over the door,  
And he pecked and he pecked till his pecker was sore!  
He looked at his pecker, and his countenance fell;  
No more could he peck till his pecker got well;  
So there he sits on the schoolhouse yard,  
And his head gets red and his pecker gets hard!

4.

Pussy Is Peculiar

Now, pussy is peculiar,  
It makes a man a fool,  
It takes away his worries,  
But wears away his tool.  
When he climbs upon a woman,  
He hasn't long to stay,  
For his head is full of nonsense,  
And his ass is full of play.  
Though he climbs on like a lion,  
He rolls off like a lamb,  
And when he buttons up his pants,  
He isn't worth a damn.  
His sporting days are over soon,  
His lights are burning out.  
What used to be his sex appeal  
Is now his water spout!

5.

(What My Wife Wants Tonight)

I wonder what my wife will want tonight;  
 I wonder if the wife will fuss and fight?  
 I wonder can she tell  
 That I've been raising hell,  
 Wonder if she'll know that I've been tight?  
 My wife is just as nice as nice can be;  
 I hope she doesn't feel too nice toward me!  
 For an afternoon of joy,  
 Is hell on the old boy!  
 I wonder what the wife will want tonight?

6.

Best Wishes N6

May the bleeding piles possess you,  
 And the corns claim both your feet,  
 And crabs as big as cockroaches  
 Crawl around on your balls and eat,  
 And the whole world turn against you  
 Till you're a total wreck  
 And you fall right through your ass-hole  
 And break your God damned neck!

7.

(Two Irishmen) [texts] (Sonny Jim)

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen, were digging in a ditch;  
 One called the other one a dirty son-of-a---  
 Peter Murphy had a dog, a very fine dog was he;  
 He lent it to his lady-friend to keep her company;  
 She led him, she fed him, she kept him on the jump;  
 One day he ran up her petticoat and grabbed her by the---  
 Country boy from Germany was sitting on a rock;  
 Along came a bumble-bee and stung him on the---  
 Cocktails and ginger-ale, five cents a glass!  
 If you don't like this story, you can stick it up your---  
Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies;  
If you ever get hit with a bucket of shit,  
 Be sure to close your eyes!

8.

The (Old Farmer) There Once Was a Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
 Stroking his whiskers and shaking his fist  
 At a young maiden who sat by the creek  
 Watching the little boys play with their  
 Marbles and tarbles and all things of yore,  
 When along came a lady; they called her a  
 Decent young lady, who sat in the grass,  
 And when she turned over, you could see up her  
 Ruffles and tuffles and sometimes a tuck;  
 You knew by her actions she knew how to  
 Bring up her children and teach them to knit;  
 The boys in the barnyard were shoveling out  
 Apples and corncocks and all by the peck;  
 And that is the end of my story, by heck!



9.

Sonny Jim  
(Extended from "Lulu")

I had a little brother,  
His name was Sonny Jim;  
We put him in the pisspot  
To learn him how to swim.  
He floated to the bottom;  
He floated to the top;  
My sister got excited  
And grabbed him by the cock-  
Tails, ginger-ales,  
Five cents a glass,  
And if you don't like it,  
Shove it up your --  
Ask me no questions,  
I'll tell you no lies;  
But a man got hit  
With a bag of shit,  
Right between his eyes!

10.

Mary's Cat

(In "Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," 1928)

not seen

Mary had a little cat  
With curly short black hair,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That puss was always there.  
Now, there are many naughty boys,  
But Mary knew the brats  
Who, with their little squirt-guns,  
Are always shooting cats.  
But Mary kept her cat well hid  
Beneath her underskirt,  
And so it did escape the boys  
And seldom got a squirt.  
Now, Mary had a nice young beaux,  
Who, like all other beaux,  
Has one of these same squirt-guns  
Concealed beneath his clothes.  
As he was courting her one night,  
And she beside him sat,  
He reached beneath her petticoat  
And caught her by the cat.  
Did Mary faint or say, "Please don't!"  
Or yell, or scream, or holler?  
Not she! She let him play with it  
And charged him half a dollar!

STANZAED POEMS FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1.

Miss Malone

Oh, (I met Miss Malone in the graveyard,  
And I laid Miss Malone on a stone;  
And when I socked each stroke to her,  
You could hear all the dead people moan!

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the barnyard,  
And she was all covered with mud;  
And when I asked what had happened,  
She said she'd been climbed by a stud!

2.

Alice Blue Gown

→ tune: "Alice Blue Gown"

(In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown,  
The first time she was ever laid down,  
She was bashful and shy  
When he opened his fly;  
Then he loosened his shirt and took off his tie.

Then he turned her around to the front,  
And he took a good look at her cunt.  
Then she screamed all the louder,  
As he pushed it in farther,  
In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown.

3.

(Sailor's Hornpipe)

(Tiddly-winks, young man,  
Get a whore if you can!)  
If you can't get a whore,  
Get a clean young man!  
From the sunny shores of Malta  
To the rock of old Gibraltar,  
Carry your balls in an old tin can.

Do Your Balls Hang Low

(Do your balls hang low?)  
Do they swing to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Do they make a rusty clamor  
When you hit them with a hammer?  
Do your balls hang low?

4.

Humoresque

My occupation after dark  
Is goosing statues in the park;  
If Sherman's horse can take it,  
Why can't you?

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is in the station.  
I love you!

While the train is in the station,  
We encourage constipation.  
And I hope you love me too!

5.  
(Home, Sweet Home)

~~Home presents a dismal picture;~~  
All is silent as the tomb;  
Uncle Willie has a stricture;  
Maw has falling of the womb!

Brother Jack has got a chancre--  
Caught it from the butcher's wife--  
Sister's mouth is full of canker--  
Grandma's having change of life!

Home presents a dismal picture;  
Gone are all my youthful smiles!  
All my time is spent in chopping  
Ice for Grandpa's bleeding piles!

6.  
A Sad Story

Here's to Bill, my pal of old,  
Companion of my pipe and bowl;  
I guess he's with the angels now,  
God bless his dear old soul!

I had a little the best of Bill  
When it came to drinking booze,  
But the man that could out-fuck old Bill  
Never stood in a pair of shoes!

It wasn't the clap that killed poor Bill,  
Nor was it the want of breath;  
But a little fly crawled up Bill's ass  
And tickled poor Bill to death!

7.  
The Old Whore House

(You're going to leave the old whore-house,)  
Tonight you're going away,  
You're going among those Frisco cunts to dwell.  
Thus spoke a tall blonde whore  
To her pimp one summer's day.  
If your mind's made up that way, I wish you well!

But when syphilis overtakes you,  
When them God damned whores forsake you,  
When the bottoms of your shoes are shot to hell,  
When of money you haven't any,  
But of crumbs you have a-plenty,  
Remember, there's a tall blonde whore awaiting you  
At home, sweet home!

8. *was*I Wish I Were

(Of all the fish, I wish I were,)
   
I wish I were a bass;
   
I'd climb up on the slippery rocks
   
And slide down on my hands and knees!

Of all the birds, I wish I were,
   
I wish I were a duck;
   
I'd stick my head beneath the wave
   
And watch the fishes misbehave!

9.

Stark Naked *no*

("Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," 1928)

Stark naked on the bed she lay,
   
So fat and fair and chubby;
   
Stark naked by her side I lay
   
And in each hand I clasped a bubby!

"Oh!" she cried, with anxious smile,
   
"Must I take that root and have a child?"
   
The root she took, the child she had,
   
And now she's looking for its dad!

10.

(Jesus Christ Almighty)  
(The Girl I Left Behind Me)

*She Jumped in Bed*

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;
   
She was young and flighty;
   
Her hair was brown as buffalo shit.
   
Jesus Christ Almighty!

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;
   
She was young and flighty;
   
Her snatch was rich with the seven-year itch.
   
Jesus Christ Almighty!

11.

Carrie Moore *already typed*

The minister's wife was there,
   
Her arse against the wall;
   
"Put your money on the table, boys;
   
I'm going to ferk 'em all!"

*The Ball of**Carrie Moore*

The groom was in the kitchen
   
Oiling up his tool;
   
The bride was in the icebox
   
Her private parts to cool.

The queen was in the parlor
   
Eatin' bread and honey;
   
The king was in the chambermaid,
   
And she was in the money.

12.

The Saltpeter Song

— time! (My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)"

They say we get milk in our coffee,  
 They say we get milk in our tea,  
 They say we get milk in our oatmeal,  
 But (it tastes like saltpeter to me!)

Bring back, bring back,  
Oh (bring back my manhood to me.) to me;  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my manhood to me!

The colonel says he always drinks it,  
 The sarge says he's glad that it's free,  
 The cook swears there ain't nothing in it,  
 But it tastes like saltpeter to me!

13.

Arrah Wanna

(On the wild and wooly prairie)  
 Lived (an Indian lass;)  
 All the braves for miles around  
 Said, "Heap fine piece of ass!"  
 Then there came an Injun warrior;  
 Big Cock was his name;  
 What he did to Arrah Wanna  
 Was a dirty, fucking shame!

Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
 On a feather bed;  
 He broke her maiden-head;  
 She was kissed and squeezed and screwed  
 Until her ass was black and blue;  
 But all the braves they say:  
 "Well, Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
 In a business way!"

14.

The Good Ship Venus

The captain's daughter Mabel  
 She laid while she was able;  
 The sons of bitches  
 Took her tits  
 And nailed them to the table.

The first mate's name was Randy,  
 And boy, he had a dandy!  
 They crushed his cock  
 Between two rocks  
 For shooting in the brandy!

The second mate's name was Grogan,  
 And boy, he had a gorgon!  
 And all night long  
 He played a song  
 On his reproductive organ!

15.

The Sergeant Major  
(Joys of Copulation)

already typed

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,  
Cats with their ass-holes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of copulation!

Alligators, so it seems,  
Very seldom have wet-dreams;  
But when they do, it comes in streams,  
And they revel in the joys of copulation!

The sergeant-major has a hell of a life;  
He doesn't have a woman and he can't afford a wife,  
And so he simply sticks it up the regimental fife,  
And revels in the joys of copulation!

16.

(A Little Song)  
("Immortalia," 1927)

Listen to me and my little song,  
And I'll tell you how a guy went wrong;  
I used to live with my aunty who was old and wealthy;  
She had a servant girl who was fat and healthy.

I tried my best to get her to lay the leg,  
Or take her in the woodshed on my peg;  
No matter how I tried I didn't seem to figure,  
So I think to this day she was a gold-digger!

I sneaked 'round the back one night going to bed,  
And caught her with her head in a barrel getting bread;  
A chance like that, of course, I couldn't pass:  
So I hoisted up her skirts and oozed it in her ass!

To think of worse luck, My God, I know I can't,  
For when she turned around, Great Guns, it was my aunt!

17.

The Portion of a Woman

Foggy Foggy Dew

There once was a weaver and he lived all alone,  
And he worked at the weaver's trade (boom, boom), [2 texts]  
And the only, only thing that he ever did wrong  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, one dark night, to his surprise,  
When he lay fast asleep,  
A maiden crept to his bedside,  
And there began to weep.  
She wept, she cried, she damn near died;  
So hell, what could he do?  
"Just jump in bed, my pretty maid!" he said,  
"And I'll shield you from the foggy, foggy dew."

Now the old weaver lives with his son,  
And they work at the weaver's trade (boom, boom),  
And every, every time that he looks into his eyes,  
He's reminded of the shy little maid.

He's reminded of the summer time,  
 And of the winter too;  
 But the only, only thing that he ever did wrong,  
 Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

18.

~~The Foggy Foggy Dew~~*Portion of a Woman*  
no

That portion of a woman which appeals to men's depravity  
 Is fashioned with considerable care;  
 And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity,  
 Is really an elaborate affair.

Physicians who have troubled to examine the phenomena,  
 In numbers of experimental games,  
 Have made a list of things they find in feminine abdomena,  
 And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly perinaeum,  
 And the hymen in the case of virgin brides;  
 There are lots of other gadgets, and you'd love 'em if  
 you see 'em;  
 The clitoris, and God knows what besides.

So isn't it a pity when we common people chatter,  
 Of the organ to which I have referred,  
 That we use for such a delicate and complicated matter  
 Such a short and very unattractive word?

8. 1946. 10. 1944. 11. 1952. 12. (?) 13. 1928, P.B.&P.  
 14. 1952. 15. 1951. 16. "Immortalia," 1927. 17. "Songs to  
 be Sung at a Smoker," 1949. 18. 1920's, A.P. Herbert.

A man was walking along in front of a hotel one evening when a full condom fell on the sidewalk in front of him. So he entered the hotel and said to the clerk:

"Say, Bud, who is in the third story front room?"

"My daughter," was the reply.

"Well, is she alone?"

"No, my intended son-in-law is with her. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I thought I ought to tell you that your intended grandson has just had a bad fall!"

Two young women each bought a fat banana. They took them home and after preparing for bed one of the girls said in a disappointed way:

"Why, this one is soft."

"Well, we'll eat that one," her companion quickly remarked.

"Why did you assault this man?" asked the magistrate of a woman who was brought before him.

"He said I looked like a streetcar."

"Well, that's not an insult. You had no reason to strike him."

"It was too insulting. I will not allow any man to think he can get on and off me for five cents!"

A man went to a beach resort to take a swim. Being late getting there, he was forced to take the last bathing suit in the place. It was too small, but he managed to squeeze into it. However, he could not get his balls in, so he peeked out, and seeing nobody near but a small boy, started to run for the water, holding his balls in his hand. The boy discovered him at once and cried out:

"Mister, if you're going to drown them puppies, give me one of them!"

A gentleman after buying a large bill of goods went to the cashier's desk and, throwing down a hundred dollar bill, asked:

"How much do you take off for cash?"

The girl blushed and said, "Everything but my stockings!"

A party of young blades ran across an old dorky who was sunning himself in front of his cabin.

"We'll give you a dollar," they said, "if you will take down your pants and show us Uncle Tom."

The old man was highly insulted and went into the house to tell his wife what had happened. She was indignant that he had not accepted the offer, especially as there was not a cent in the house. Running after the fellows she cried:

"Ef you uns will put a quarter on that there dollar, I'll show you Uncle Tom's cabin."

A young couple were traveling in a railroad coach in which the only other person was apparently blind. The fellow promptly got to work and soon had his hands under the girl's dress between her legs.

"Now you stop," she said; "That man over there is watching us."

"No, he isn't," was her companion's reply. "I'll show you he's blind. So he reached across the aisle and slowly passed his hand in front of the man's face, saying: "Can you see, old man?"

The old fellow sniffed a couple of times and replied energetically:

"No, I'm blind, but lead me to it!"



A man afflicted with a chronic "hard-on" went to the doctor to see what could be done about it. The doctor looked at his cock with admiration, and when the man asked what he would give him for it, he replied with enthusiasm:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

A Scotchman with a battered head was met by a friend who asked what had happened.

"Sandy McPherson hit me with a shovel."

"Well, didn't you hit him back? Didn't you have anything in your hand?"

"Yes. I had Mrs. McPherson's cunt in my hand. But what good was that against a shovel?"

An Irishman and his wife were asleep. She woke up and said: "Pat, is that your knee against my back?"

No answer.

She continued: "If it is your knee, you turn over; if it isn't your knee, I'll turn over."

A man on a streetcar saw another man with his trousers unbuttoned. So he reached across the aisle and, touching the fellow on the knee, whispered:

"Say, your pants are unbuttoned."

"That's all right," was the reply. "I did that on purpose. I left my collar off last night and got a stiff neck!"

A little girl who objected to the long prayers she had been taught, asked her mother why she could not say the short prayers that she overheard her and papa say.

"Why, what prayers do you mean?" asked the mother. "What did we say?"

"Last night I heard you say, 'Oh, God, I'm coming!' And Papa said: 'Jesus Christ, wait for me!'"

Two scrub-women in the city hall were in the family way. They were one morning discussing whether it would be boy or girl.

Just then Casey, the fat janitor, appeared, with his big belly sticking out in front of him.

"What are you going to have, Mr. Casey?" one of the women asked.

"Oi tink it will be an elephant!" he replied. "Put your hand in me pants and feel its trunk!"

Uncle Josh was uneasy. He stretched himself several times, looked out the window, and finally said:

"Wal, I guess I'll take a peck of them sweet taters over to the Widder Wilson."

His old black wife, Jemima, said quietly: "You jus' go out O' doors, Josh, and take a good piss; then you won't be so charitable!"

A tired looking woman appeared before Judge Powers and asked for a divorce on grounds of cruelty. Her husband compelled her to submit to him when, as a matter of fact, his member was so large that it pained her exceedingly. Judge Powers granted a decree.

About a year later another divorce case came before Judge Powers. He looked at the woman in surprise, for she was the one he had divorced before on account of her husband's cruelty.

"Why do you ask for separation this time?" the judge asked.

"On grounds of impotence, your honor. My present husband is incompetent to perform the marriage function."

"Case dismissed!" the judge replied tartly. "This court has other business besides fitting pricks to your cunt, Madame!"

# THE FOLKLORE TRADE WITH GERSHON LEGMAN

Consummated  
in 1952

J. Kenneth Larson

Gershon Legman, an avid ballad collector, was put in touch with me in 1952 by the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. He was then looking into such material on deposit there. And they knew about me because I had offered to put a copy of my COUNTRYSIDE FOLKLORE there. In our exchange of letters, however, he advised against my doing so, saying all such materials indexed in the library were missing, and that he suspected it had been destroyed by virtuous female custodians who found it distasteful. He succeeded in talking me out of giving my book to the Library of Congress and persuaded me, instead, into letting him have a copy. In exchange, he gave me two-for-one out of his own extensive collection. Only years later did it occur to me that he wanted my materials exclusively for himself and hence kept me from giving it to the library also.

In the book which follows, Part One, my own BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO, is kept quite apart from Part Two, TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE, which was contributed by Gershon Legman but given its present arrangement by me. Much of his material is other versions of my own. But each of us also contributes various things quite new to the other.

At this writing, Legman is blind, a widower, and living at Cannes in France.

**PART ONE**

**BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO**

# BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO

Compiled by  
J. Kenneth Larson

A collection of vulgar verses, jokes, and popular ballads, all of them unprintable, obtained by word-of-mouth from those who entertained by them (mostly farmers, laborers, and students), in Malad, McCammon, Moscow, Pocatello, Twin Falls, and Idaho Falls, old localities in Southeastern Idaho, (and a few from Salt Lake City), during the years from 1920 to 1952. The virtue of this material lies not in its snow-white purity but in its uninhibited frankness. It is not Sunday school text, but, rather, the basis for a highly scientific look into the workings of the human mind, in dealing with the sexual impulses that are dammed up (threat of religious damnation!) by the narrow, frustrating mores of our civilization.

168 L St.  
Salt Lake City, 3, Utah  
November 11, 1952

## PREFACE

Victor Hugo, discussing "Argot" in the pages of Les Misérables, tells us that nothing which exists is unworthy of study. Now, as any reader of Hugo is aware, "Argot" is the harsh, cruel bastard language of hardened Paris criminals, developed by them for greater ease in talking over their villainous plans without detection. In this book, though not condoning the filthy language of the underworld, Hugo turns a scientific eye on this form of speech and tries to tell us how and why it originated.

My purpose is similar in making the present collection of vulgar verses, stories, and ballads. (I would be a liar, of course, if I pretended that I did not, at the same time, get an intense satisfaction out of the work, just for the sake of the subject-matter itself. For it did, unquestionably, serve as a release for repressed and inhibited biological needs, in my case, just as in all others. That, certainly, is the very reason for its existence!) I have used no other source than that of oral tradition, by which all folk literature is necessarily secured. I have scorned drawing on the watered-down versions currently in print. And I can hardly make the claim that all the songs in the collection are true ballads in the fullest sense. I must, however, point out that all the selections herein presented are so extremely vulgar as to call for a word of explanation, and to that purpose I devote the remainder of this preface.

I have (if I may say so) gone to considerable trouble to drag out into the light of day those vulgarities which germinate and grow under cover of darkness. They exist, certainly! They serve an important purpose in contemporary life. And they are known and cherished in secret by schoolchildren everywhere, by members of the laboring classes, and by nearly every marriageable youth in the country, with perhaps a very few exceptions. Only the so-called "sissies" are immune to such interest, and even their protestations of aversion are often questionable. Every normal and honest-minded person, in my opinion, passes through a stage in his early youth -- which he may never outgrow -- of intense interest in the vulgar and concealed things of life. Perhaps it is a natural phase of adolescence. It grows out of the intense, excited seeking, the hungering for, that satisfaction of newly awakened passions and desires which, at that age, spring from the sudden ripening of the gonads. And it is only human nature, after all, to be intrigued by life's mysteries.

Vulgar poetry and crude jokes about sex are youth's method of teaching itself the things it wants to know which it has a perfect right to know. They are the id's answer to the suppressing forces of the Super Ego. They are the primitive man's evasion of the stifling, the conformity-demanding forces of civilization. The narrowmindedness of our forefathers in condemning natural instincts and in concealing under a cloak of stinking mystery facts that should be dealt with fairly and in the open is largely responsible for the growth and continued existence of the large body of filth -- it can hardly be called literature -- which, by distorting sex, by emphasizing all its worst aspects, from generation to generation corrupts the minds of our youth.

For centuries medical science was ignorant and often deadly to its patients because it was founded on a false modesty which forbade dissection, discussion, or even a simple study of the human body. Today, thank God!, we are escaping at last from such prudery. The thoughts of men are directly related to their bodies, since they arise out of the functions of the body. Yet, even now, in this age of enlightenment, many thoughts and expressions are taboo because they have long been labeled as vulgar. We seemingly cannot escape the grim shadow of the past!

Modern psychiatry, perhaps, is doing more than all other forces combined, in our time, to break down old prejudices and free the human mind. The process of psychoanalysis, certainly (to which I, myself, have twice submitted, under entirely different doctors and entirely different schools), is one of raking slime from the very bottom of the subconscious!

Another force which has, of late, tended to free the world from prudery and false values, is the revolt of woman (made possible by suffragette victories, by job equality, and by the development of scientific methods of contraception) against the double-standard, which for so many centuries kept half the race in slavery to the other half. The automobile, too, has had its share in bringing about change. It has freed mankind from its old bondage to locality and to the public opinion of the little community with its in-group hostility against the out-group. Likewise, the movement in free thought has been furthered by such improved methods of dissemination of ideas as radio and television.

Like Hugo, I have little sympathy for prudery, for bigotry, for the kind of narrow-mindedness which taboos a subject and makes it unspeakable. To me it seems that all things which exist are natural, that they grow out of definite causes and fill a definite need. It is only the artificial standards of society that make one thing vulgar and another polite. The weed along the roadside is no less natural than the blooming rose! We cannot shut our eyes and, by so doing, force it out of existence.

If the youth of our country are to get proper perspective and wholesome attitudes (for, in spite of all progress, the undercurrents of suppression and of revolt against it through vulgarity continue), the so-called vulgar ballad must be dragged out into the open and examined in the light of day. If it is truly evil, and if its effects are to be eliminated, then its cause must be determined and remedied, and something more useful and healthful substituted in its place. Wholesome substitution may be possible, but eradication is out of the question, perhaps not even desirable. The fundamental point to be considered, no doubt, is that vulgar ballads we have and vulgar ballads we shall always have. They become innocuous, however, in the absence of suppression of information. Therefore, though not a respected place, they at least deserve a place of recognition and study, not only as the literature of the subconscious, but as the science of evasion from repression.

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## THE SHEEPHERDER

A.

(Ivan Peterson)

A sheepherder lying upon the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary ass.  
A ewe came up and licked his balls  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The sheepherder woke from out his sleep  
In time to catch and f--- that sheep!  
A magpie sitting in a tree nearby  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear but an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good f---!  
He rammed so hard that the sheepherder's nuts  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts.  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His bolls will be hanging out of their ears!

B.

(Larry Martin)

A sheepherder lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his ass.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The sheepherder he awoke  
And started f---ing his nanny-goat.  
The nanny-goat bled, and the sheepherder quit;  
The dog jacked off, and the magpie shit!

## THE OLD APPLE TREE

(Larry Martin)

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
    A little black spot;  
    She called it her "Twat,"  
But it looked like her ass hole to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
    In the tall green grass  
    I got some fine ass  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
    A dose of the claps,  
    The shankers perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!



DICKEY AND MURPHEY  
(Benj Edwards)

Dickey and Murphey were playing in the ditch,  
When Dickey called Murphey a dirty son-of-a- ----  
Bring all your children and let them play with sticks,  
Or when they grow older they'll play with their ----  
Dickey and Murphey had a little doggie;  
They lent him to a lady to keep her company;  
She led him and fed him, until one day on a hunt,  
He played all around her petticoats and ----  
Country lass a-sitting on the grass;  
A fence-post fell over and ran a sliver up her ----  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies;  
And if I finish this I hope I die  
And go to ----  
Hello, Central, how's your brownie hair?  
And if you have no whiskey, I'll have to drink your beer!

BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

Pack up all my underwear--  
I don't care, anywhere!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
He taught me how to dance and sing;  
He taught me how to shake his thing!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
He took me to his cottage in the wildwood,  
And there he took advantage of my childhood!  
He went once, and I went twice!  
Holy jumping Jesus Christ!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

I dreamed last night and the night before  
That two old tomcats came knocking at the door;  
I went down stairs to let them in,  
And they knocked me down with a rolling pin;  
The rolling pin was made of brass;  
They turned me up and shanked my ass!  
I went up stairs to go to bed,  
And I fell in the piss-pot on my head;  
I couldn't swim, and I couldn't float,  
And a big fat tird slipped down my throat;  
I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
And I fell in the fire and burned my cock;  
So I paid two whores a penny apiece  
To paint my cock with axle grease!

PAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

Beside a babbling brook,  
A shady nook,  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits---  
Boy, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by:  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his dink,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by:  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

JOHN TAYLOR  
(Dick Palfreyman)

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor's in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And f--- her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the ground!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor's in town!

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum)

Oh, Sally went out to the garden  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a hole in Sally's ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed  
They slapped it on her ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

A STOVEPIPE EPISODE  
(Roscoe Colton)

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather ditty -- so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard!" she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way!  
GGt them together, then  
Push easy when I say!

"There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight,  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

"But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

"Now, let me fix them right this time.  
When I say, 'Easy!' now, you press.  
Be careful, or it'll slip again  
And make an awful mess.

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove.  
He saw a maiden and her father  
Putting stovepppe on the stove!

THE LITTLE TINKER  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Oh, there was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, f---, and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were but few;  
So first he f---ed the captain,  
And then he f---ed the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The little tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd f--- the Devil  
If he didn't treat him well!  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul!  
Let me exercise my pecker  
In your hairy ass hole!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

Then all the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall:  
"We'd better get him out of here  
Before he f---s us all!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

THE JAILER'S SONG  
(Dick Palfreyman)

In my prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in shit,  
While the mice shoot craps upon the floor!  
If you want to hear them fart,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the keyhole  
in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail soaked with shit,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon the floor!  
And the women, as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my ass!  
I don't wanna go to prison any more!

BARNACLE BILL  
(Dick Falfreyman)

"Who's a-knocking at my door?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Only me from over the sea!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in!"

Said the little fair maiden;

"Make up a bed for two!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs!"

Said the little fair maiden.

"Just what I intended to do!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if the sheriff comes in?"

Asked the little fair maiden;

"Rape the damned old fool!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What's that trickling down my leg?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"It's only a gob from off my knob!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Hang the bastard around your neck!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"When do you plan to come again?"

Asked a little fair maiden;

"Never, no more, you damned old whore!"

Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

THE LITTLE MARINE  
(A Version of "Parlez Vous")

Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
She hadn't been fucked for forty years!  
Hinkey dinkey! Parlez vous!

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair!

Up the stairs and into bed,  
That's where I broke her maidenhead!

The first three nights all went well,  
And then my pecker began to swell!

The first three months all went well,  
And then her belly began to swell!

Nine months were up: she gave a grunt,  
The Little Marine came out of her cunt!

The Little Marine he grew to be big;  
His grandmother caught him frigging a pig!

The Little Marine he grew and grew,  
And now he's fucking the women too!

The Little Marine he went to France  
To make the Germans kiss his ass!

The generals stay behind the lines,  
And fuck the women and drink the wines!

The Little Marine he lay in a trench,  
Screwing his nuts with a monkey-wrench!

The Little Marine went over the top,  
To make the Kaiser suck his cock!

The Little Marine he went to hell,  
And he told the Devil to jump in the well!

COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic;  
Columbo knew if he didn't screw  
He surely would go frantic!

Columbo had a one-eyed cat;  
He kept it in his cabin;  
He rubbed its ass with axle-grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate--  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock  
They sucked off one another!

A one-eyed maid appeared on deck--  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg--  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

An Indian maid appeared on shore--  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men:  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty!"

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars;  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had earned \$10,000.

Columbo went in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty;  
He gave her only a dose of claps--  
He brought no other booty!

They threw him in a stinking jail,  
And left him there to grumble;  
A ball and chain tied to his bolls--  
So ended poor Columbo!

TUMBLE LYNN  
(Mrs. Frank Grant)

On, Tumble Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair:  
The fleshy side out,  
And the wooly side in;  
"It tickles my bollicks!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
She served for a wife  
For many a year,  
But she got too old,  
And he had to give in:  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all;  
"You fool!" they cried,  
"Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick,  
And leave the rest!"  
"Oh, some for beauty,  
And some for sin!"  
"I'll take them all!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep double-decker!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all went out  
To the shithouse together;  
Some shit thick,  
And some shit thin:  
"It'll answer for soup!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.



LULU  
(Composite from Several)

Oh, Lulu went out hunting,  
To kill herself a duck;  
But along came a farmer,  
And he asked her for a fuck!

Chorus

On, bang away at Lulu,  
Bang her good and long;  
What you going to do for your banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
It was born at four o'clock;  
It wasn't like most other boys--  
It didn't have a cock!

Chorus

(Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She had him by a rock;  
She couldn't name him Lulu  
Because he had a cock!)

Chorus

On, Lulu had a baby;  
He was born on a rainy day;  
She stopped his ass with Denver mud  
And called him Henry Clay!

Chorus

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him little Jim;  
She threw him in the pisspot  
To teach him how to swim!

Chorus

Oh, the rich girls they use vaseline;  
The poor girls they use lard;  
But Lulu uses wagon-dope,  
And she bangs it twice as hard!

Chorus

Oh, the rich girls they wear diamonds;  
The poor girls they wear glass;  
But the only ring that Lulu wears  
Is a ring around her ass!

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COUSIN NELLIE  
(Jack Harkness)

I met my Cousin Nellie  
In the shade of the linden tree;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And her hair waved in the breeze.

It was great to sit beside her  
With the cooling shade above;  
She whispered, "Cousin Harry,  
Please show me how to love!"

I tore her silken wrapper  
Off her throbbing breasts;  
And to warm her cooling passions,  
Those big red lips I pressed.

I took my hand so gently  
And reached between her thighs;  
And I found the cool sweet spot  
Where true love lies.

I took my prong so gently,  
And I placed it in her hand;  
She steered it straight to heaven--  
She needed no command.

Now scarcely a day goes by  
But Nellie comes to me  
And settles down beside me  
In the shade of the linden tree!

B.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

I often sat with Nellie  
In the shade of the linden trees;  
Her hair was combed down smoothly  
And waved gently in the breeze.

I often sat with Nellie  
When the skies were blue above;  
Often she would whisper,  
"Please teach me how to love!"

Then lying down beside her,  
Put my hand between her thighs;  
I reached that cool and shady spot  
Where true love often lies.

Then climbing on my Nellie,  
I gave her one big shove;  
And then she whispered to me,  
"My God, that must be love!"

## THE DAMNED LITTLE RUNT

A.

(Leonard Madsen)

Oh, the damned little runt  
With the sunburnt cunt  
And an ass as black as charcoal,  
She can skin your prick  
So God damned quick  
That the sparks fly out of your ass hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's dink,  
Her lips are a henshit brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls on a goose,  
And her ass hole drags the ground!

B.

(Larry Martin)

I knew it was her  
By the stockings she wore,  
Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
She was pretty, but the freckles were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
She's always got a hale and hearty laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
She strips to the hide and takes a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
And her ass it wiggles all around;  
Her lips are as pink  
As a Leghorn rooster's dink,  
And her eyes are a henshit brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors,  
In the stockyards or down in the weeds;  
So, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
For it's damned little teasing she needs!

## RING DANG DOO

A.

(Larry Martin)

Ring dang doo -- what is that,  
All black and nairy like a pussycat?  
Got hair all around and split in two:  
That is what we call a ring dang doo!

A little fair maiden, cute and stout,  
Moved in and hung her shingle out:  
"Come, all you men, come one, come two,  
And take a crack at my ring dang doo!"

She took me down to her house;  
We slipped in like a little mouse;  
We barred the doors, and the windows, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

She took me down to her cellar;  
She called me a damned nice feller;  
She gave me wine, and whiskey, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a wonderful thing!  
The poor man gets it, as well as the king.  
All black and hairy, split in two:  
That is the way with a ring dang doo!

B.

(George Goodnough)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

Her father came,  
And her mother, too,  
And caught me playing  
With her ring dang doo!

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left your home  
And your country, too,  
And followed Dad  
With your ring dang doo!

"Oh, Father, oh, Father,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left yourr home  
And your country, too,  
To diddle Maw  
And her ring dang doo!"

"Oh, Daughter, oh, Daughter,  
For shame, for shame!  
When you are old,  
You'll regret the same!

"But since you're a whore,  
And a good one, too,  
Make him pay two bucks for  
Your ring dang doo!"

C.

(Phenoi Deschamps)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

She moved to town  
And became a whore;  
And she painted a sign and  
Put above her door:

"Come all you young,  
And you old ones, too;  
Come, take a pop at  
My ring dang doo!"

I took one pop  
At her ring dang doo;  
And that is why  
I sing to you?

My cock has rotted  
Through and through  
Since I took that pop at  
Her ring dang doo!

### OLD AUNT SALLIE

One dark night when the neighbors were in bed,  
Old Aunt Sallie sneaked out into the shed;  
Her beau pushed her over among the straw and said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The first three months she liked it very well;  
The second three months her belly began to swell;  
The third three months, and her kid began to yell:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

## THE ONE-EYED RILEY

A.

(Lester Bush)

We were sitting around old Riley's campfire one night,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my mind,  
Of how I'd like to shag his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

That night when she had gone to her hayloft,  
Where she slept among the straw and clover,  
I crawled into the hay beside her,  
And shagged and shagged till the fun was over!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
And who should it be but her damned old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
And was looking for the guy that shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
And I shoved them pistols up his ass  
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

B.

(Virgil Jolley)

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parson's daughter;  
The very first thought came into my mind,  
That I could finger her hind quarter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Kiley!

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spat it my ass and drove it in farther!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned old father,  
I shoved both pistols up his ass,  
And slopped his wife, and shagged his daughter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Oh, then I went out on the porch,  
And shook my prick at old dog Towser;  
It scared the fool damned near to death,  
And he turned his tail and ran for cover!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

I'm the best damned man was ever born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My cock and bolls weigh thirty pounds,  
And I'm known as the dangerous one-eyed Riley!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

C.

(Harold Rothstein)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's tavern,  
Listening to his tales of blood and slaughter,  
There came a thought into my mind,  
That I should shag O'Reilly's daughter!  
Tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee for the  
one-boll 'Reilly;  
Rigga-dig-dig, bolls and all, rubba-dub-dub, shag on!

I grabbed that old witch by the tit,  
And threw my left leg up and over;  
Shagged and shagged, and I shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over!

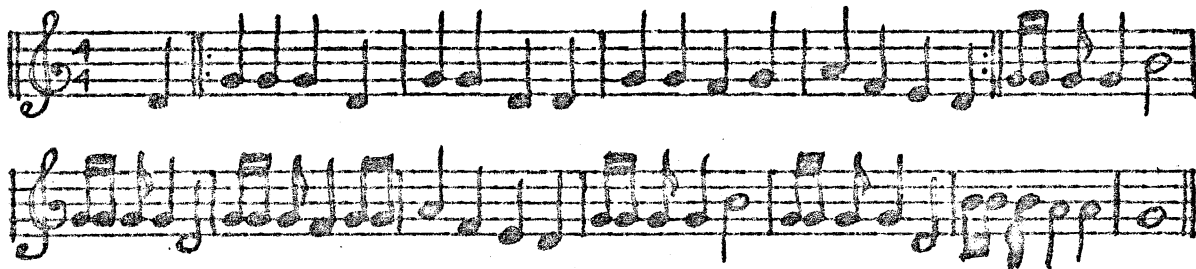
Chorus

There came a knock upon my door,  
And who should it be but her goddam father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter!

Chorus

I grabbed him by the hair of his bolls  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
I shoved those pistols up his ass  
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus



DOWN IN THE LEHI VALLEY  
(Jack Harkness)

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never shit in your hat!  
I've got a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

It was down in the Lehi Valley;  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
We had a ranch, a dandy---  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
Till along came a girl named Sally---  
But we called her Sue.

She had an ass like a country shithouse,  
And her cunt was full of fire;  
I had a full six inches,  
And I couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas ranger  
With a prick nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Sally,  
And he carried her right along.

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my cunt  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

B.  
(Alden Blasdell)

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother, Lou,  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one, too!

Her ass was like a goldmine;  
Her cunt was hot as fire;  
My eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cock ten inches long;  
He f---ed my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt,  
If it takes till Judgment Day!



# HI REO DANDY O!

A.

(Larrey Martin)

As I was going down the street,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Two whores I chanced to meet,  
Hi reo dandy O!

One called me "stud," and I called her "mare,"  
Hi reo dandy O!  
I fucked the one with the little brown hair,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next nine days to the Doc I went,  
To get my cock sucked out at the end!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag;  
She washed my cock and squeezed my bag!

In came a doctor with a knife and block;  
At one whack off came my cock!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,  
With a stub of a cock without any head!

It's all over now -- wish I had it to do again!  
A nine-inch cock and a head as big again!

Come, all you young men, take warning by me:  
Never fuck the first whore you see!

B.

(Ben Infanger)

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet!

One was fair, very fair;  
She called me "stud," and I called her "mare!"

The other was dark, with curly locks;  
She gave me the clap, and I gave her the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
My rotten pecker in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block;  
With one whack he cut off my cock!

And now that I'm well and free from pain,  
I'll go back to the stump and try it again!

## YIPPIE-YAY!

A.

(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Bollie and started for the herd;  
He throw me off in a fresh cow tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I was coming down the mountain by the old cow trail,  
With my pecker in my hand and a heifer by the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten ass!  
(And showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass!)

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!

Last time I saw the boss -- I haven't seen him since --  
He was fucking a heifer through a barb-wire fence!

And now my song is ended -- I can sing you no more;  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!

B.

(Ben Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a-shittin' and a-flyin'!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrups, and my ass in the saddle;  
A-singin' all day to your shitty assed cattle!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!

The boss come out with a gun in his hand,  
A-sayin': "Get to work and be God damned!"

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a little yell;  
The lead bars broke, and the leaders went to hell!

**BUCKAROO**

(George Goodnough)

Oh, to hell with the ranch  
And the shitty-eyed cattle;  
If the boss contradicts me,  
He can kiss my bloody asshole!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

Oh, I went to the farmer,  
And I asked him for my roll;  
He said, "My God, man,  
You're twenty in the hole!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

I went around the corner,  
And I met the farmer's daughter;  
I asked her for a f<sup>u</sup>ck  
For a dollar and a quarter!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a backaroo!

She said, "My God,  
I'm a decent man's daughter,  
And I wouldn't screw you  
For a dollar and a quarter!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I saw her  
She was standing in the door,  
Shoes and stockings off,  
A-dancing like a whore!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a backaroo!

The next time I saw her  
She was lying in the grass,  
A-holding of her belly.  
Like a monkey's ass!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a backaroo?

The next time I saw her  
She was floating down the stream,  
Her cunt open wide enough  
To drive in a team!  
Sing hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

## THE DENVER HOME

(Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdell)

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away from home,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I walked through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me:  
"A dollar and a half for the first few punches!"  
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!

A dollar and a half was her proposition;  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more;  
And she parked her ass upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I went to all the balls and dances,  
And threw my money all about.

The pimps and whores came crowding round me;  
There must have been a hundred and two;  
They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch, too.

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
But when they stole my gold and silver,  
Then bloody murder I cried out!

Then all the whores came crowding round me  
(I thought there were a million or more),  
And you'd shit your pants and die a-laughing,  
To see my ass shag out the door!

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THE BONNIE BROWN HARE  
(Bobby Grant)

One morning in April,  
At the dawn of the day,  
With my gun on my shoulder,  
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden,  
Whose cheeks were of rose,  
Her hair down in ringlets,  
And eyes black as coal.

I asked the fair maiden,  
"Oh, maiden so fair,  
Could you tell me where, oh, where,  
Could I find the brown hare?"

She answered me shyly;  
She answered me low:  
"Beneath my white petty  
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently  
Beneath the shade of a tree,  
And I cocked my big rifle  
Above her white knee!

She swooned and she fainted;  
Her color all fled.  
I stooped and I kissed her,  
For I thought she were dead.  
Then she opened her eyes  
Gently and said:

"Your aim is so true, Sir,  
Your bullets so fair--  
Won't you fire once more  
At my bonnie brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden;  
My powder is spent,  
My bullets are gone,  
And my ramrod is bent;  
And I cannot fire on!

"But meet me tomorrow  
Beneath the shade of the tree,  
And if the weather proves fair,  
I'll fire once more  
At your bonnie brown hair!"

JOHNNIE  
(Vernon Peterson)

Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
And he claimed he had the biggest prick of any guy around!!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I've got the biggest toot!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I'll measure with you now!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

So they measured around and they measured about!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
So they measured around and they measured about;  
And Johnnie had him beat six inches on the spout!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town,  
And she liked Johnnie better than any guy around!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
And rolled her over onto her ass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little easy when you first do begin!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
For it hurts just a little when you first put it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow;  
For it don't hurt now like it did awhile ago.  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

"Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
And I had a bull's ass to help push it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

OLD MACLELLAND  
(Larry Martin)

Old MacLelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and wooly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault MacLelland had:  
He was handy with his tool!

MacLelland left that cow-camp;  
'Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolmam  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats;  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
For the schoolmam on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate;  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may," said the schoolmam  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit off his boots  
And straightened his cravat,  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolmam of the flats.

They talked about the weather;  
They talked of this and that;  
They kept a-drifting onward--  
They knew not just where at!

They kept a-drifting onward  
Until they reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolmam then and there.

He laid her on the bench--  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his horn  
And opened his hondoo!

Then, bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolmam on the flats!

He said, "I've diddled maidens,  
And negro wenches, and all that;  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolmam on the flats!"

But when he shook his roller,  
Just nine days after that,  
He found he'd caught the gonnerees  
From the schoolmam on the flats!

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my song;  
Keep old John Henry in his chapps,  
And keep him fogging on!

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat!  
Remember old MacLelland  
And the schoolmam on the flats!

I JUST COULDN'T  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

I wandered down the street,  
And I knocked on every door;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find a whore!

At last I found a whore;  
She was sitting on a rock;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find my cock!

At last I found my cock,  
In the center of my hand;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't make it stand!

At last I made it stand,  
As stiff as any pin;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it in!

At last I got it in  
And wiggled it about;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it out!

At last I got it out,  
All mattery and sore!  
To save your life from hell, boys,  
Never fuck a whore!



**THE JOLLY SHEPHERD**  
(Lafayette Larson)

There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

He sneaked down through the bushes  
To take a closer look,  
And spied upon the maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

"Oh, jolly, jolly shepherd,  
Come, take a closer look!"  
And shaking out her tresses,  
She climbed out of the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
"Oh, mister, that's a pretty place  
For you and me to play!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a field of clover;  
"On, mister, that's a pretty place  
For you to roll me over!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then she said, "I'm a maid within,  
And you're a fool without!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

ROSEBERRY  
(Niah Davis)

As I rode out on Roseberry,  
All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way--  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side;  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her garter came untied.  
For fear that she may lose it,  
these words to her I said,  
"Your garter is hanging down, my dear!"  
I derry down a-day!

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man?  
Oh, will you be so free?  
Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
As to tie it up for me?"  
"Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
When we get to yonder hill!"  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never did see:  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between!  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

"Now, since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came!"  
"My name 'tis Johnnie the Rover,  
And from Baltimore City am I,  
And I live by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

Now, she returned from market,  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhead  
It made her blood run cold!  
"But it is gone: let it go!  
He's the lad I love!" said she;  
"And he lives by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale and Alden Blaisdell)

It was in the month of may,  
When the jacks began to bray,  
And the jennies come prancing round the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack:  
"Will you climb upon my back?  
You can wind up my little ball of yarn!"

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom  
And the jennies were loose around the barn;  
There I met a little Miss,  
And I simply asked her this,  
"May I wind up your little ball of yarn?"

"Oh, why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes?  
Why don't you go to them with your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went,  
To wind up her little ball of yarn!

After getting her consent,  
Around a stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown;  
So I gently laid her down,  
And I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a piss,  
I found my cock all mattered and warm;  
Then I knew that by mishap,  
She had given me the clapp,  
As I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine months after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
There appeared before the door  
Her father and several more:  
"You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!"

It was nine days after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then an officer in blue,  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you!  
Come and marry your little ball of yarn!"

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

We left the party early,  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it,  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbus,  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

She first took off her collar;  
It fell upon the floor;  
Ye Gods! I saw her stoop for it,  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then came her dress and underclothes,  
Fifty, less or more;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down on the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee!

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

She sat before the fire,  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more;  
Ye Gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

If I was strong as Sampson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke up the whole damn town!

But I'm not as strong as Sampson,  
And I can do no more  
Than jack off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door!

AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
(Murray Hale)

I met her in a ballroom,  
And I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished;  
My hair was neatly combed;  
I danced with her all evening;  
That night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say,  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
Who is being led astray!"

It was at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
It was in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
"We'll do it now, my Nellie;  
We'll do it now or die!"

I offered her a silver necklace;  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin;  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

He'll love you and caress you;  
He'll promise to be true;  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you!

B.  
(Dick Palfreyman)

When I was young and pretty,  
It was to my delight  
To go to balls and dances  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants!

His shoes were neatly polished;  
His hair was nicely combed;  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray;  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently;  
He raised my dress so high;  
He said, "Now, Mary, darling,  
You'll do it now or die!"

Now, all young girls, take warning,  
And take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

For if you do he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true;  
But when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"

### AN INDIAN MAID

(Ben Edwards and Phenoi Deschamps)

I once knew an Indian maid  
Who was very very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would shove it up her slough  
While she lay sleeping in the shade!

She took her little brown hand  
And filled it full of sand;  
And then she knew  
That no buckaroo  
Would monkey with the promised land!

But one buckaroo got wise,  
And he shoved it between her thighs;  
With an old gum-boot  
On the end of his root,  
He opened Redwing's eyes!

And then to her great surprise,  
Her belly began to rise;  
And then she knew  
That some buckaroo,  
Had slipped it between her thighs!

IN BOMBAY  
(Easter Bush)

The geese they fly high  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the fly,  
In Bombay!

The roosters they grow tall  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the wall,  
In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they tickle you on the dong,  
In Bombay!

The curly hair grows red  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
But it don't grow on your head,  
In Bombay!

They chew tobacco thin  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin,  
In Bombay!

The children they go bare  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear,  
In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
All the guys and gals together,  
In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat,  
In Bombay!

The women they grow fat  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat,  
In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street,  
In Bombay!

You can soak your cock in blood  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And God: does it feel good,  
In Bombay!

## OF ALL THE BEASTS

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cow:  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And show the old bull how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bull:  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And pump the old cow full!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the dog:  
I'd lift my hind leg in the air  
And piss on every log!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cat:  
I'd shit in every pile of dirt  
And smooth the place out flat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the whale:  
I'd swim the whole world over  
To find a piece of tail!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bird:  
I'd fly down on some woman's hat  
And shit a juicy tird!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the buck:  
I'd climb upon the old ewes back  
And fuck and fuck and fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the mare:  
I'd back right up, and lift my tail,  
And show the old stud where!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be the sow:  
I'd stretch my belley on the grass  
And let the old boar plow!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the skunk:  
I'd piss on every passer-by  
To show him how I stunk!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be the goat:  
I'd steal my master's underwear  
And cram them down my throat!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be a man:  
And then I'd get it a whole lot oftener  
Than the other animals can!



I NEVER  
(Rufus Toponce)

a.

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat,  
Where my coat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in before!

b.

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a pisspot  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a pisspot  
With a lining in before!

c.

I looked into the cradle,  
Where my kid ought to be;  
And I thought I saw a stranger;  
I was drunk as I could be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my kid ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
With a diaper on before!

d.

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a pecker  
Where my prick ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a rolling pin  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more;  
But I never saw a rolling pin  
With hair on it before!

MY PRETTY FAIR MAID  
(Ben Infanger)

A soldier walked into a candle shop,  
Some candles for to buy,  
And to the soldier's great surprise,  
The devil, he saw, was nigh.

He hollered, he hollered, he loudly called,  
Unto his master cried:  
"You can have a bit of my pecker,  
Whenever you are mine!"

"Oh, no; oh, no, my pretty fair maid,  
I've never had such fun;  
To lie beside a pretty fair maid,  
Of such I've never done!"

"But I will call on master,  
For he is near at hand;  
And he'll take a bit of your pecker:  
He does it, I understand!"

He took her round her middle so small,  
And gazed in her jet-black eyes,  
And shoved the point of his do-take-care  
Between her lily-white thighs.

And after he was done and gone,  
He swore she was no whore;  
He could tell by the blood on his pecker  
That she never done it before.

Come, all you men with pretty young wives,  
You better be on the lookout,  
And lock them up in a room at night  
Whenever you go out.

They'll tell you how kind and true they'll be,  
They'll tell you so and so;  
But they will take a bit of your pecker:  
They all do love it, you know!

## DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

A.  
(Lester Bush)

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen,  
Merrily throwing camel shit at each other:  
Horse shit was unknown in those good old days!

Suddenly, who should appear upon the scene but Daniel,  
Holding his left nut in his hand!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" cried Daniel, thereby scoring a hit.

"Kiss it!" cried the king, thus doing him one better.

"After you, you son-of-a-bitch!" cried Daniel,  
And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days, it was considered a mean thing  
To call a king a son-of-a-bitch.  
So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.  
He could be recognized only by the green umbrella  
Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly, a lion walked up to Daniel  
And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickles!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the king.

"Testicles!" cried Daniel,  
And for the second time that day  
The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, fart!" cried the king,  
And a gentle mist settled over the whole of his realm.

"Oh, shit!" cried the king,  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Squatted and did their utmost.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

"Come forth!" cried the king;  
But Daniel slipped on a fresh lion tird  
And came second.

"What about the princess?" somebody shouted.

"F--- her!" cried the king.  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Were trampled to death in the rush.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

(Daniel in the Lions' Den)

B.  
(Terrell Lish)

Now, the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet,  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there!

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if the holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And there upon the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men:  
A lonely boy was sitting down,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel -- ah, that naughty man! --  
Had thoughts that aren't right;  
The little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bung-hole well;  
Then he enjoyed himself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day,  
Hunting far and wide  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks,  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste.  
The troop drove up; and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped -- and so was the boy --  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!  
But some one told on Dannel bold;  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost!

So when Daniel to the royall court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wink their eyes?

The king said to Daniel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have f---ed your boy  
And f---ed him well!"

Whereupon the king, in his great rage,  
Had Daniel placed in the Lions' Den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
Wiping his ass  
With the next to the largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" replied Daniel.

Whereupon the queen dashed madly through the court  
With her drawers at half-mast,  
And her ass shining like a looking glass  
In the moonlight.

Then the king, in a terrible rage,  
Cried out, "Where is the queen?"

"Why, she is out in the garden drinking tea!"

"What kind of tea?"

"S--H--I--T!"

"Is she occupied?"

"Yea, verily!"

"Shat is she doing?"

"Why, she is wiping her ass on fifty skeins  
Of the finest silk in the world!"

Whereupon somebody shouted, "F--- the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights were killed in the rush!

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

"A" is for ass upon which we sit,  
The external end and the passage for shit!

"B" is for bolls, each man has a pair  
In a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair!

"C" is for cunt, all juicy and slick;  
It's home-sweet-home for a seven-inch prick!

"D" is for dittaling, which never grows stale;  
There's nothing so good as a nice piece of tail!

"E" is for egg that is laid in the grass,  
The object which comes from a speckled hen's ass!

"F" is for fart, that odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad as limberger cheese!

"G" is for guts, that tangled up mass  
That connects your belly with the hole in your ass!

"H" is for hair that surrounds her cunt;  
To find the opening is a man's nightly hunt!

"I" is for inch (now, don't make me smile!);  
When she gives you an inch, you take half a mile!

"J" is for jissom that's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets when you have a wet dream!

"K" is for king, who wears a crown on his bean;  
His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick;  
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife  
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,  
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,  
When a man's prick won't stand up as in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong;  
it ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quivver that comes with a thump;  
its a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

"R" is for rags, that are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

"S" is for safety, made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one is surely a sin!

"T" is for tits, supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh till a woman's been fucked!

"U" is for urine, a pot full of piss;  
Ain't it just awful to use language like this?

"V" is for vermin that wiggle and twist  
And hide in the hair when you go out to piss!

"W" is for woman, cradle of sin,  
That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

"X" is for x-ray, a magnifying glass,  
Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

"Y" is for yes; when a woman gets hot,  
There's nothing but a prick to cool her twat!

"Z" is for zero, supposed to be cold:  
The temperature of a man's balls at ninety years old!

MARY JANE  
(Timmie Smith)

She told me she'd fuck me  
When the clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just four miles out of town!  
Where the pig's eyes, and the pig's ears,  
And the tough old Texas steers,  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents a pound!

She's my honey, she's my daisy,  
She's knock-kneed and crazy,  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and blind;  
And they say her teeth are foamy  
From sucking my baloney!  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Mary Jane!

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## ODORS ON THE BREEZE

### 1.

#### The Photographer

Two inexperienced young girls went into a photographer's shop to have their picture taken. The man posed them on a sofa, manipulating them, as customary, with his hands. Then he excused himself, saying:

"Pardon me while I get your focus."

As he put his head under the black cloth, the one girl seized the other by the arm and shook her excitedly.

"Let's get to hell out of here!" she cried. "Didn't you hear him say he was going to fuck us?"

### 2.

#### The Wilted Bouquet

A man and woman were sitting together on a train. Under the cover of a newspaper spread over their laps, they were making love. She had his big tool in her hand, standing up for itself very belligerently!

It was warm in the train, however, and soon they both fell asleep. Then a little breeze came in at the open window and blew away the paper. About that time the conductor came along and quickly sized up the situation.

"Madam, wake up!" he whispered, shaking the woman gently. "Your bouquet has wilted!"

### 3.

#### The Yodeler

Two miners owned a claim back in the mountains and seldom came to town. But one of them finally took very sick and had to see a doctor. That worthy, upon examining him, declared he had consumption, and advised him always to rise early and, for vigorous exercise, run up the mountainside, clap his hands, and yodel at the top of his voice. The miner promised to follow instructions.

The doctor heard no more from his patient, however, and several months later, seeing the other miner, accosted him and asked about the sick man.

"Oh, I had to shoot that son-of-a-bitch!" the miner declared.

Surprised, the doctor asked why.

"He got too damned cocky for his pants!" said the miner. "Every morning he ran up the mountainside, flapping his arms like a rooster, and crowing: 'I diddled the old lady too! I diddled the old lady too!' Couldn't have that sort of thing going on with my wife!"

### 4.

#### The Natural Rose

Two traveling salesmen were riding together on a train. Sitting across from them was a beautiful woman in elegant finery. Her hemline revealed a bare knee and a rose pinned to her garter. Concerning this rose the salesmen fell into an argument, and they decided to settle the matter by putting a question to the young lady.

"Madam," said one of them, "we want to settle a bet. Is that an artificial rose or a natural rose?"

The woman looked coolly at him and replied: "It's a natural rose, and it's watered by the spring above!"

Encouraged, the salesman asked, "May I plant my cucumber in your spring?"

"No!" she snapped, tossing high her head. "But you can plant it in your friend's ass! I understand they do well in shit!"

5.  
Cinders

A pair of newly weds had just occupied their new home, and the husband was impatient for their first night in bed together. When the lights were out at last and they were cuddled down, he began making love to her shyly. Just as he was about ready to mount, however, she started up in bed.

"John, darling!" she cried. "Did you remember to lock the front door?"

Grumbling and uncertain, he got up to have a look downstairs. He returned eagerly, however, and, though cooled off, began the process all over again. But just as he was about ready, she started up.

"John, darling! Did you put the cat out?"

Once more he trudged grumbling down the stairs, and again he returned, his ardor dampened, to begin the process anew. And still again, just as he was ready, she cried out.

"John, darling! Did you bank down the furnace?"

For the third time he went down the stairs. When, after some little delay, he crawled back into bed, he immediately turned his back on his wife. Now, about that time, she began to get ideas of her own. So she cuddled up to him and said coyly,

"John, darling! What shall we call our first child?"

"Call him cinders!" John retorted. "He's lying down there on the ash-pile now!"

6.  
The Furlough

The maid had the night before entertained her boy-friend, who was on leave from the navy. She therefore recounted all the details to her employer. And Mrs. Johnson, wishing to be polite, asked:

"Well, how long is his furlough?"

Hulda, that honest girl, blushed furiously and hung her head.

"Not so long as Mr. Yonson's," she finally managed to reply.

"But it's ticker!"

7.  
Just Like a Prick

A newly married couple were on the bed together for the first time. Both were modestly dressed. The girl seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, in an innocent voice, she asked:

"Henry, dear, what's a penis?"

The husband brightened appreciably and squared his shoulders. Surely he had married a pure virgin! To instruct her was therefore his duty. Obliging he pulled out the specified organ and laid it on the bed in full view.

"Oh, that!" she said depreciatingly. "Why, it's just like a prick, only littler!"

8.  
The Baby

A city slicker was forced to ask for a night's lodging at the home of a farmer. The countryman, though hospitable, was apologetic. After supper he said:

"Sorry, Stranger, but we're short of beds. You'll either have to roll into the hay or sleep with the baby!"

The slicker winced at the thought of a night among diapers. So he chose the stable. He spent a miserable night. Next morning, at breakfast, a beautiful young girl, most delectable, appeared at the table. The farmer then introduced her as his "baby."

9.  
Take It Away!

A young girl, engaged soon to be married, happened upon her lover taking a leak in the barn. At the sight of him she ran screaming to the arms of her mother.

"Oh, Momma, I can't marry John!" she sobbed.

"Goodness, why not?" asked her mother.

"Ooh!" moaned the girl, "I could never take all that big thing!"

To no avail the mother reasoned with her that all was well. Finally, however, she persuaded her that it would be wise to try it now, under supervision, and, if it proved too big, she could then break the engagement. Reluctantly the girl consented. Then the mother had a talk with John and made the necessary arrangements. Soon, all three were in the bedroom together.

"I'll put my two hands around it," the mother said. "And then when you think you can take more, Mary, say so, and I'll take my hands away!"

Everything proceeded nicely. Mary liked it very well indeed! So soon the mother took away one hand. As this seemed to make no difference, presently she took the other one away.

A little later, Mary, all wrapped up in the job, exclaimed impatiently: "For heaven's sake, Mother, why don't you take your hands away!?"

10.  
Chicken in the Coop

A fellow taking his girl for a drive in the country was compelled by the urgency of nature to park and walk back in the dark. There he stood against a barb-wire fence and vented himself into a ditch beyond.

Up out of the ditch suddenly reared a man, who exclaimed angrily: "Who the hell are you? A rain-maker?"

"Sh! Sh!" cautioned the pissing individual, in a hushed whisper. "I've got a chicken in the coop!"

"Well, for Christ's sake!" snapped the other. "What do you think I've got down in the ditch? A duck?"

11.  
The Undertaker

A boy and his girl-friend took refuge in a cemetery to carry on some important business. There, as they were busily at work on the top of a fresh grave, a cop stumbled onto them in the dark. He thought their actions looked suspicious. So he hauled them off to the local magistrate.

The judge looked down at them sternly: "Well what have you got to say for yourselves? What were you doing in the graveyard?"

Boldly, the boy spoke forth: "Nothing wrong, your honor! We were just burying the old stiff!"

The judge shifted his eyes to the girl: "And how about you?"

Innocently she looked up at him and replied: "Oh, I was just the undertaker!"

The judge was furious. He turned his wrath on the cop and exclaimed: "You idiot! I fine you twenty-five dollars! What you mean interfering with the burying of a corpus delecti?"

The Singer Building

A Jake from the country, in town for the first time, was following the instructions of slightly more experienced friends. They had told him that, to get a gorgeous woman, he must go to the Singer Building and ask for the latest model.

Finding the Singer Building at last (not, however, the whorehouse by that name), he entered and approached a desk behind which sat an attractive young woman.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I want one of your cutest models," he said with a leer.

"Well, we have two sizes," she explained, recognizing his ignorance if not his intent. "The big ones, which have pretty curved legs, cost a hundred dollars."

The country Jake visibly swallowed his Adam's apple at that figure. "How about the little ones?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, they don't have legs," she replied archly. "You have to screw them on a table."

"Shucks!" he grumbled. "I don't object to screwing one on a table, but durned if I can stomach screwing one without legs!"

The Headstone

The widow could not be consoled even after her husband had been dead a year. She persistently resisted all the pleadings of her present suitor.

She had a ritual, she told him, which she performed twice daily. Through the bedroom window she could see his tombstone. At dawn she always looked out and said, "Good morning, dear!" And before retiring at night she looked out and said, "Good night, darling!" Such a past devotion would not be fair to a second husband.

Her suitor, however, was willing to take his chances. So at last she yielded and married him.

Before going to bed, she looked out at the tombstone and said, "Good night, darling." They slept late. When at last they awoke, she looked out the window, stuck out her tongue, and cried, "Foosy on you!"

The Halfwit

John was dumb, but she never knew how dumb till their wedding night. He just turned over and went to sleep! She was frantic but thought he would surely take action the following night. When this went on for a week, however, she finally appealed to her mother.

"I just don't know what to do," she sobbed.

"Leave it to me," her mother reassured her. "I know how to take care of John."

Then she got him aside and gave him a lecture. "Tonight when you go to bed," she said, "put your hand on Mary's head and feel down till you come to the first hole. Then put your hand on your own head and feel down till you come to the first long thing. Then take the long thing and shove it into the hole hard."

John thought he had learned his lesson well. That night he felt down Mary's back till he found the ass hole. Then he felt down his own face till he found his nose. Promptly, he plunged his head down under the covers and made the connection.

"Sure fun," he exclaimed when he came up for air. "Only it smells kind of spoiled!"

15.

Fido!

A man sitting in church was suffering from gas pains. Next to him was a woman with a little dog, which jumped down off her lap and crawled under the bench, between them. The man decided to take advantage of this situation. He farted very gently, hoping the little dog would get the blame.

Soon the woman said reprovingly, "Fido!"

The dog looked guilty. Encouraged, the man repeated himself as soon as he again felt the urge.

"Fido!" again scolded the woman.

A third time the man relieved himself very gently and awaited the results. Then he got a real jolt!

"Fido!" snapped the woman angrily. "Get out from under that bench before the man shits on you!"

16.

So Close!

Each of the three sisters had her own steady beaux. One morning, after they had all had a date, they were bragging and comparing notes. Each wanted to impress the other with her successes.

"Why, we were so close together last night," the first declared, "that you couldn't put a hand between us!"

"Poof!" scoffed the second. "We were so close together that you couldn't stick a pin between us!"

The third sister was triumphant. "Piffle!" she jeered scornfully, "my beaux and I were so close together last night that you couldn't tell which one the nuts were fastened to!"

17.

A Gaseous Occasion

A man arrived home quite late and found his wife had already retired for the night. She had eaten alone a big supper of beans. They were both quite restless and tossed about in bed. Eventually, the wife got turned around so that her ass rested snugly on the pillow, next to her husband's face. Awaking, the husband was alarmed.

"Fugh! Your breath stinks!" he declared. "What did you have for supper last night?"

"Fissssh!" was the only comment, which made the smell even worse.

"How many?" inquired the husband.

"Teuuuu!" came the whispered response.

18.

The Seventh Relief

A country girl was washing dishes in the kitchen while awaiting the arrival of her boy friend. She was in a gaseous condition. To relieve herself, she would every now and then cock up her left leg and give vent to a ripping fart.

"Haw! The first relief!" she cried after the first one.

And, "Haw! The second relief!" she cried out after the second.

This continued for quite some time. And in the meantime, her boy friend had arrived on the back porch. He was rather shy. So he stood there waiting. Finally, she looked up and saw him in the doorway.

"Well, when did you come?" she demanded.

"Just before the seventh relief!" was his reply.

19.

Vaccination

Everybody was being vaccinated in the neighborhood. And Mrs. Johnson, mistress of a certain house, thought it proper to urge the Swedish maid, new to this country, to report at the clinic. Hulda, however, was not sure that she knew what the word meant.

"Hoh! I bane vaccinated already!" she declared.

"How many times?" asked her dubious mistress.

"Twice!" Hulda replied. "Vonce in da kitchen and vonce in da woodshed."

"What doctor?" asked the lady suspiciously.

"Oh, no doctor!" declared Hulda. "Vas Mr. Yonson!"

20.

The Coded Message

A young aviator was flying back from a mission over enemy territory. He thought it safe, now, to clean up the mess in his pants. So he wiped thoroughly on a piece of paper and tossed it overboard.

The paper came fluttering down and landed in a foxhole where Pat and Mike were taking cover. Pat picked it up and examined it eagerly.

"Begorra! It seems to be a message from the enemy,!" he declared.

"But it must be in code, for I cannot make it out!"

Mike seized it out of his hands and examined it in his turn.

"Bejasus!" he shouted. "That's easy! It says: 'Rear end wiped out!'"

21.

Nuns!

"Papa," asked the little boy innocently, "why do they call them nuns?"

"I don't know," replied his father. "I guess it's because they ain't got none, never had none, and don't want none!"

22.

Oughtta Be!

A drunk staggered up to a stranger in a lavatory and asked; "Shay, Mishter! Is my cock out?"

"Why, no; it's not out!" the stranger reassured him.

"Well, by Gawd, it oughtta be!" was the drunk's rejoinder. "I'm a pisshin as fasht as I can!"

23.

V-Neck Sweater

A little boy in a department store was giving his mother trouble. She was trying to get him to make a choice of a V-necked sweater. But each time the clerk held up one for his inspection, he would shake his head and break into fresh sobs.

"I don't like it!" he wailed.

"Well, how about this one?" insisted his mother.

"Naw, I don't like that either!" the boy protested.

This continued till the sweaters and the mother's patience were both exhausted. Finally, shaking him violently, she asked: "See here, now! Why don't you like any of these?"

"'Cause teacher wears 'em at school, and I don't wanta be like old teacher!" cried the little boy. "Every time she stoops over her lungs fall out!"

Golden Wedding

An old couple, celebrating their golden wedding, were retracing their steps of that memorable night fifty years before. Romantically they walked arm and arm out under the stars. Finally, however, they both had to stop to take a leak.

"Mirandy, darling!" he declared, with his prick in his hand.

"Things haven't changed a bit. They're just like they were before!"

"Silly boy!" scolded his wife. "You know they've changed!"

"But how, I'd like to know?"

"Fifty years ago," she replied, "you had to stick it under a limb to keep it from squirting in your eye! Now you have to hang it over a limb to keep it from running into your shoe!"

Hand Operated

"Rastus! Do you hear me? What you all doin' behind dat tree?"

"I's just a-pissin', Melissa! I's just a pissin'!"

"You all stop it dis minute, Rastus! You know good and well you don't have to pump it out!"

The Storm

Melinda was entertaining her young man in the parlor. But a supper of beans was keeping her in a little pain and considerable suspense. Finally, she hit upon the novel device of hammering out "The Storm" madly on the piano whenever she needed to break wind.

She would play other tunes for a while, and then would suddenly interrupt herself to say, "Well, Reuben, how about 'The Storm' again?"

This continued all evening, and Reuben was obviously growing more and more uneasy. He knew damned well that all was not well.

"Shall I play 'The Storm' again?" she asked once too often.

"Yeah! Go ahead!" he replied doggedly, as one being forced to gallantry against his will. "But, for Gawd's sake, Melinda, leave out that part where the lightning strikes the shithouse!"

To Heaven Feet First!

"Mama," asked the little girl, "do people go to heaven feet first?"

"Goodness, No, child! What makes you ask that?" exclaimed the surprised mother.

"'Cause I saw the maid lying on the bed," explained the innocent one. "Her legs were sticking straight up. And all of a sudden she yelled, 'God, I'm coming! God, I'm coming!' And she would have, too, if papa hadn't held her down!"

The Drink

"Papa, I want a drink!"

"Shh! Be still, son!"

Silence a moment. Then again, plaintively: "Papa, I want a drink!"

"Hush up!"

A much longer pause. Then, shrilly and determinedly, out of the darkness: "Papa, I'll shake the bed for mama, if you'll get me a drink!"



The Holy Man

A young maiden, conscience burdened with guilt, appeared before the father confessor seeking ablution. He heard her tale of seduction patiently to the end. Then he informed her that, if she wished salvation, she would have to do exactly as he instructed her.

Thereupon, he led her into an anteroom and locked the door. And opening the Holy Bible, he placed it on the floor.

"Now, take off your clothes and sit on that!" he commanded.

She meekly and trustingly complied. Whereupon, shoving her over backwards, he released from his robe a huge and belligerent organ, and plunged it ruthlessly into her warm and quivering twat. And then, to the lusty and powerful rhythm, he pronounced this chant, for the purification of her soul:

"The Holy Book is under your hole! The holy man is over your hole! The holy pole is in your hole! So wiggle your ass and save your soul!"

It Just Quivers!

A lusty white man sought the help of a physician to correct, by an operation, an unsightly hare-lip. The doctor agreed providing the man would ask no questions as to the source of the flesh used for grafting.

Then, however, the man was unconscious on the operating table, the doctor commandeered the services of a negro janitress, and secured the flesh from one of the lips of her twat. The dark hair, he thought, would make a nice moustache for covering the scar!

The patient recovered, and everything went well for a time. Then he turned up suddenly in the doctor's office in a sweat of anxiety.

"For God's sake, Doc," he pleaded, "tell me where you got my lip!"

He still lisped badly. Otherwise, he seemed all right, except for his agitated state.

"Well, what's your trouble now?" asked the practitioner.

"Why, I can't stand what's happening to me!" the man declared.

"Every time I get a "hard-on" my lips just quiver?!"

In My Face!

A young couple were taking advantage of the darkness in a theatre for love-making. He had his hand up under her dress, on her cunt, and she had his prick out and was playing with it. And the music of the orchestra just in front of them blared!

Suddenly, the fellow groaned in ecstasy, and his gun went off in the hand of the sweet young thing. She was embarrassed beyond words by the cold sticky mess.

"Ugh! What'll I do with it?" she cried.

"Aw, hell! Just give it a big fling out into the orchestra pit!" he advised.

She did so with all her might, and the cold, slimy handful of jissem landed on the bald head of the bass drummer and began trickling down his forehead and into his eyes.

The oboe player looked at him in amazement and exclaimed: "What the hell happened to you?"

"I don't know," replied the drummer. "But I think some dirty son-of-a-bitch threw a fuck in my face!"

32.

Hysterics

A young couple were sitting on the back row of the movie theatre. Under the cover of darkness he was plying her twat very skillfully with his fingers. And every now and then she would utter, involuntarily, a shrill titillated giggle.

Finally, the manager approached and leaned threateningly over them. "What's the matter, young lady?" he asked crossly. "Do you have hysterics?"

"No, Sir!" the girl assured him, defensively, with another long hysterical giggle. "But he's sure got a-hold of mine!"

33.

This Damned Piccolo!

A famous American band was touring the royal courts of Europe giving command performances. And always, after each show, the crowds stormed onto the platform to show their respects.

First, they played before the King of England, and afterward, then, the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"The applause was terrific! They insisted on filling our instruments with gold coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Next, they played before the Kaiser of Germany, and afterward the piccolo player again telegraphed home:

"The bravos were deafening! They insisted on filling our instruments with silver coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Then, finally, they played before the King of Spain, and once more the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"They couldn't stand our music. The crowd tried to mob us. They swore they would shove our instruments up our asses. They couldn't do it, though, with the bass horn, or the trumpets, or the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

34.

The Berth

A colonel in the army, home on leave, took passage aboard a small ship back to his oversea outfit. Everybody was soon green with seasickness. For the boat was over-crowded and the crossing very rough.

In the end, he had to give up his berth to a sick old woman who was a steerage passenger.

His wife was therefore amazed and mystified when, next day, she received the following telegraphic report from him: "Dreadful stormy passage. Deathly sick all the way. Finally gave berth to an old woman."

35.

That Last Gentleman

Two white men, leading a mule, were ambling down a country lane in the South when, under the trees, on the bank of a brook, they saw a huge negro woman at work over a tub of clothes.

Here was an opportunity! They approached and propositioned her. She was so engrossed in her work, however, that she seemingly did not hear them. So they threw up her dress from behind and, one after the other, helped themselves. On inspiration, they even led up the mule and accommodated him.

When they were through, they felt obligated, and, shaking her violently, asked, "Lady, how much do we owe you?"

"Not a thing, Mister! Not a thing!" she replied emphatically. "Only please give me the address of that last gentleman!"

The Mathematician

A salesman stranded in a small town for the night inquired at the only hotel for a room. The proprietor informed him regretfully that all were taken. On second thought, however, he consented to let the salesman sleep with one of the regular roomers.

"The guy went to bed drunk," he explained. "So if you leave before he wakes up, he'll never know you shared his room."

The salesman took the offer gladly and piled in with the drunk, whose clothes were scattered over the floor. In the night, however, he awoke with the cramps, and jumped out of bed and went hopping about the place looking for a toilet. He could find none anywhere, and finally, in desperation, he squatted and made his deposit neatly inside the pants of the drunk. Then, since dawn was breaking, he hastily dressed and went his way.

All that day the regular roomer failed to put in an appearance down stairs. And on the following day, when he still had not been seen, the proprietor began getting worried. But not till the third day did he go to investigate.

Loud pounding on the door did not bring a response. And he was finally compelled to break down the door to get in. What he saw there surprised him beyond words.

The drunk, now sober, was lying on his stomach in the center of the floor. Scattered all about him were sheets of paper full of scribbling. And even on all the walls, as high as a man could reach, was a mass of mathematical figures scrawled in pencil.

"For God's sake, man, what are you doing?" cried the proprietor, fearing his guest had become deranged.

The man stared wildly at him. His face was unshaved, and his hair was on end. He replied in a crazy cackling voice.

"I'm trying to figure out," he cried, "how in hell I shit my pants without getting any in my drawers!"

McClanahan Rides

On the first night of their marriage he, McClanahan, attempted intimacy. But the sweet young thing rebuffed him. She had ridden horseback all day and was galded!

On the second night he tried again. And again Myrtle refused. She had hiked ten miles in the rain, hunting pheasants, and was all muddy and completely exhausted!

On the third night he once more, this time timidly, made overtures to his still un-deflorated bride. But she scolded him gently, patiently, saying she was now wearing a rag!

McClanahan was by now dejected and, seemingly, defeated.

On the fourth night, however, he crashed through her locked bedroom door, all decked out in queer regalia indeed! He wore leather gloves, gum-boots, a raincoat, and a cowboy's chaps, and in his hands he carried a gun, a lariat, and an umbrella. The sweet young thing was simply dumbfounded!

"Why, what on earth do you mean by coming to bed like that?" she shrilled, drawing back in fright.

And then and there McClanahan made his now famous historic statement: "Rain, mud, shit, or blood!" he replied in a masterful voice; "McClanahan rides tonight!"

The Goatee

An inexperienced young hunter, very cocky, bent on making a big name for himself, went trudging into the Rocky Mountains. But he had promised his fond parents to keep in touch with them daily.

On the first day out he sent a telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a bear!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the second day out he sent another telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a mountain lion!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the third day, however, the lad ran into trouble. He shot what to him looked like a very strange creature. Actually, it was a mountain goat. This time he wired for advice.

"I shot something today," he said, "but can't figure out what it is. It stinks like hell! And it runs around with its ass bare, its bolls hanging down, and a silly little goatee on its chin. What shall I do?"

"For God's sake!" the father replied immediately; "make a run for it and come home! You've just killed one of those damned land-poor Idaho farmers!"

Bumgut

A woman who was having trouble with her un-deflorated pussy went to the doctor for advice. He examined her briefly and was at once aware of her predicament.

"Go home," he said, "and insert a fresh goose-egg. Then get the man with the longest prick you can find to break the egg."

She returned home and followed all his instructions to the full. To find the man, however, was a problem, and she finally resorted to nailing a sign on the gate-post, asking for a man with a very long prick to call.

About that time Pat and Mike happened along. They read the sign and immediately began arguing about which was the best qualified. To settle it, they measured on the spot, and Mike had the advantage by four inches. So he knocked at the door.

The woman led him into the bedroom and spread her skirt for him. And he immediately mounted. As he made the penetration, however, the egg broke, and the yolk began running out.

Thereupon, he detached himself and dashed out of the house like a ghost was after him, yelling to his partner as he went by: "Run, Fat! Run! I busted her bum-but!"

The Laziest Man

A woman from the city stopped her car before a country store. At the door she saw an old darky sitting asleep with his face covered with flies. He was too tired even to make a pretense of brushing them off.

"My goodness!" she declared. "He must be the laziest man in the whole world!"

"No, Mam!" spoke up a little colored boy who stood nearby. "My uncle out back is lazier than that."

This the woman had to see. So the boy took her around to the back. What she saw was a big colored man standing on a pickle barrel behind a mule. He kept repeating, "Whoa, get-up, back!", for he was too damned lazy even to do his own fucking! And, of course, you know how those pickle barrels roll! Oh, you do? Well, then, you must have tried it yourself!

Making People

A man from the backwoods brought his son to the city for the first time to give him an insight into life. The young man was entirely innocent of worldly things. So, as they toured the town, looking in at the many shops, the father explained what was being done in each.

Before a machine shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in iron, so they can put in bolts."

And before a carpenter shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in chair bottoms, so they can fasten on the legs."

The young man watched everything with growing amazement. But his father hurried him by the whore-house with only the brief remark that that was where they made people.

Later, he decided to let the boy go around by himself, just for the experience.

"Well, what did you see?" he asked when his son returned.

"Oh, I watched them making people!" was the enthusiastic reply.

Fuzzled, the father asked for an explanation. And the boy told how he had watched through the open door of the whore-house and seen the people at work.

"The workman were just finishing a woman!" he declared. "She was all done except her ass hole, and they had her down on the floor boring that out!"

The Perpetual Hard-On

In a small town lived a man of ninety with the reputation of having a perpetual hard-on. He had outlived several wives. The last, however, had saved herself by encouraging him to seek elsewhere.

The old man finally died, and the undertaker began preparing him for eternity. But when he tried to put the lid on the coffin, he could not, for the old fellow had died with his usual hard-on!

Dismayed, he called in all the undertakers he knew, and they went into conference as to what ought to be done. Everything was tried. Levers would not bend it! Solvents would not soften it! And a picture of a naked woman laid in the coffin only made matters worse. It was suggested that they either cut off the organ or provide a hole for it through the lid. Both possibilities were rejected as sacrilege!

Then, finally, the old man's son proposed the obvious, that they jack him off! And, believe it or not, they had to do so seven times before the belligerent organ would stay down!

The Maidenhead

A girl of unsavory reputation made the capture of a very innocent and virtuous young man. But she was worried. And the day before the wedding she went to her wise old mother for advice.

"How will I make Jack think I'm still a virgin?" she asked.

"Hoh! That's simple, Gertie!" her mother assured her. "Just hide a cigar box between your legs in bed, and when he climbs on, bang the lid shut, and he'll think it's your maidenhead snapping!"

The reformed whore did as she was told. On the wedding night, sure enough, John decided to climb on and do some experimenting. Then, quickly, she snapped the lid of the cigar box shut.

"My God!" he cried out. "What the hell was that?"

"Just my maidenhead snapping!" she assured him demurely.

"Well, for Christ's sake, unsnap it!" he roared. "It's caught around my balls!"

The Three Brothers

There once lived a woman in Frisco who claimed to have the biggest pussy in the world. She was unhappy, however, for she could find no man capable of satisfying her. Finally, she determined to set out and search every corner of the world till she found exactly what she wanted.

Now, in the course of her inquiries, she heard rumors of three brothers in the hills of Arkansas who had prodigious pricks. And so she hastened thither to investigate.

She found the first brother resting against a tree-trunk lazily swinging his penis to shoo the mosquitoes away.

"My, what a dandy!" she cried in admiration.

"Shucks! 'Tain't nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother down yonder!"

She hurried in the direction indicated and found the second brother sitting on the bank of a stream. She was amazed to see that he was using his long pecker as a fishing pole.

"Heavenly days! What a dandy!" she cried.

"Shucks! 'Tain't nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother up yonder!"

Again she hurried in the direction indicated. Inside a little cabin she found the third brother lying on his back on the bed. He was amusing himself by idly flipping his enormous prick to mash flies on the ceiling.

"Oh, God! At last!" she screamed in delight. "I've found what I really want!"

And with a little coaxing she got him to agree to do what he could to satisfy the burning of her pussy. Then and there he rolled her on the bed and went to his work. They toiled at it, sweating, all day long, but she just couldn't get enough!

That evening, the other two brothers came home. They found the woman from Frisco lying on the bed with her legs spread and her cunt wide open. The third brother had done his utmost. He was now just finishing the job by jacking off in a tablespoon and pouring it into her to get her completely filled up!

The Cigar

A man riding on a train needed to go to the toilet very badly but could not get in because the throne was occupied. Finally, in desperation, he opened a window and stuck out his bare ass. The train at that instant whizzed by two section-gang men.

"I say!" said Pat. "Did you get a load of the funny looking guy with the moustache?"

"Begorra, no!" declared Mike. "But I saw a queer looking individual with a big cigar hanging out of his mouth!"

Fishmarket!

And old blind beggar one day came hobbling by a fishmarket tapping his cane. He hesitated uncertainly, sniffed the air, and then came to a complete stop. Tipping his hat gallantly, he remarked: "Hello, girls! How's business today?"

47.

The Thing

The boys at the saloon were fed up with giving drinks to Indian Joe. Why, they could not set a glass down without his getting it! They were in a quandary until Sleepy, the "Desert Rat," offered to rid them of the nuisance once and for all.

Then, suddenly, somebody cried, "Here comes Indian Joe now!"

Sleepy immediately went into action. Pulling down his pants, he stooped over and started backing toward the door. Indian Joe took one look and fled as though somebody had shot at him. Soon he was just a little streak of dust disappearing into the desert.

Three days later, still running, he met an old prospector just headed for town.

"What the hell you running from, Joe?" the grizzled old-timer asked.

"Me seeum funny little man!" the Indian replied. "Only so high! (indicating with hand.) One big eye in middle of forehead! Hair all over face! Musta come long way! Tongue hang out that far! (Again indicating with hand.)"

48.

Wahoo!

A young easterner, new to the West, was studying wild life. In a pool hall he watched a group of drunken Indian bucks shooting a game. And he noticed that whenever one of them hit the wrong pocket, he would grunt in disgust: "Wahoo!"

Later, he asked an old timer what people did when they wanted some good tail.

"Wal, now!" the old timer said with a wink. "We just ride along till we see a squaw sitting by the road. Then we jump off and roll her!"

This seemed like a pretty good idea. So the easterner borrowed a horse and rode into the country. By the roadside he soon spied a squaw sitting wrapped in her blanket. He jumped off, pushed her over, and immediately inserted his prong.

The Indian protested vigorously, saying, "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!"

49.

Mistaken Identity

There was a case where a lusty young cowboy, looking for "moggan," rode out into Indian territory. Sitting by a stump he at last spied a fat and spunky Indian who promised to be good meat. So he jumped off then and there and made his attack. The Indian, however, protested vigorously, saying: "Me no squaw! Me buck!"

50.

Polluted Spring

An Indian riding a train for the first time discovered the toilet, by chance, and thereupon claimed that region as his own reservation. He refused to budge. When anybody else came, he would chase him away.

Finally, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, a big fat man was sitting on the throne taking a crap. The Indian was furious. He chased the man the entire length of the train, with his pants hanging at half-mast and his ass bare!

Afterward, when questioned by the conductor about his show of temper, the Indian explained: "Me hateum fat man! He shittum in spring! Spoil drinking water!"

Johnnie Fuckerfast

Johnnie, a boy right handy with his tool, went to a strange community and hired out as a farm-hand. When the boss asked his name, he replied cockily:

"Oh, I'm Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

"All right, Johnnie Fuckerfast," the boss said. "Go down to the pasture and get the cows. My daughter'll show you the way."

Johnnie and the girl walked down to the pasture hand in hand. By the time they reached the gate he had put the proposition to her squarely. So they hid in a ditch and went to work.

Soon it started getting dark, and the farmer grew worried because the cows had not come home. So he went out to see what was the trouble.

"Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!" he called through the darkness. "Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

Johnnie raised up out of the ditch and replied: "Shut up, you old fool! I'm fucking her as fast as I can!"

Pee a Little

A little boy and a little girl began arriving at school late every day. The teacher, in despair, finally complained to the father. And he decided to go early and hide somewhere to see what they did.

Soon they arrived under a big tree and stopped to play. "You be the mare and I'll be the stud," the little boy said.

The little girl obligingly pulled down her pants. Then the little boy began prancing around her, on hands and knees, with his peter out. "Please pee a little for me," he begged. But she shook her head vigorously. So he sniffed at her little pussy, curled his lips, and glanced skyward. When what should he see but his father watching from up in the tree.

"Do you want me to pee a little for you now?" the girl asked.

"No!" replied the boy in desperation. "But if you look up in that tree, you'll shit a little!"

Drive the Cows Home

Every evening Johnnie and Nettie went down to the pasture together to get the cows. He was the son of a farmer, and she was the daughter of the next door neighbor.

On the way back, one evening, he began teasing her for a piece of tail. But she was determined not to give him any.

"Please," he begged, "Gimme just an inch, and you can have old Bes-sie!"

She agreed, and he shoved in just the head.

"One more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Fannie!"

Again she agreed, and he shoved it in another inch.

"Just one more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Jinnie!"

Once again she agreed, for she had a definite turn for business; and he shoved it in still another inch.

"Oh, Christ!" he finally cried. "Let me shove it all in, and you can have the whole damned herd!"

Now, all this time, Johnnie's father had been hiding in the tall woods listening to them. His gun was now about to go off in his pants. He was so excited that he could contain himself no longer. "Poke it to her, Johnnie!" he cheered. "I'll help you drive the cows home!"



Warmed Up Supper

A young couple, desperately in love, were too poor to get married. But, suddenly, a wonderful solution occurred to them: they could live on love. Certainly they had enough of that!

The first morning after they were married he got up to go to work, and, since there was no breakfast, he laid her on the table and took a piece.

That noon he came home, and, since there was no lunch waiting, he again laid her on the table and took a piece.

In the evening, however, he came home quite famished, and still there was no food on the table. And his sweet young wife was sitting with her dress pulled high, her pants down, and her feet up on the oven door.

"What are you doing there, Dear?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm just warming up your supper, Darling!" she replied.

It'll Stretch!

The sister of the new bride was a prankster. As a wedding present, therefore, she gave her a pair of pajamas sewn shut at the bottom so she could not get into them.

That night, the newlyweds retired to their bedroom and began getting ready, excitedly, for the big adventure.

What they did not know was that the girl's mother, a busy-body, a-fire with curiosity, was at the keyhole listening!

The bride shoved a shapely bare leg down into the leg of the pajamas and soon discovered the difficulty. Her foot would not make the penetration. She grew quite excited and hysterical.

"John," she cried, "I can't get it in! You'll have to cut the hole open a little bit with your pocket-knife!"

From behind the doorway the alarmed mother emerged screaming.

"Don't cut it! Don't cut it!" she cried. "It'll stretch! Mine did!"

Little Short Stiff One!

The younger sister had, as a prank, ironed the bridal nightgown with a heavy dose of starch. It was, in fact, as stiff as a board, and just as flat and heavy.

That night, when the newlyweds retired to their bedroom, they were both shy about undressing before the other. So the man hid behind the clothes-closet door, and the girl took refuge behind a screen to unrobe and slip into her nightgown.

"Now, don't you peek!" the young man warned her.

"I won't! And don't you, either!" the bride replied.

But pretty soon, when she looked at her nightgown for the first time, she burst out laughing. She got the joke at once. She could not get into the thing at all and would have to sleep naked!

"Oh!" she shrilled. "It's a little short stiff one!"

"There, I knew it!" the young man stormed, blushing furiously.

"You've gone and peeked, after all!"

The Squared Circle

"How do you square a circle?" asked the perspiring sophomore, who was struggling over his lessons.

"I don't know," sneered the flippant senior, who was a math major, "unless you shove a four-by-four plank up a bull's ass!"

58.

Foreskins

The pretty young girl had sat fishing on the bank all day without even a nibble. She was therefore amazed when a man walked by carrying a string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man explained; "and today I had some especially nice tonsils!"

The next day the same thing happened again. Only it was a different man who came by with the string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man replied; "and today I had some especially nice appendectomies!"

On the third day, as the girl again sat fishing without a bite, still another man came along. He, too, had made a marvelous catch.

"Oh, doctor!" the girl shrilled. "What did you use for bait today?"

"Doctor? Doctor?" the man asked, puzzled. "I'm no doctor. I'm a Jewish rabbi!"

59.

Oliver Twist

The hotel guest awoke at midnight with a severe dose of skitters. Leaping eagerly out of bed, he made a dash for the toilet; but there was no toilet. He was therefore finally forced to open a window and thrust out his bare ass.

"Hey, you! up there!" cried a drunk, who was leaning against a lamp-post. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Oh, I'm Oliver Twist!" replied the man at the window. "And who are you?"

"Can't you see, you damned fool?" shouted the drunk. "I'm Oliver Shit!"

60.

A Soldier's Goodbye

A soldier boy was bidding his bride a quick goodbye at the depot. The engineer, however, had up full steam and was in a hell of a hurry to get started. The soldier, standing on the steps of the car, stooped over to the platform to kiss the girl. But, just then, the train started off with such a rush that he missed her completely, and kissed, instead, a cow's ass a mile and a quarter out of town.

61.

The Hard-On

A traveling salesman, unable to get a room in the small town, was compelled to seek lodging with a farmer. He was there told that he could have a bed, but he would have to share it with "Grandpa." To this condition he made no objection.

In the middle of the night, however, the old man reared up out of a nightmare, screaming wildly: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

"Oh, come now!" the salesman admonished him, shaking him awake. "You know good and well you don't want a woman, Grandpa! Go back to sleep and behave yourself!"

The old man quieted down. But a little later he again reared up, screaming: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

Once more the salesman patiently shook him awake. "Be sensible, Grandpa, and go back to sleep!" he admonished. "You know you don't want a woman! What you're hanging onto is a dandy, all right. But it's not on you: it's on me!"

62.

Uncle John

"Oh, Momma!" teased the little boy. "Guess what I saw Daddy and the maid doing up on the bed!"

"Be still!" was the sharp response. "Don't you talk that way!" And then, after a moment's reflection. "You wait till Momma asks you to tell!"

That night, at the supper table, when the father was at his usual place, the mother turned to the little boy and said: "Now, Johnnie, you can tell me what you were going to this morning."

"Oh, I saw Daddy and the maid on the bed," the child replied gleefully, "doing just like you and Uncle John did last summer while Daddy was away fishing!"

63.

Ask Mother

A roomful of women were discussing the delights of sex. The ecstasy of it was marvelous, they agreed unanimously; and they were unable to see how a wife could ever get quite enough. And then the question arose as to how old a woman had to be before she no longer wanted any. They decided to put the question to Grandma.

But when asked for her opinion, Grandma, who was seventy, replied: "Oh, guess I'm not old enough to tell you that, Girls. I'll have to ask mother!" And so she summoned her own mother from the bedroom.

But when the question was put to this old lady, who was past ninety, she replied without hesitation: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, Girls! But you'll have to ask somebody older than me!"

64.

The Dimpled Chin

A man one day met an old girl-friend with whom he had formerly been intimate. He was surprised at her changed appearance. She now had a sweet little dimple on her chin which wasn't there before.

"My, you look wonderful!" he declared. "But where did you get that dimple?"

"Oh, I had my face lifted," she replied, "and that's my belly button you see!"

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Don't have it lifted again, or you'll be wearing a curly black beard parted down the middle!"

The Candle

The girls of a small town where men were few had learned how to take care of each other. Frequently, they held slumber-parties, where, in couples, they played the game of man and wife. One would then mount the other using as a penis a candle of appropriate size.

But one day, woe betide! there came to town a pretty man with fine features, who decided to disguise himself as a girl and attend one of these parties. Needless to say, he fell into a delightful surprise, a treat for the most famished male!

One of the girls some months later began developing an alarmingly large belly. It became the talk of the town and a mystery to all.

"Daughter, what have you been up to?" her father, an unduly suspicious man, asked sternly. "How did you get in that condition?"

"I -- I don't know, Poppa!" the girl faltered, face streaming with tears. "But I guess the darned old candle must have melted!"

Don't Get Discouraged!

The old farmer and his wife had a good-looking hired man. And every morning, right after breakfast, the two would go off together to work in the fields. Soon, however, the farm-hand got into the habit of making excuses to stay behind, such as the urgency of nature. And he would appear sheepishly on the job a quarter of an hour later.

One day, the farmer had to return to the house for his watch. And there on his own matrimonial bed he discovered the hired man and his wife hard at work knocking off a piece of ass.

The hired man jumped up, buttoning his fly, and grabbed his hat. Then he began edging toward the open door.

"Guess I can't stay on now," he said apologetically. "I'll pack up and go!"

"Oh, that's all right! Don't get discouraged so easy!" the old farmer reassured him, quite unperturbed. "If the two of us can't keep the old woman satisfied, why, we'll just have to hire another man!"

The Silk Handkerchief!

A traveling salesman who was a stranger in town dated its prettiest miss. In the course of the evening, as was his wont, he managed to seduce her. She was willing enough, though, when she glimpsed what he had, and only protested lest she get in a family way.

"Oh, I'll take care of that," the salesman assured her. "I'll put on a rubber!"

A hasty and impatient search, however, while his luscious dish was steaming before him, revealed that he was entirely out of them.

"Guess I'll have to use a silk handkerchief," he finally said.

A few years later the same traveling salesman again came through the town. Playing on the streets he observed a very cute little boy, and, loving children as he did, he stopped to pat him on the head.

"Son, you look like a mighty fine lad," he declared.

"Well, by Gawd, I ought to," the boy replied belligerently. "Mom says I was strained through a silk handkerchief!"

68.

There Lies Eli!

A very pious married couple, long married, who didn't yet even know what it was for, finally decided that they would have a son. So, not knowing just how to go about it, they talked things over thoroughly. They concluded that the woman should lie on her back, legs wide, ready for the attack. And her husband would stand across the room, jack off till he was about to come, and then make a dive for the hole.

"And what shall we name him?" asked the wife, timidly.

"Oh, let's call him Eli, after the great prophet!" the husband replied fervently.

So she got ready on the bed, and he went to the other side of the room and started his jacking off. Then, just as he was about to go off, he made his dive for the hole. But on the way he slipped on a bar of soap and crashed to the floor.

Wiping himself off, he arose, and declared sadly: "Well, here I slipped, and here I fell. And there lies Eli deader than hell!"

69.

The Miscarriage!

Some small boys decided to play a prank on their old maid aunt. So they sneaked up into her bedroom and hid an inflated balloon in her pisspot under the bed.

That night, when the family thought she was getting ready for bed, she suddenly came dashing down the stairs, screaming wildly for a doctor. And when the doctor arrived at last, he found her all pale and trembling, as though suffering from shock.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor, I think I've had a miscarriage!" she cried.

"What in the world makes you think that?" he asked.

"Just look under the bed and you'll see!" the disconsolate woman wailed. "That's the first fart I ever let which had a skin on it!"

70.

The Cow's Bag

A farmer's wife was holding a quilting-bee for her friends. And her old man, a wit, who had been in the barn butchering a cow, finally came to the kitchen to clean up. Hearing the chatter of the females, he decided to play a joke on his wife. So he cut off the cow's bag and inserted it inside his pants with one tit sticking out through the fly. Then, in that condition, he walked nonchalantly into the midst of the group of women.

Immediately there were gasps and screams. And his wife, seeing the trouble, began making signals to him behind the backs of the others. But he remained oblivious to all. Then, suddenly, he looked down and saw the protruding thing. And, as if in sheer disgust, he snatched up the butcher knife from the table, cut it off, and threw it out the window.

Thereupon, his wife fainted.

Then, laughing at his little joke, the farmer went back out to the barn to remove the bag, very satisfied with himself indeed. But when he took the bag out of his pants, he found it still had all four of the tits on it. And then he fainted!

71.

### The Gates of Hell

The backwoods preacher stood irresolute before his little congregation. He seemed to be wrestling with the spirit of the devil. His eyes remained glued fixedly to the front pew.

At last, summoning resolution, he roared virtuously: "Will all the women in the congregation please cross their legs?"

There was a shuffling of feet throughout the house. Then complete quiet settled down again.

And out of the stillness he at last spoke: "All right, folks. Now that the gates of hell are closed, I can go on with my sermon!"

72.

### That Newfangled Toilet

A workman making repairs in a rich woman's house suddenly felt the irresistible call of nature. In a sweat of anxiety, he asked that lady where the toilet was. Seemingly dismayed, she indicated the room, but at the same time began protesting.

"You must not go in there!" she cried.

But she was too late. For he was locked inside, had his pants down, and was riding the throne before she had finished speaking. It was a great relief. And after he was through, he still sat there, marveling at the wonderful intricacies of this fine toilet.

Before him were three foot pedals. He decided to push on the first one. And imagine his surprise when a jet of tepid water shot up his ass.

After he had recovered from his shock, he decided to try the second pedal to see what would happen. And he nearly went through the roof when a big wet swab came up out of the bowl and wiped him off.

Even more curious, now, as to the third lever, he finally decided to risk that one also. And imagine his amazement when a big rubber prick, pumping like mad, came up from beneath and rammed itself up his ass!

73.

### The Red Thing

A little boy was bringing the cows home from the pasture. He was quite amazed and delighted, on the way, when the bull suddenly leaped on the cow. For he had never seen any such thing before.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" he shouted, bursting into the house.

"What's the matter, Son?" the old man asked. "Is the devil after you?"

"Oh, no!" the boy replied. "But guess what I saw! The old bull tried to jump clear over the cow. And he would have, too, only a big red thing came out of his belly and caught in her ass hole!"

74.

### All That Money!

A Swede who had lost his prick through an unfortunate accident reported to a famous surgeon.

"I bane give you fifty dollar, Doc!" this worthy declared, "If you fix me up with new one."

The doctor agreed and did the best he could. When the bandages were taken off, however, Oley seemed dissatisfied. He looked at his new seven-inch prong with disgust.

"You don't seem very happy with it!" the doctor declared.

"Gawd, man, no!" the Swede replied. "For all dot money, Doc, don't you tink you could have made it yust a little bigger?"

A young man visiting a whore-house for the first time encountered the "Madam" in the hall and asked her about the prices.

"Well, that depends on the floor," she replied. "We have four floors here, and the first floor is twenty-five dollars!"

The young man winced but asked hopefully: "How about the second floor?"

"Oh, that's ten dollars," the woman informed him.

Encouraged, he again asked: "Well, how about the third?"

"Oh, that's five dollars," she replied.

"And how about the fourth floor?" he persisted, for the price was still out of his range.

"Only seventy-five cents!" she replied scornfully.

So the young man began climbing the stairs. He did not stop, however, on the second, nor on the third. Then, unexpectedly, on the stairway leading to the fourth floor, he met his own father coming down.

"Why, what are you up here for, Dad?" the boy asked in amazement.

"I should argue with your mother for fifty cents:" was the disillusioned reply.

## 76.

A hunter, lost in desolate mountain country, had wandered around for days without food or water. Finally, near starvation, he stumbled onto a little cabin, far back in the hills. So he knocked at the door to ask for help.

An attractive young woman admitted him to the house. But she was unable to give him anything. The cupboard was bare, and her husband had been gone for three days, on his way to town for water and supplies. He would not be back till tomorrow.

"But please, haven't you got even a crumb, or a drop of water?" he pleaded desperately. "I'm about to die!"

Frantically, the young woman searched everywhere. Finally, she turned up an old empty flour sack, and, by brushing it out carefully, managed to salvage a little flour in a saucer.

"I'd make you a little cake," she said regretfully, "if only I had some water!"

After much worried thinking, he finally answered: "Well, couldn't you just pee a little. I think that would be all right. And it would save my life."

"But I just peed!" she told him.

"Well, try again, anyway!" he beseeched her.

So, setting the saucer on the floor, she squatted straddle of it and pulled down her pants, for her great compassion for him broke down all barriers of modesty. Then she strained to the utmost, but not a drop would come, and she shook her head in despair. Then, all at once, his cause was lost forever, for out came an unexpected poop and blew all the flour away!

## 77.

"You play tennis well," said the fair young maiden to the city slicker, whom she had been watching in a match.

"That I do," he replied, "considering that I have a wooden arm!" And then, to her amazement, he screwed his hand off.

Seeing her admiration, he invited her to go to a dance with him, and they glided out onto the floor.

"You dance divinely!" she told him.

"That I do," he replied, "considering that I have a wooden leg." And, again to her amazement, he screwed his foot off.

Later in the evening, he took her up to his apartment. And there, even to her greater amazement, he proved that he also had a wooden head!

78.

A young married woman, so far unable to have a baby, went to her doctor for remedy. And his wise advice was as follows: "Just before your husband gets home from work, take all your clothes off, lie on the bed naked, and exercise by raising your legs till your feet touch the headboard and then letting them down slowly."

Late that afternoon, she started putting his advice into practice, but, just as she heard John at the door, her feet got caught between the rungs in the headboard, and she could not get them loose.

When John walked into the room, he took a good look at what he thought he saw, and remarked irritably: "Mary, for God's sake, put your teeth in and powder your cheeks! You are getting to look more like your mother every day!"

79.

Eleanor Roosevelt was once having a health problem and therefore paid a visit to her family physician.

"Doctor," she complained, "I can't tell whether I'm going or coming. Can you help me?"

The doctor told her to take off all her clothes, get down on her hands and knees, and crawl around on the floor.

"Now go forward!" he commanded. And she did. Then he said, "Now go backward!" And again she did as directed.

Then the doctor threw up his hands in despair and declared: "I can't tell whether you're going or coming either!"

80.

The Chamber of Commerce was giving a big party in honor of the City's most amazing business success. Here was a man who truly had risen from rags to riches.

Finally, in the midst of the banquet, they asked their admired and envied guest to rise and tell them the secret of his success.

"Well," he said, "I was a bum and dead broke. One day I found a dime on the street, picked it up, and bought two pairs of shoelaces with it. These I sold for a dime each, and, with the money, bought four pairs of shoelaces. Again, I sold them for a dime each, and with my money bought eight pairs of shoelaces. And I just kept on doing that."

In amazement, one of the guests asked, "And that is how you built up your fortune?"

"Oh, no!" the tycoon answered. "That went on for several years. Then, all of a sudden, my sister, Gertie, who was a whore in Denver, died and left me all her money!"



VULGAR STANZAS LEARNED FROM GRADE SCHOOL CHILDREN  
(By Kenneth Larson)

1. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
2. Mrs. Woodin made a puddin'  
On a Sunday day;  
Mr. Martin came a-fartin',  
Blew it all away!
3. A monkey and a babboon  
Were sitting on the grass;  
The monkey stuck his finger  
Up the Babboon's ass;  
The babboon said,  
"God damn your soul!  
Keep your dirty finger  
Out of my ass hole!"
4. There was a little bird,  
And he shit a little tird,  
And he flew over into the garden;  
And he stretched his little neck,  
And he shit about a peck,  
And then flew across the River  
Jordan!
5. The he-cat sat on a high board  
fence;  
The sho-cat sat on the ground;  
The tom made a pass  
At the pussy-cat's ass,  
And the world went around and  
around!
6. Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,  
Twenty pinches is the law:  
Pinch me now, pinch me then,  
Pinch me when I fart again.  
Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff, or box,  
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?
7. Father went a-hunting  
To shoot himself a bear;  
He shot him in the ass hole,  
And never touched a hare!
8. I've got the shankers  
And the blueballs, too!  
The shankers don't hurt,  
But the blueballs do!
9. I've got a girl in Indiana;  
She can handle my big banana;  
She can whistle, she can dance,  
She's got whiskers in her pants!
10. When a men grows old,  
His pecker gets cold,  
And the end of his pecker turns  
blue;  
When he tries to diddle,  
it bends in the middle!  
Did it ever happen to you?
11. There was an old woman from France  
Who boarded a train by chance;  
The engineer fucked her,  
And so did the conductor,  
And the brakeman jacked off in her  
pants!
12. There was a young man from Chinees  
Who went in an alley to pee.  
"Mine golly, mine sissy!  
My cock it no pissy!  
I thinka so maybe clapee!"
13. There was an old woman from  
Wheeling  
Who had a most wonderful feeling;  
She lay on her back  
And tickled her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling!
14. Poor old Robinson Crusoe;  
He had no woman to screw, so  
He sat on a rock  
And played with his cock,  
And shot it all over the seashore!
15. There was a young man from Boston  
Who bought for himself an Austen;  
There was room for his ass  
And a gallon of gas,  
But his bolls hung out, and he  
lost 'em!
16. There was a young man from St.  
Claire  
Who screwed his wife on a chair;  
On the forty-ninth stroke  
The furniture broke,  
And his gun went off in the air!
17. Here's to the girl of South Bend,  
Who always used a fountain pen!  
One day the cork went wild,  
Now she's nursing a negro child!
18. Ham and eggs between your legs,  
A little bit of gravy;  
Your machine and my machine  
Can make a little baby!

19. Some come here to sit and think,  
And some come here to shit and stink,  
But I come here to play with my dink!
20. If you shit while you're eating,  
The Devil you're feeding!  
If you piss on your dink,  
You give him a drink!
21. I wish I had a load of bricks  
To build my chimney higher,  
To keep the girls around the town  
From pissing in my fire!
22. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
23. Oh, won't you come over to my shit-  
house?  
It's nice and shady there!  
The wind blows up around your ass  
And tickles your curly hair!
24. When I was young and in my prime,  
I used to jack off all the time!  
But now I'm old I've got more sense:  
I use a knothole in the fence!
25. The country girl is the girl for me!  
You can lay her on the grass,  
Lift up her lily-white petticoats,  
And tickle her on the ass!
26. Sally went down a new-cut road,  
And I went down behind her;  
She stooped over to tie her shoe,  
And then I saw her hinder!
27. Old Balaky Karaky had but one stone;  
The hair on his ass was a strawberry  
roan!  
Old Balaky, the butcher, had but one  
nut!  
He fucked his grandmother and had to  
be cut!  
He went away and came back in the  
fall,  
Married to a woman with no pussy at  
all!
28. By the bar, by the bar,  
Where I smoked my first cigar,  
And the dollars in my pockets  
rolled away,  
It was there that by chance  
I slipped it in her pants,  
And now she's in a family way!
29. I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,  
And I'll tell you the reason  
why:  
She blows her nose in the corn-  
bread dough  
And calls it a custard pie!
30. May the bleeding piles torment you,  
And corns adorn your feet,  
And the itching crabs by millions  
Crawl out on your bolls and eat!  
And when you are old  
And a syphilitic wreck,  
May you fall through your ass hole  
And break your fucking neck!
31. I asked a little nigger  
To let me frig her;  
But she said, "Wait  
Till the hole grows bigger."  
I waited till the hole got bigger,  
And in about nine months  
She had a little nigger.
32. I fucked her in my dreams;  
I listened to her screams;  
When I awoke,  
The bed was soaked,  
For I had fucked her in my dreams!
33. There was a woman from Connecticut  
Who was good looking from face to  
butt;  
She was a shit-house poet,  
Had brains and yet didn't know it!
34. Listen, listen!  
The cat's a-pissin'!  
Where, where?  
Under the chair!  
Run, run,  
And get your gun!  
Never mind,  
It's all done!
35. A woman from Sleepy Hollow  
Got all of the men-folks to follow;  
They played with her crack,  
But she took all their jack,  
And gave the blueballs to them all-o!
36. A little old man from St. Chester  
Decided to tackle his sister,  
But all that he packed  
Was a wrinkled old sack,  
And all that she had was a blister!
37. There once was a goon from Sheepshit  
Who proved to be only a half-wit;  
His girl-friend he bumped,  
And, seeing her cunt,  
"My God," he cried, "I've cracked it!"

38. Half-past one:  
The fun is just begun!  
Half-past two:  
They think they're going to screw!  
Half-past three:  
He just went out to pee!  
Half-past four:  
They're doing it some more!  
Half-past five:  
The kid is now alive:  
Half-past six:  
She's taking all his prick!  
Half-past seven:  
She thinks she is in heaven!  
Half-past eight:  
The doctor's at the gate.  
Half-past nine:  
Again they're going fine.  
Half-past ten:  
They're doing it again!  
Half-past eleven:  
They wish they'd quit at seven!  
Half-past twelve:  
They're tiredder than hell!

39. The dog's delight is to bark and  
bite,  
The little bird's to sing;  
But the only thing a fly can do  
is shit on everything!

He flies about from place to place  
And never rests a bit,  
Unless it is a moment when  
He stops to take a shit!

In every corner that you look  
You'll find the little fly;  
The only thing that he can do  
is shit, and shit, and shit and  
shit, and shit until he dies!

40. When I was in Chicago,  
I worked in a department store;  
I worked in a hosiery department--  
I did, but I don't any more!

A lady came asking for garters;  
I asked her what kind she wore;  
She pulled up her dress and said,  
"Rubber!"  
I did, but I don't any more!

41. There was a young man from Nan-  
tucket  
Who soaked his sore cock in a  
bucket,  
"Oh, never, no more,  
Will I fuck a whore!  
I'd rather have somebody suck it!"

42. There was an old woman who lived by  
a creek;  
She watched the little boys play  
with their--  
Marbles and toys in the springtime  
of yore;  
Along came a lady who looked like a--  
Decent young lady; she lay on the  
grass,  
And when she turned over you could  
see her--  
Shoes and stockings -- they fit like  
a duck;  
She said she was learning a new way  
to--  
Sew and knit; the boys in the barn-  
yard are picking up--  
The contents of the barnyard;  
And if this isn't poetry, it's  
horse shit, by God!

43. Ask your mother for a bar of soap  
To watch the monkey climb the rope;  
Ask your mother for fifty cents;  
He climbed so fast he skinned his--  
Ask to watch the elephant jump the  
fence;  
He jumped so high he split the sky  
And didn't come back till the  
Fourth of July!  
Now, ladies and gentlemen that can't  
swim,  
Please climb onto the high seats,  
For the elephant is going to--  
Peanuts, fifteen cents a sack!

44. Charley, barley, butter and eggs,  
Kissed the girls between the legs!  
And when the girls went out to pee,  
Charley, barley, followed to see!  
And when the girls began to cry,  
Charley, barley, rock-and-rye!

45. My name is John Taylor,  
My cock is a whaler,  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And fuck her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the  
ground!

46. Oh, (Jerry), oh, (Jerry),  
Come over here quick,  
To watch the bold Irishman  
Handle his prick!

As long as your arm and  
As big as your wrist,  
With a knob on the end  
As big as your fist!

# VULGARISMS IN WESTERN SPEECH

1. He was made with a piss hard-on! (He's not up to much.)
2. He's farting himself a shit!
3. He's shitting himself a rest! (He's killing time in the toilet.)
4. He's ugly enough to scare a bear away from a gut-wagon!
5. I'll bet you \$5 against a dog-tird -- if you'll hold the stakes in your mouth!
6. He doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground! (He's dumb.)
7. He's greener than sour owl shit! (He's ignorant.)
8. He's too dumb to pour sand in a rat-hole!
9. You look like a sore ass in fly-time! (All covered with pimples.)
10. You look like something the dog dragged in! (Very wretched.)
11. You look like you'd been pulled through a knot-hole! (Knocked out.)
12. You look like a pimple on a sick hen's ass! (An insult!)
13. He looks like he'd been slept with and got tangled up in the hair!
14. She thinks her ass is a gold-mine and all the men want to go prospecting!
15. They think the sun rises and sets in his ass-hole! (Their son.)
16. He's so tight he farts on a flat rock to save the grease!
17. She's so dirty she spits in the frying-pan!
18. He's lower than a snake's ass in a wheel-track! (Just low-down!)
19. She's got an ass like a country shit-house! (Wide and exciting.)
20. The snow is up to the ass of a tall indian! (Very deep.)
21. He's so tight that every time he winks his ass flies open!
22. Fuck my shit and be a brother-in-law to my ass hole! (A go-to-hell!)
23. Go stick your head in the toilet -- and flush it!
24. He's so short his ass drags his tracks out -- and when he farts, it blows dust in his eyes!
25. He's so God damned ugly he'd stop a clock! (Or curdle milk!)
26. He's as crooked as a boar's pecker!
27. He's grinning like a skunk eating shit! (Very self-satisfied!)
28. I'm hungry enough to eat the ass out of a skunk! (Famished.)
29. She's so nice that shit wouldn't melt in her mouth!
30. Be careful, there, or you'll strain your cream! (Injure yourself by lifting too hard on a load.)
31. He's busier than a cat (covering shit) on a tin roof!
32. Kiss what I can't reach! (My ass.)
33. She's so nice she thinks her shit doesn't stink!
34. He's shot his wad! (Literally: jisse. Figuratively: trump card.)
35. Go and roll your marbles! (Go about your own business.)
36. You look like a shit-house in the fog! (Pale, sickly!)
37. You look as slick as a mule's dick! (Very snazzy or stylish.)
38. You look like a wind-row of ass-holes! (In bad condition.)
39. He thinks his cock is the handle that moves the world!
40. Spat my ass and pour it in butter!
41. It's cold enough to freeze the bolls off of a brass monkey!
42. He's full of piss and vinegar! (Feeling his oats.)
43. Full of wind and piss like a barber's cat!
44. He's having a shit hemorrhage! (Excited, blowing his top.)
45. Scattered like a mad woman's shit!
46. He's swimming the Red River! (Screwing a woman with monthleys.)
47. Like a shower of shit!
48. He's not smart enough to pour shit out of a tin horn!
49. He's shivering like a dog shitting tacks!
50. If the dog hadn't stopped to shit, he'd have caught the rabbit!
51. Either shit or get off the pot!
52. He's shit his own bed, and now he's got to sleep in it!
53. He's got a shit pot full of money! (He's very rich!)
54. He's pissed off! (He's very angry!)
55. Keep your shit-hooks off! (Let my stuff alone.)
56. Blow it out your ass! (A scarvy on what you say.)

## RIDDLES, CHOICES, ETC.

1. Which would you rather do: swim a river of snot, or eat a bucket of scabs?
2. What are the three most important parts of a stove? Lifter, leg, and poker!
3. What are the three most important articles of women's clothing? Slipper, pants, and jumper!
4. What's the difference between a carpenter's daughter and a garden-er's daughter? A gardenerr's daughter sits among the cabbage and peas, and a carpenter's daughter lies among the shavings and screws!
5. I caught two dogs a f-f-f-f-fighting! I caught 'em by the cock-cock-cock-cock-collar and threw them in a barrel of sh-sh-sh-sh-shavings!
6. Did you ever see a gopher go for a gopher?
7. I was horse last night, I calfed all night, and I had a little colt this morning!
8. The sheepherder's song: "The same old moon, the same old June, but not the same old you (ewe)!"
9. Oh, Chrysler! It's Willlys Knight! Gas I'll have to Dodge around a corner and Whippitt!
10. If Epsom Salts and Castor Oil got married, who would their children be? Lettie Poops, Lucy Bowles, and Carrie Tissue.
11. Last night I dreamed I was a paper-hanger, and when I awoke I had a handful of paste!
12. Today the eagle shits! (Army jargon for pay-day.)
13. They're so thick they shit through the same ass-hole!
14. They're so thick that one dose of physic works them both!
15. He thinks he's a wit, and he's half right!
16. Last night I dreamed I could not get by a load of hay in a country road. The only solution was to eat this up. So I began eating, and I ate up everything but the kingbolt and the nuts. And when I awoke, I had them in my hand!
17. Why do nuns use saltpeter? Because they can't get fresh peter!
18. I wouldn't piss on her if her ass was on fire!
19. Who was the first carpenter? Eve. She made Adam's banana stand!
20. Why couldn't the two prophets sit on their shirt-tails? Why, Balaam had trouble with his ass, and God made Elijah ascend to heaven!
21. Who was the first gardener? Adam. He picked Eve's cherry!
22. What's that white stuff on chicken-shit? You say you don't know? Well, that's chicken-shit too!

# A DIRECTORY OF CONTRIBUTORS

Blasdell, Alden	A childhood neighbor of mine at St. John, Idaho. Father, Andrew Blasdell, a debt-ridden farmer with many children, home finally broken by divorce. Alden is a fine singer. Now a refrigeration expert in California.	10,17,21,28
Blasdell, Verrell	My boyhood pal at St. John and a brother to Alden. Now works in a seed, feed, and fertilizer store at Wallowa, Oregon.	33
Burns, Bobbie	A hired man on the farm of John Blasdell, our nearest neighbor, at St. John, for a year so about 1918-1920.	7
Bush, Lester	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my roommate at college, in Pocatello, in the winter of 1927-28. He is now a mining engineer in Nevada or Montana.	15,32,36
Cathey, Altha	A fellow-worker (and old girlfriend of mine) on the Idaho Historical Records Survey, under novelist, Vardis Fisher, during 1936-39, at Boise and Pocatello. She is now a buyer for the Navy, at San Francisco, California.	16,17/41 32/42
Colton, Ethel L.	My sister (only sibling), now married and rearing a family at Malad, Idaho, where her husband is a wheat-farmer.	4/41
Colton, Roscoe	My brother-in-law, the Malad, Idaho, wheat-farmer, and a hand at the Crowther Milling Co.	4 9/41 26,28,29,31/42 40/43
Davis, Niah	My father's boyhood pal at St. John, Idaho. He died horribly during Volstead days from getting drunk on wood-alcohol.	27
Deschamps, Johnnie	Our next door neighbor at St. John and father of Phenoi and Nello. He is now crippled and retired but still lives on his beet and hay farm.	39/43
Deschamps, Nello	A St. John grade school student somewhat younger than I. Now owns home in Los Angeles, California, where, according to his father, he has become a big wheel in the construction business.	2,3

Deschamps, Phenoi	A brother older than Nello but younger than I. He, too, attended the little country school in St. John, near Malad, Idaho. He now lives in Los Angeles.	5,11,14,19,25,31
Edwards, Benjamin	One of my students at McCammon, Idaho, where I taught high school English during 1930-33. He was a son of Walt Edwards, who owned The Big Store.	2,31
Fisher, Vernon	Son of V.E. Fisher, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, who psychoanalyzed me sporadically during 1937-40, at Boise and Salt Lake City. Vernon is now in the East learning to be an analyst himself. Vardis Fisher, the novelist, is his uncle.	7 3/44 5/45 24/50 31/51 32/52 37/53 38/54
Goodnough, George	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. His father was probably a wheat-farmer.	13,20
Grant, Bobby	Son of Frank Grant, near neighbor of my ex-father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, where both were bean-farmers. Bobbie is now farming there and rearing a family.	2,22
Grant, Mrs. Frank	The Grants moved to Eden, Idaho, about 1908, at the time Minidoka Dam opened "Magic Valley" to settlement. They came from St. Louis, Mo., where Mrs. Grant learned her songs. They still farm at Eden, Idaho.	9
Hale, Murray	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was a railroad man.	28,30
Hansen, Abe Stephen	A sheepherder with whom my father worked one season about 1900 in Pocatello Valley, Idaho, just southwest of Malad. He played the banjo and sang ballads.	26
Harkness, Jack	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. A former Ford assembly-line worker in California. His father, O.H. Harkness, was a mill owner at McCammon and former owner of extensive early-day toll roads in Southeastern Idaho.	11,17

Heward, Basil	A second cousin of mine on my mother's side. He often visited us at St. John when I was a child. Now a section foreman at Menan, Idaho, north of Idaho Falls.	42/43
Heward, Leigh	Brother to Basil. Killed in a run-away, in 1916, while haying on his father's ranch, in a canyon north of Malad.	14
Hill, Wallace	My pal during upper grade school and high school days at St. John and Malad. His father was then a sugar-beet farmer. They now live in Boise, Idaho, where Wallace is a barber.	20,21,23/42 42/43
House, Roy	A cousin of Verrell Blasdell who lived with him a winter or two and went to school in St. John. He was drowned about 1930 when a canoe capsized with his fishing party on a reservoir in Utah.	33
Illum, Carl	Another of my father's boyhood pals in St. John. Later, he was a wheat-farmer there, and was the community wit. He lost his farm, however, moved to Ogden, Utah, and finally died there a few years ago, completely blind.	4
Infanger, Ben	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was probably a wheat-farmer there.	18,19,35
Jolley, Virgil	Still another of my high school students at McCammon. His father ran a small garage. Later, they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, where they are probably still in the garage business.	15
Jones, Hennie	Both he and his father, the latter now dead, were diversified farmers in Malad Valley. The incident of the joke actually happened to Hennie about 1910, when he was a small boy going to the pasture after the cows!	73/64
Josephson, Al	Originally from Holbrook and Snowville, Josephson, known as a great wit, finally settled in Malad, where for many years he was Sheriff of Oneida County. He shot himself a few years ago in a fit of despondency due to his having become an incurable invalid. He was a fearless sheriff and ran down many criminals.	70/63



Larson, Edna M.	My wife who, in Salt Lake City, operates her own millinery. We were married here in 1940, but afterwards lived in Berkeley, California; Eugene and Portland, Oregon; Washington, D.C.; and Idaho Falls, Idaho, before eventually settling in Salt Lake City permanently, in 1939.	7/45 13/47 58/60 61,62/61
Larson, Leff	My father, a native of St. John, Idaho, and a farmer there all his life. He still runs his own farms there at 73. I think of him always as a typical pioneer jokester and yarn-spinner.	26,27 6,10/41 45/43 6/45 19,21/49 33,34/52 63/61 71,74/64
Larson, Mrs. Leff	I remember my mother, who is still living, reciting this little poem when I was a small child. Her father, Steve Talbot, came to Kaysville, Utah, from South Africa, in 1861.	46/43
Lish, Terrell	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. I think he was an orphan who stayed with his grandmother.	21,37
Madsen, Leonard	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my room-mate at college, in Pocatello, in the fall of 1927. Being an infantile paralysis cripple, powerful in the arms, he was so sadistically cruel that he finally forced me to move out. He is now a book-keeper at the Wheel Inn north of Malad.	12 30/42
Martin, Larry	A young, ambitious bean-farmer at Eden, Idaho, from about 1930 till I left there in 1936. He was very wild and had in his <u>repertoire</u> an inexhaustible supply of dirty songs and jokes. He came from Missouri, however.	1,8,12,13,18,24,29,39 35,36,37/42 8/45 10/46 22,23/49 27,28/50 42/55 46/56 50/57 54/59 65/62
Monson, Reuelie	A rebellious youth of my early days in St. John. He finally ran away from home. His father, who went deaf, finally hanged himself from a tree, because the mother was unfaithful. The children nearly broke the old man.	7/41 34/42
Palfreyman, Dick	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. He is now a salesman for Raleigh products at Pocatello, Idaho.	3,5,6,30

Peterson, Ivan	A sadistic and ruffianly student at the St. John School, somewhat older than I, given to torturing birds and animals. Always playing truant. Very proud of his summer exploits as a shepherd. His family moved to New Meadows, Idaho, about 1926, having lost their dry-farm in Malad Valley.	1
Peterson, Vernon	About my age, though below me in class standing, at the St. John School, he was one of my pals. Obviously, he was a brother to Ivan. He is now married and living at New Meadows, Idaho.	23
Rothstein, Harold	A Jewish lad, son of a prominent life insurance man in New York City, he was stationed at the Army Air Field, Fort Worth, Texas, while I was there in 1945. He was bucking for a discharge as a psychoneurotic. I remember him, in the classification office, for his constant singing of "Sentimental Journey" and "O'Reilly's Daughter."	16
Sorenson, Hye	My uncle, husband of my mother's sister, whom we visited at Leamington, Utah, where he was a farmer, in the fall of 1917. I learned the joke at that time.	17/48
Smith, Percy	The hired man of my father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, about 1930-32. I imagine he is still in the Twin Falls area. I have not been there, myself, since 1936.	29,30/50 66/62
Smith, Timmie	Another pal of mine at the St. John School. His father must have been a farmer, but died early. Timmie became an insurance man at Idaho Falls but later moved to California. His brother, however, is now a bartender at Malad, Idaho.	40 12/41 33/42 38/43
Talbot, Andie	My uncle, the half-brother of my mother, he is now a wealthy diversified farmer at St. John, Idaho. I remember from childhood his poems and jokes.	2,14/41 56/53
Talbot, Miriam	My aunt, the wife of Andie Talbot, noteworthy as a pianist. She has reared a large family. Her father, Hyrum Monson, once an Idaho representative, died of epilepsy.	1/41

Thomas, David S.

My uncle, the husband of Martina Larson, my father's sister. He was a droll pioneer character of Malad Valley, very popular at country dances and programs. I have heard of his eating boiled eggs shell and all just as a joke!

57/59

Toponce, Rufus

A hired man on the farm of Andrew and John Blasdell, neighbors of ours, at St. John, Idaho. He was the one who gave me my sex education, very perverted, when I was a boy in my early teens! His brother owned half interest in the Jones & Toponce Hardware, Malad, Idaho. Rufus had the reputation of being nasty with women but a "working fool!" He is now located at Ogden, Utah, where he owns half interest in Fuller & Toponce Transfer Company, a trucking and freighting outfit. So, though we thought he had no brains, he has succeeded, just the same, through a strong back! He was in St. John during 1917-19. A mere glance at his references, above, will suggest the extent of his wide knowledge of vulgar ballads, jingles, and jokes. He should have been a collector!

7,10,28,33,34

3,5,8,11,13/41

24,25,27/42

41,45/43

1,2,3/44 9,11/46

12,14/47 14,16,18/48

20/49 25/50 35/52

39,40/54 41,43/55

44,45/56 47,48,49/57

51,52,53/58 55,56/59

59,60/60 64/61 67/62

68,69/63 72/64

Varnes, Carrie B.

My ex-mother-in-law, wife of A.G. Varnes, with whom I lived much of my time, at Eden, Idaho, during the years 1928-36. I think she died about 1938. She was from Peoria, Illinois, where she learned the vulgar rhyme as a young girl.

18/41

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR BALLADS

All the Beasts	33	St. John, 1918?		
Alphabet of Life	39	Eden, 1932		
Barnacle Bill	6	McCammon, 1933		
Bombay	32	Pocatello, 1928		
Bonnie Brown Hare	22	Eden, 1932		
Buckaroo	20	McCammon, 1933		
Bye-Bye, Boyfriend	2	St. John, 1932		
Columbo	8	Eden, 1932		
Cousin Nellie	11	A. McCammon, 1933	B. St. John, 1933	
Damned Little Runt	12	A. Pocatello, 1937	B. Eden, 1932	
Daniel Lion's Den	36	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	
Denver Home	21	Malad, 1919?	McCammon, 1933	
Dickey and Murphy	2	McCammon, 1933		
Down Lehi Valley	17	A. McCammon, 1933	B. Malad, 1919?	
Hi Reo Dandy O!	18	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Inch Above Knee	30	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Indian Maid	31	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1933	
Jailer's Song	5	McCammon, 1933		
Johnnie	23	St. John, 1921		
John Taylor	3	McCammon, 1933		
Jolly Shepherd	26	Malad, 1900?		
Just Couldn't	25	St. John, 1933		
Keyhole in Door	29	Eden, 1932		
Little Ball Yarn	28	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1919?	
Little Marine	7	St. John, 1919?	Idaho Falls, 1946	
Little Tinker	5	St. John, 1932		
Lulu	10	St. John, 1919	McCammon, 1933	
Mary Jane	40	St. John, 1916?		
Never	34	St. John, 1919?		
Old Apple Tree	1	Eden, 1932		
Old Aunt Sallie	14	St. John, 1915?		
Old MacLelland	24	Eden, 1932		
One-Eyed Riley	15	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	C. Fort Worth, 1945
Pain and Sorrow	3	St. John, 1932		
Pretty Fair Maid	35	McCammon, 1933		
Ring Dang Doo	13	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	C. St. John, 1932
Roseberry	27	St. John, 1900?		
Sally in Garden	4	St. John, 1900?		
Shepherd	1	A. St. John, 1917?	B. Eden, 1932	
Stovepipe Episode	4	Malad, 1932		
Tumble Lynn	9	Eden, 1932		
Two Tomcats	2	St. John, 1915?	Eden, 1932	
Yippie Yay!	19	A. St. John, 1933	B. McCammon, 1933	

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR JOKES

All that Money	74/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Ask Mother	63/61	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Baby	8/45	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Berth	34/52	1918	Leff Larsson	St. John, Idaho
Bumgut	39/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Candle	65/61	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Chicken in Coop	10/46	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Cigar	45/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cinders	5/45	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Coded Message	20/49	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cow's Bag	70/63	1920?	Al Josephson	Malad, Idaho
Damned Piccolo!	33/52	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Dimpled Chin	64/61	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Discouraged	66/62	1932	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Drink	28/50	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Drive Cows Home	53/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fido!	15/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fishmarket	46/56	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Foreskins	58/60	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Furlough	6/45	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Gaseous Occasion	17/48	1917	Hye Sorenson	Leamington, Utah
Gates of Hell	71/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Goatee	38/54	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Golden Wedding	24/50	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Halfwit	14/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hand Operated	25/50	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hard-On	61/61	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Headstone	13/47	1950	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Heaven Feet First	27/50	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Holy Man	29/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Hysterics	32/52	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
In My Face	31/51	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
It Just Quivers!	30/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
It'll Stretch	55/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Johnnie Fuckerfast	51/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Just Like a Prick	7/45	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Last Gentleman	35/52	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Laziest Man	40/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Little Stiff One	56/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Maidenhead	43/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Making People	41/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mathematician	36/53	1916?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
McClanahan Rides	37/53	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Miscarriage	69/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mistaken Identity	49/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Natural Rose	4/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Newfangled Toilet	72/64	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Nuns	21/49	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho

Oliver Twist	59/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Oughtta Be!	22/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Pee a Little!	52/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Perpetual Hard-On	42/65	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Photographer	1/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Polluted Spring	50/57	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Red Thing	73/64	1910?	Hennie Jones	St. John, Idaho
Seventh Relief	18/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Silk Handkerchief	67/62	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Singer Building	12/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
So Close!	16/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Soldier's Goodbye	60/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Squared Circle	57/59	1918?	David S. Thomas	St. John, Idaho
Storm	26/50	1932?	Carrie B. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
Take It Away!	9/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
There Lies Eli!	68/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Thing	47/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Three Brothers	44/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Uncle John	62/61	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Undertaker	11/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Vaccination	19/49	1918?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
V-Necked Sweater	23/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wahoo!	48/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Warmed-Up Supper	54/59	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wilted Bouquet	2/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Yodeler	3/44	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR JINGLES

Ask Your Mother	43/43	1915?	Basil Heward	Malad, Idaho
Balaky Karaky	27/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Bleeding Piles	30/42	1927	Leonard Madsen	Pocatello, Idaho
Bold Irishman	46/43	1915?	Mrs. Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Butter and Eggs	44/43	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
By the Bar	28/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Charlie, Barley	6/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Chicago	40/43	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Country Girl	25/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Dog's Delight	39/43	1932	Johnnie Deschamps	St. John, Idaho
Father A-Hunting	7/41	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John
Girl in Indiana	9/41	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Girl of South Bend	17/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Good frm Sheepshit	37/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Half Past One	38/43	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Ham and Eggs	18/41	1932	Carrie B. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
He-Cat Sat	5/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
In My Dreams	32/42	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
John Taylor	45/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Listen, Listen	34/42	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John, Idaho
Little Bird	4/41	1919?	Ethel L. Colton	St. John, Idaho
Little Nigger	31/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Load of Bricks	21/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Man from Boston	15/41	1938	Toilet Wall	Burley, Idaho
Man from Chinese	12/41	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Man from Nantuckett	41/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Man from St. Chestr	36/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Man from St. Claire	16/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Man Grows Old	10/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Mrs. Woodin	2/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Monkey and Babboon	3/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
New-Cut Road	26/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Old Joe's Girl	29/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Robinson Crusoe	14/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Shankers	8/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Shit While Eating	20/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Sit and Think	19/42	1915-20	Toilet Wall	St. John, Idaho
Sleepy Hollow	35/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
What Is That?	1/41	1932	Miriam Talbot	St. John, Idaho
When I Was Young	24/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman by Creek	42/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Woman fm Connecticut	33/42	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Woman from France	11/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman from Wheeling	13/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Won't You Come Over	23/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho

# GLOSSARY OF VULGAR AND RELATED PSYCHOLOGICAL TERMINOLOGY

ABORTION	-- miscarriage, untimely birth.
ADULTERY	-- fornication, stepping out, marital unfaithfulness.
ANAL NEUROSIS	-- 1. retentive: constipation, hoarding, collecting, certain impotence and frigidity. 2. sadistic: cruelty, dirtying (attacking with fecal matter), malicious gossip
ANUS (see Buttock)	-- opening of alimentary canal, colon, rectum; bung, pusher, bung-hole, ass-hole.
BED-PAN (see Pot)	
BED WETTING (see Enuresis)	
BELLY	-- guts, paunch, stomach, "bishop," "corporation," "German goitre."
BESHITTING SELF	-- anal neurosis, senility, loss of sphincter control, regression to infantile patterns, intense fear and anxiety
BESTIALITY	-- sexual intercourse between man and animal.
BIRTH	-- nativity, parturation; spawning, "pappoosing," popping of the pod, etc.
BIRTH CONTROL (see Contraception)	
BOLLS (see Testicles)	
BOY (see Man)	-- boy-friend, beaux, fellow, female partner in homosexual relations (pederasty).
BREAST (see Mamma)	
BROTHEL	-- whore house, bawdy house, red-light district.
BUTTOCK (see Anus)	-- rump, bum, butt, bottom, fanny, hinder, behind, backside, satchel
CANNIBALISM (see Werewolf, Vampire)	
CAPON	-- desexualized male bird.
CASTRATE	-- cut, nut, de-stone, remove testicles, desexualize, emasculate, make effeminate (psychic castration), sterilize.
CASTRATION COMPLEX	-- 1. female: fantasy of the lost penis, penis envy, envy of masculine prerogatives. 2. male: fantasy of threat to sexuality, fear of envy of father, voluntary effeminacy to escape rivalry with father or penis envy of mother.
CHAMBER (see Pot)	-- v, to practice ludeness, to shack up, to go under a blanket.
CHANGE OF LIFE (see Menopause)	
CIRCUMCISION	-- removal of the prepuce or foreskin; Jewish purificationrite; token castration to appease the hostile father.
CLANDESTINE	-- stealthy, surreptitious actions, usually in connection with illicit sexual conduct.
CLITORIS	-- the "button," the female "penis."
COITUS or COITION (see Copulation)	
CONDOM	-- artificial membrane to prevent conception: merry widow, diaphragm, fish-skin.
COPULATE	-- v, to have sexual intercourse; to fuck; to frig, screw, shag, diddle, grease your bolts, soak your pecker.
COPULATION	-- n, booty, moggan, ass, tail, pussy, nooky, cheese-cake, piece of ass (or tail).
CORDEE (see Venereal Disease)	
CRIME (see Sin, Vice)	a wrong committed against society or the State.
CUNNILINGUS (see Perversion, Homosexuality)	
DEFECATE	-- v, discharge, excrete, evacuate the bowels; to shit, stool, take a crap; to ride the throne, make chamber music, go into the woods (weeds, bushes).



- DEFECATION** -- body waste, product of an evacuation; feces, shit, crap, stool, dung, tirds, manure, "uckey," "nas-ty," "queedup" (Indian word).
- DEFLORATE** -- seduce, ravish, violate; rape; pick her cherry, crush her flower, bust her maidenhead.
- DESEXUALIZE** (see Castrate)
- DOUSCHE** (see Contraception)
- DYSENTERY** -- diarrhea; summer complaint, running off at the bowels; trots, skitters, running-shits.
- EMASCULATION** (see Castration)
- ENEURESIS** (see Anal Neurosis, Sphincter Control) bed-wetting.
- ERECTION** -- distended penis; hard-on, stiff prick, the "old stiff," "bone."
- EUNUCH** -- an emasculated man, one who has been castrated.
- EXCREMENT** -- sweat, urine, fecal matter.
- EXCRETION** -- defecation, urination (which see).
- EXHIBITIONISM** -- the perversion of indecently exposing the body or the sex organs for sexual gratification.
- FECES** (see Defecation)
- FEMINIST** -- suffragette, advocate of the rights of women; bat-tle axe, battle wagon, old dragon, man-hater; mas-culine woman; woman with masculine strivings, or penis envy, or a castration complex.
- FETISHISM** -- a perversion involving sexual gratification from a symbol or representation, such as picture, hair, or token, of the normal love-object, rather than from the love-object itself; a displacement of affect.
- FETUS** -- unhorn young.
- FLAGELLATION** -- whipping, scourging, punishing; psychologically, the punishing of the sex object, or the self, to reduce the tensions of guilt feelings; one type of sadistic behavior, or masochistic.
- FLATUS or FLATULENCE** - windiness, gas on stomach, or the relief of same: n, zephyr, "beans," odoriferous breeze. v, to fart, to blow off, to break wind, or to bust a button.
- FORESKIN** -- prepuce of the penis.
- FORNICATION** -- adultery, illicit sexual interest between unmar-ried persons, harlotry, incest.
- FREE LOVE** -- the practice, or cult, of cohabitation as husband and wife without marriage, with freedom to change to another partner at will.
- GELDING** -- a castrated horse.
- GIGOLO** -- a man who "entertains" women for pay; male coun-terpart of a mistress or prostitute.
- GIRL** (see Woman) -- female child, young woman; girl-friend; girl or girlie (a prostitute).
- GONADS** (see Testicles)
- GONORRHEA** (see Venereal Disease)
- HARLOT** -- bawd, whore, or lewd woman; prostitute; chippie, tough, "Madam," girlie, flusie, "woman," pick-up, push-over, bar-fly; loose woman, street-walker, good-time gal, lady of the red-light district.
- HOMOSEXUAL** -- a pervert who satisfies emotional needs through his own sex: Lesbian (female), Sodomist (male): queer, fruit, fairy, "Frenchie," cock-sucker, corn-holer, 69 clubber.
- HOMOSEXUALITY** -- Federasty, cunnilingus; Lesbianism, Sodomy.

## HOSTILITY

-- enmity, antagonism, hatred; psychologically, the resentment or aggression felt toward a person who is thought to be blocking, hence frustrating, the satisfaction or fulfillment of a strong racial (Freudian Id) impulse, egoistic or sexual, or who offers a threat to the defense system or to the safety or well-being of the individual; subconscious hostility is a generalized and usually misdirected hatred growing out of the maladjusted condition of existing complexes and conflicts.

## HYMEN

-- vaginal membrane of virginity; cherry, flower, glory, maiden-head.

## HUSBAND

-- the old man, dad, pop, father, the "provider," the head of the house, the guy who pays the bills, the "old tyrant," etc. Also "honey bunch," "lover boy," "sugar-daddy," etc., though the latter term usually applies to a rich "play-boy" supporting a gold-digging mistress.

## IMPOTENCE

-- sexual incapacity, mental or physical; a "flat tire," a "wilted bouquet," a "prick that bends in the middle" (that God damned middle inch!); psychic castration: 1. "Id - Super Ego" conflicts involving incest, father prerogative, and mother possessiveness guilts; and 2. self-emasculatation to placate the castration demands of the father and the penis envy of the mother; also 3. subconscious reluctance to yield up the semen, growing out of anal-retentive neurosis; and 4. subconscious fear or hostility toward the sex object, or a threat to defenses or to ego ideals.

## INCEST

-- sexual intercourse between close relatives, particularly within the family group.

## INFANTILITY

-- emotional immaturity; expectation of treatment from the world at large of a type shown to a much loved small child by doting parents -- undue coddling, praise, favoritism, with a dearth of discipline, criticism, or demand for conformity to social standards; unwillingness to face reality as an adult among his peers; wilfulness, selfishness, lack of consideration for others; lack of self-control through the absence of Super Ego or the introjected correcting, punishing parent; the basis, perhaps, for psychopathic personality, and some perversions and sex criminality, as well as juvenile delinquency and ordinary criminality.

## INFERIORITY COMPLEX

-- a character pattern built around feelings of inadequacy, due to childhood influences such as: glaring underprivilege, lack of opportunity for growth and self-improvement, parental coddling and over-protection (as a reaction formation to subconscious hostility), arrested emotional growth (infantility), the castration complex (growing out of parental hostility, belittlement, and desire to destroy), and other like factors.

## INHIBITION

-- the bottling up of Id impulses (anti-social attitudes, desires, and urges) within the Freudian subconscious mind; perhaps the most important of all defense mechanisms, or sharing place with introjection (growth of Super Ego) and reaction formation; very nearly synonymous with repression.

INTERCOURSE (see Copulation) i.e., sexual intercourse.

JISSEM (see Semen)

KIDNAP (see Rape, Sex Criminal)  
KNOCKED UP (see Pregnancy)

LAVATORY (see Toilet)  
LESBIAN (see Homosexual)

LEND -- carnal, lecherous, licentious, lustful, lascivious; wicked, sinful, wanton; nasty, vulgar, sexy, over-sexed, excessively sensual.

LIBERTINE -- a seducer, one who does not restrain his desires.

LOVER (see Paramour) - love-bird, turtle-dove, sweet-heart; "cookie," "sugar candy," darling, etc.; friend, mistress.

LUKORRHEA (see Venereal Disease)

LUST -- inordinate desire for carnal pleasure.

MAIDENHEAD (see Hymen)

MAMMA -- breast, milk secreting organ; tit, dairy, nipple, "grape-fruit," boopie, milk-shake.

MAN -- guy, jake, fellow, blade, goon, bouncer; prick, slink, little fucker, lover-boy; gay-blade, right guy, hail fellow well met, good-time Charlie; lady-killer, ladies' man, personality kid, package of goodies, cock-master; drip, droop, sad-sack; satchel ass or cheese-ass (fat man); old fart; old puke, clod-hopper, Rube, hick, old gander; boob, nut, simp, dumb-bell, dumb-gong.

MARRIAGE -- a legalized and socially approved union between man and woman for the purpose of forming a family unit.

MASOCHISM -- a sexual perversion in which pleasure is derived from domination or even cruel treatment; psychologically, it solves a conflict situation and hence serves as a defense mechanism by combining sexual excitation with a much needed punishment for sex-guilt; a placation of God, of angry and accusing father, and of the Super Ego, and thus an achieving of forgiveness and acceptance, by the deliberate seeking of punishment or of penance; a self-effacement to escape wrath, hostility, or envy by being beneath notice; humility, lack of conceit; "sack-cloth and ashes"; a primitive and basic attitude in many religions.

MASTURBATE -- v, to abuse self sexually, jack off, pull pud, flip dick, etc.

MASTURBATION -- n, self-abuse, auto-eroticism, or the practice thereof; jacking off, pulling your pud, playing with your hound, rolling your marbles, rattling your bottles, shaking your thing, jerking your dingus (string, hose, rope, cord, etc.), reaching in your pocket, petting your dog, pounding your meat, or simply playing with yourself, etc.

MENOPAUSE -- change of life, climacteric, cessation of menses (monthlys, periods of a woman).

MENSTRUATION -- periodic discharge of the menses; monthlys, the period; the red river, the red flag, pussy in full bloom, also: wearing a rag, riding a white horse, having the red flag out, etc.

MIDDLE SEX (see Sissy, Feminist, Homosexual) the man whose self-concept (characteristics, personality structure, and ego identifications), or, in Freudian terminology, Ego, is more like that usual to a typical woman, and vice versa; an area where, mentally and emotionally, the two sexes become almost indistinguishable, consisting of men who would prefer to be women and of women who would prefer to be men; notably, the creative world of artists and writers.

MISCARRIAGE (see Abortion)

MISTRESS

-- sweetheart; a "kept" woman, or a woman "lived with"; a woman living with a man, though unmarried, for purposes of sex, companionship, and financial support.

NaDISM (see Exhibitionism) theory and practice of nakedness and primitivism, or the cult thereof, aiming, ostensibly, at improvement in mental and physical health through a return to the conditions of the Garden of Eden; symbolically, an attempted return to that infancy, innocence, and dependency antedating the weaning period and the Oedipus situation (Garden of Eden fantasy), and the final ejection, or rejection, bringing about enforced facing of reality and assumption of responsibility; likely also a movement partially motivated by the infantile drives of the Voyeur and the Exhibitionist; in addition, a kind of physical confessional, satisfying the very human urge to stand before one's fellows frankly revealed, without subterfuge, and to achieve a longed-for closeness and communion with people and the outside world, such as might be highly gratifying to the lonely or shut-in type of personality; the kind of thing, too, perhaps, which takes place on an emotional and intellectual level during a psychoanalysis -- a complete disrobing and revealing of the repressed, hidden, unconscious self to that other person, who, in a sense, represents a judging and evaluating God, and, by indirection, helps the disrobing person better to see and understand himself; and, lastly, even a perversion, if you will, of sexual expression in the direction of merely seeing and being seen, instead of having actual intercourse; a motivation, too, in some individual cases, might be downright lust and the hope for unusual opportunity to satisfy it without inhibition and to the full.

NYMPHOMANIA

-- a morbid and insane sexual desire in women; an ego identification with sexual prowess, a highly egoistic satisfaction with the sexual act itself and with insatiability; a subconscious envy of the male penis, a castration fantasy, and a hunger to regain the lost penis, which combine to produce a yearning which can only be satisfied so long as a penis actually lies within the vagina; also, perhaps, a fantasy of triumph in conquest of the father figure, and hence of God, and the complete defeat of the rivaling mother, involving owning the father and devouring him, via the vagina, by sucking him dry of the precious fertile seminal fluid, the life-giving fluid -- hence, a type of vampirism, only with semen replacing the blood-fluid on which the conventional vampire feeds; in a sense, symbolically, the male becomes God bestowing his gifts, and the female, the earth (earth-mother), receiving the gratifying bounty of God, and being fertilized, rejuvenated, and renewed.

OEDIPUS COMPLEX

-- a Freudian concept, named for a Greek myth, involving the rivalry of a male child with his father for the love of the mother, with the ensuing hate and jealousy between the two, and the castration wishes of each directed toward the other; the dir-

ect cause, too, of normal Super Ego formation, such as the incest barrier, the conscience, and the ego ideal, and, if exaggerated, of such abnormal and neurotic formations as the castration complex and paranoid projection; the basis for growing up, for abandoning infancy, and facing reality as an adult, with his own Eve (consider the final ejection, father rejection, in the Garden of Eden fantasy, which is itself wholly Oedipus in nature, with God being the at first benevolent father of the oral and anal periods and later the outraged, vengeful, and castrating father of the pubic period, and with the whole garden, in general, and the tree of life or of knowledge of good and evil, in particular, being but lush dream symbolism for the mother, because incest-guilt has made her direct image impossible and repressed, and with the forbidden fruit being the weaning, denying breast, later the pubic region, of the mother, and the serpent tempter of Eve the erotic and possessive penis of the prerogative-exercising father, and, lastly, the flaming sword of the expelling angel being the incest enraged sexuality of the father terminating the situation by final rejection), for only by establishing his own family can Adam avoid the wrath of the father, by abandoning his mother for his sister (sister-substitute), and thus, in his own little nest, replacing the father by assuming his role fully and completely.\*

## ORGASM

-- sexual climax; ejaculation of semen; discharge; gun going off, shooting your wad (or your load, charge, cream, juice, etc.). Symbolically, the orgasm represents and resembles death, for it brings an end (and comes in the end!) and a culmination (as of life itself), even though it actually plants the seed of life; and since, in dream symbolism, a body lying in a coffin (or Christ in the tomb), may represent penetration of vagina by penis, the highly repressed religious fanatic seeking martyrdom may, in his subconscious, actually be combining wish for orgasm with need for punishment for that wish through death (because they tasted the fruit Adam and Eve brought death upon themselves). Flood and water fantasies (the deluge) growing out of anal, or urination, memories of infancy, and lush landscape fantasies (Garden of Eden) growing out of breast-sucking and maternal pubic-hair memories, are later associated with sexuality, and, in dream symbolism, are probably equivalents of the orgasm.

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\*Problems involving culture and social conformity grow out of the relationship between mother and child. They have their roots in the oral (sucking and weaning) and the anal (diaper and toilet-training) periods. Later personality is there laid down as a pattern for further development as maturation proceeds. Problems involving authority, however, and political order and regimentation in a State, grow out of the relationship between father and child, and, particularly, out of the Oedipus or Electra situation, brought to a head in the pubic period. The real culmination of Super Ego growth, begun earlier, takes place in the adolescent conflict between father and child. Attitudes toward sex, God, and religion also ripen. The mother figure in religion, however, precedes that of the father, for her sensual and rewarding figure is in the Garden before God.

**PANDER or PANDERER** -- pimp, arranger; procurer of sexual partners for others, usually with an eye to financial gains or other advantage; the male business partner of a prostitute.

**PARAMOUR (see Lover)** -- one who unlawfully takes the place of husband or wife; moll, mistress, lover, concubine, quasi-wife, common-law wife.

**PASSION** -- amorous feeling, desire, sexual appetite.

**PASSIONATE** -- horny, hot, worked up, sexually aroused (see Titillated).

**PEDERASTY (see Homosexuality)**

**PENIS** -- copulating or seed-planting organ of the male animal; prong, dong, baloney, prick, cock, pecker, pud, jock; club, knob, hose, pencil; old stiff, sprinkler, stud-horse, Indian root, Adam's whip, tally-whacker; drip, spigot, faucet, gun, rod, staff, joy-stick (or the name of almost any object, or dream symbol, which somewhat resembles in size, shape, or use).

**PERVERSION** -- any abnormal or unnatural form of sexual interest or activity: masturbation, auto-eroticism; bestiality; fetishism (totem pole); homosexuality -- pederasty, cunnilingus, Lesbianism, Sodomy; rape, sex criminality, kleptomania, pyromania; masochism, sadism, flagellation; exhibitionism (sexual, not infantile egoistic, aspect); nudism; nymphomania.

**PENIS ENVY (see Castration Complex, Feminist, Oedipus Complex)**

1. Of woman (toward father, brother, son, or toward men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, rage, resentment, and sense of loss and deprivation because he has what she so obviously lacks, a penis, and growing out of the childhood fantasy of having once had one and having been deprived of it villainously; also, the envy growing out of masculine strivings and a feeling of rivalry with men, because she would prefer being one herself and thus enjoying the freedoms, privileges, and advantages of being a man, including that, if she is a repressed homosexual, of having intercourse with women. (Such a woman may be expected to be either frigid or oversexed and perhaps even to destroy, or emotionally castrate, her husband and sons.)

2. Of men (toward father, son, or men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, hostility, fear, and desire to castrate the rival, because of the latter's recognized or suspected sexual superiority, or ability to outrival, and, in the case of the son, particularly, the sense of having been cheated out of his just dues and of being inferior to his father in sexual capacity, because of the latter's much larger, more mature organs, and his greater skill in dealing with women; this envy may, furthermore, be aggravated by a feeling of castration threat from the other, and a need to avoid that threat by a belittling, depreciating, or denying of one's own penis, or sexuality, in order to avoid giving offense and become the object of hostile attack (or, in other words, castration of self to avoid castration at the hands of the other, performing, through the Super Ego, the interjection of the castrating father, of the latter's expected function, resulting in impotence).

PIMP (see Pander)  
PLACENTA

-- membrane surrounding, nourishing, and keeping the fetus bathed in fluid; the afterbirth.

POT

-- chamber, bed-pan, receptacle for urine or feces; piss-pot, shit-pot; can, throne, stool, thunder-mug

POTENCY

-- sexual prowess, capacity; ability to fertilize the female and produce pregnancy; prolific.

PREGNANT

-- knocked up, carrying, heavy with child, fertilized.

PROFLIGATE

-- insensible to decency, dissipated, abandoned to vice or evil-doing.

PROSTITUTE (see Harlot)

PYROMANIAC

-- a "fire bug," or one with the insane propensity of setting fire to things; a sex pervert who gains his excitement or orgasm only at the moment of witnessing a building, which he himself has fired, in the grip of raging flames (dream symbolism for intercourse and the orgasm, just as is levitation, flood-waters, or the exhotic landscape!), and who is thus, in psychotic fashion, substituting the symbolism of fantasy for reality. (Similar processes are also present in kleptomania, illegal entry, Voyeurism, sex murder, and like perversions, where, at the moment of consummation of the crime, the individual experiences sexual excitement and sometimes even orgasm, which he is incapable of achieving in any other way. The typical sex murderer, like Jack the Ripper, for instance, probably can experience orgasm only by stabbing, slicing, and destroying the sex object with a knife, which, by symbolic processes and a transference of affect, has become a substitute for the penis making penetration, and which satisfies thereby a double motive, that of gratifying the sexual hunger and at the same time destroying the sexual object, surrogate of the hated mother.)

RAPE

-- v, to seize, overcome, overpower, force, assault sexually; or to take by violence, as a theft, what normally is given as an act of love.

RECTUM (see Anus)

REPRESSION

-- end of alimentary canal.

-- a Freudian term for the mental process of forcing down into the unconscious, and out of awareness, any urge or impulse of animal nature (Id impulse), and thereby conforming to social standards by preventing the consummation of an anti-social act or criminal behavior. The Id (devil) is thought of as being, thus, in a state of constant warfare with the Super Ego (God), and the Ego (enlightened man) exercises free-agency in the choice between good and evil. The modern revolt of institutionalized convicts, epitomizing Id impulses repressed into the unconscious, attempting to break through the barriers, or limen, but nevertheless held incardinated by authority of the police and the courts, the Super Ego, represents but an objectifying, in Society at large, of these forces in the human mind.

REPROBATE

-- rake, rotter; one lost to sense of decency, abandoned to depravity.

REGRESSION

-- the process of reverting in behavior and emotional responses to a level in development antedating the obstacles which initiated the neurosis.

- SADISM** -- a sexual perversion in which gratification is derived from inflicting pain on the love-object, either physical or mental; thought to be based in the infant hostility of the anal period, when, through his fecal attacks, he combines his expressions of love and hate.
- SCAPE-GOAT** -- fall-guy, victim; that person, in a group, who affords peace among otherwise hostile elements, by becoming an object of attack and thus focalizing the undirected hostility and discharging it; also, the out-group, in society, as against the in-group.
- SEDUCE** -- to make, to lead astray, to entice into surrendering the chastity.
- SELF-ABUSE** (see Masturbation)
- SEMEN** -- the impregnating male fluid; cream, juice, sap, load, charge, jisse; powder (in bag), lead (in gun) or ammunition, also lead (in pencil).
- SEX-APPEAL** -- "oomph," "it," voluptuousness, ability to arouse desire in the opposite sex.
- SEX CRIME** (see Sadism) rape, sex murder, homosexuality, perversion.
- SEX WAR** (see Feminist, Sissy, Vampire, Werewolf).
- SHOPLIFTING** (see Perversion, Pyromaniac)
- SIN** (see Crime, Vice) a wrong committed against God or the tenets of religion.
- SISSY** -- effeminate man, "queer," woman-hater; tea-hound, cake-eater, lounge lizard; psychologically, a man with repressed masculinity, self-castrated, psychologically, to placate the hostility of the jealous father and the penis envy of the man-hating mother; also a man who, because of over-identification with women and absence of contact with men, has grown up with thoughts, emotions, attitudes, and behavior patterns resembling those of a woman, and has never been able to let go of his mother's apron strings and his emotional dependence on her.
- SODOMY** (see Perversion, Homosexuality)
- SPANISH FLY** -- a sexual excitant, the powdered body of a beetle, sometimes criminally used by men to break down the resistance of virtuous women to seduction.
- SPHINCTER CONTROL** -- ability to retain excrement, urine and feces, and hence conform to social standards of decency and cleanliness; established in infancy through toilet training, often at the cost of great conflict between mother and child.
- STEER** -- castrated bull.
- SYPHILIS** (see Venereal Disease)
- TESTICLES** -- male gonads; bolls, eggs, stones, nuts, bollicks, oysters (mountain oysters: sheep nuts eaten by shepherders).
- TITILLATE** -- to excite pleasurably, to arouse sexually.
- TOILET** -- privy, can, backhouse, outhouse; shithouse; pissery, urinal, lavatory, dispensary (beer dispensary); latrine, slit-trench (army).
- TOILET TRAINING** (see Sphincter Control) the process, or the fact, of housebreaking an infant, the basis for anal period neurosis (which see).
- TRIAL MARRIAGE** -- cohabitation on a temporary basis, pending the decision of the participants as to whether they are, or are not, sufficiently satisfied with each other to make it permanent, sanctifying it with marriage.



UMBILICAL CORD	-- the rope-like structure connecting the fetus with the placenta.
URINATE	-- void or pass urine; piss, make water, pass water, spring a leak, drain your tank, squeeze your lemon, shake your sprinkler, water your stud-horse, pick daisies (or flowers).
URINE	-- fluid secreted by the kidneys; piss, water, kidney wash.
VAGINA	-- female sex organ, receptacle for the penis; cunt; twat, twitch, twidget, snatch, thatch; hole, crack, slough, split, pussy, mound; hair poultice, "ball of yarn," "ring dang doo." (These names, instead of following lines of resemblance, seem to lean toward an unusual and suggestive sound.)
VAMPIRE	-- one who preys on persons of the opposite sex; a ghostly blood-sucking creature; a man-hating, cannibalistic woman, who castrates men psychically, by destroying their confidence in themselves; a ruthless gold-digger preying on the affections of men to enrich herself.
VENEREAL DISEASE	-- 1. Gonorrhea: dose, clapp, blue balls. 2. Syphilis: syph, pox, "shankers". 3. Also: lukorrhea (whites), chordee (an erection cramp), Chinese rot, etc.
VICE (see Crime, Sin)	an act committed against and to the detriment of the self, such as masturbation (self-abuse) or the use of narcotics, alcohol, or barbituates.
VIRGIN	-- a woman undefiled, unused, and still a maiden (usually possessing her maiden-head).
VOYEUR	-- one who obtains gratification from seeing sexual objects, acts, or scenes; a peeping-Tom.
VOMIT	-- throw up, puke, retch, spew, gag, belch forth; emesis, puke, regurgitation.
VULGAR	-- coarse and common, nasty, dirty-tongued, obscene in speech.
WANTON	-- unrestrained, running to excess; lewd, lascivious, lustful; horny, hot, loose, adulterous, on the make.
WEREWOLF	-- a person who, at will, changes into a wolf in order to practice cannibalism; a man who is a woman-hater; one who, fixated at the oral level (with the breast-eating fantasy), continued in an infantile dependency on the mother, mixed with helplessness and hate.
WETHER	-- castrated sheep.
WHITE SLAVERY	-- enforced prostitution.
WICKEDNESS	-- sinfulness, moral depravity.
WIFE (see Woman)	-- frau, missus, old woman, ball and chain, etc.
WOMAN	-- broad, bag, dame, package, skirt, petticoat; gal, miss, missiá, girl, maiden; moll, jane, frill, frail, damsel; bunny, quail, doll, slick-chick; baby, chicken, cunt, pussy, split-tail, cock-teaser, pecker-bait, whistle-bait, jail-bait, love-flesh, moose-meat; cat, witch, hag, bitch, she-devil, shrew, termagant, battle-axe, battle-wagon.
WOLF	-- a man whose ego feeds on his conquests over women.

## PART TWO

# TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE

# TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE

From the  
Collection  
of

Gershon Legman  
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Gershon Legman, by his own account, is Hungarian. He is 36, and describes himself, perhaps exaggeratedly, as "notably awful looking." He has been interested in the collecting of vulgar folklore since around 1936. He has published, among other things, a book titled LOVE AND DEATH (A Study in Censorship), 1949, and a magazine, NEUROTICA, 1950-52, banned by the courts as obscene since the ninth issue. Legman hopes to fight on against prejudice and opposition until he can publish his articles, if not his full collection, without fear of persecution by the "blue laws."

Typed by

Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
November 28, 1952

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MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!  
(Tune: "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean")

My father sells snow to the snowbirds;  
My mother makes synthetic gin;  
My sister makes love for a living;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a young missionary;  
He saves little girlies from sin;  
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My uncle's an artist and painter;  
He turns out a beautiful fin;  
He sells them ten cents on a dollar;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt is a boarding-house keeper;  
She takes little working girls in;  
They put a red light in the window;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt runs a girl's seminary,  
To give girls a cultural in;  
Her callers address her as 'Madam';  
My God, how the money rolls in!

I tried selling snow to the snowbirds;  
I tried making synthetic gin;  
I tried making love for a living --  
My God, what a mess I am in!

A LETTER:

Was it you who, with your penis,  
Screwed my darling daughter, Venus,  
Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you who did the pushing,  
Who put stains upon the cushion?  
If it was, you'd better leave this town!

It was I who did the pushing,  
Who put stains upon the cushion,  
Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down!

Ever since I met your daughter,  
I've had trouble passing water,  
Gee, I wish I'd never seen this town.

Ever since I laid your Venus,  
I've had pimples on my penis,  
And now it's slowly turning brown!

## SNAPOO!

Oh, madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine!  
Snapoo!

Oh, madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine  
To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Chorus:

Tap o tap pater and van de go tater  
And shaker snap peter snapoo!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; I'm not too fine  
To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's teasing me!  
He's tickling the hole I use to pee!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's on me yet,  
And if he don't stop, I will certainly shit!

Eight months rolled by and the ninth did pass,  
And a little Dutch soldier marched out of her ass!

The little Dutch soldier grew and grew,  
And now he's chasing the chippies too!

## NO MORE A-ROVIN'

And then I touched her on the knee!

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the knee;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather free!"

Chorus:

A-rovin, a-rovin, since rovin's been my ru-eye-in,  
I'll go no more a-rovin with you fair maid!

And then I touched her on the thigh!

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the thigh;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather high!"

And then I touched her on the thatch!

Says she: "Young man, that's my main hatch!"

And then I slipped it to the blocks!

Says she: "Young man, I've got the pox!"

## THE BUGLE CALL!

Ass hole, ass hole, a soldier I would be,  
And piss, and piss, and pistols on my knee;  
Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,  
To fight for cunt, for cunt, for countrie!

## THE WHOREY CREW

There were three whores in Canada  
Sipping sherry wine;  
The object of the conversation was,  
"Is yours as big as mine?"

Oh, roly-poly, tickle my holey,  
Slin in my slimy slow,  
And drag your nuts across my cuts,  
For we're part of the whorey crew!

Oh, the first whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the sea,  
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,  
And never bother me."

The second whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the air,  
The planes fly in, the planes fly out,  
And never touch the hair."

The third whore spoke up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the moon;  
Three men went up in January,  
And didn't come back 'till June."

## THE MAID THAT WAS NOT SATISFIED (The Great Wheel)

A man told me just before he died --  
I'll never know if the bastard lied --  
About his wife who cried and cried  
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a fucking great wheel,  
Driven by steam, with a prick of steel,  
Two brass balls all filled with cream,  
And the whole friggin' riggin' was driven by steam.

Round and round went the fucking great wheel;  
In and out went the prick of steel;  
Till at last the maiden cried:  
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit:  
There was no way of stopping it;  
She was split from ass to tit;  
And the whole friggin' riggin was covered with shit!

## LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,  
A cunning little runt,  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little cunt.

Mary had a little lamb --  
It fed upon the grass --  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little ass.

Mary had a little lamb --  
Its fleece was white as snow --  
And every where that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to the barn one day;  
For eggs she was to hunt;  
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes  
And got a whiff of cunt.

Now, Mary was a naughty girl  
And didn't give a damn;  
She let him have another whiff,  
And killed the God damned lamb!

Mary had a little watch;  
She swallowed it one day;  
And now she's taking cascareds  
To pass the time away.

But as the time went on and on,  
The watch refused to pass;  
So if you want to know the time,  
Just look up Mary's ass!

## I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store;  
I worked in the candy department.  
I did, but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some candy;  
I asked, "What kind?" at the door.  
"Sucker," she said. Suck her I did.  
I did, but I don't any more!

2. Hat department -- hat -- felt.

3. Cake department -- cake -- layer.

4. Hardware department -- hardware --  
screw.



## ONE NIGHT IN MAY

One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping;  
One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping,  
Along came a corporal on his hands and knees a-creeping,  
With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
She wished that the corporal would come and do it over,  
With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
She wished that the corporal had never come a-creeping,  
With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
The neighbors all wondered just who the hell had frigged her,  
With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
And out jumped a corporal with a regimental number,  
And a funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

## GOODMAN

Now, I came home the other night  
As drunk as I could be;  
I saw a hat upon the rack  
Where my hat ought to be.

I asked my wife, my darling wife,  
"Whose hat is that I see?  
Whose hat is that upon the rack  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you drunken fool,  
Any son-of-a-bitch can see  
It's nothing but a pisspot  
That you have given to me!:"

Now, I have traveled round this world  
Some forty years or more,  
But a pisspot with a sweatband  
I've never seen before!

2. Pants	---	chair
Curtain-sash	---	pecker-tracks

3. Pole	---	hole
Rolling-pin	---	circumcised

## RING DANG DOO

I went to town, and on the street  
I met a girl so very sweet;  
She said, "Hello!" I said, "How do!  
Will you let me play with your Ring Dang Doo?"

"A Ring Dang Doo, pray what is that?"  
"It's soft and sweet like a pussy cat,  
Covered with hair and cracked in two:  
That's what is called a Ring Dang Doo!"

She took me down her old man's cellar,  
Said I was a darned nice feller;  
She fed me wine and whiskey too  
And let me play with her Ring Dang Doo.

She laid me in her pappy's bed,  
Put two pillows beneath my head,  
Took my Johnny in her hand,  
And shoved it up her Promised Land.

"Naughty girl!" her mother said,  
"For letting him crack your maidenhead!  
Pack up your trunk and suitcase too,  
And go to hell with your Ring Dang Doo!"

The men they came, the men they went;  
The price went down to fifty cents;  
From sweet sixteen to sixty-two  
She let them play with her Ring Dang Doo:

## NO BALLS AT ALL!

Oh, come, all ye laddies and listen to me,  
And I'll tell you a tale that will fill you with glee  
Of a pretty young maiden so fair and so tall  
Who married a man with no balls at all!

No balls at all; no balls at all;  
She married a man who had no balls at all!

The night of the wedding she crept into bed  
(Her cheeks were so rosy, her ass was so red!);  
She reached for his penis, his penis was small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

"Oh, mother, oh, mother, oh what shall I do?  
I've married a man who's unable to screw.  
My troubles are many, my pleasures are small,  
For I've married a man who has no balls at all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, do not be so sad:  
The same thing happened to your dear old dad.  
There's always an iceman awaiting the call  
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!"

This daring young daughter took mother's advice  
And laid with the man that delivers the ice;  
A bouncing tough bastard was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

Nine months have elapsed since that memorable night;  
The boy that was born was a terrible sight;  
His head was too large, and his body too small,  
But the worst thing of all -- he had no balls at all!

### EVEN AS YOU AND I

A fool there was, and he met a belle,  
Even as you and I!

He took her to a swell hotel,  
Even as you and I!

He thought himself a smart young gink  
As he wrote, "And Wife," with his pen and ink  
(And gave the dask clerk a nudge and wink)  
Even as you and I!!

He called her "Dear" and she called him "Pet":  
He smiled as he thought what he was to get;  
The jane was Frisco's most beautiful belle,  
And Julius was set to give Jane hell,  
But when you're past fifty you never can tell!

They went up the hallway and into the room,  
Trying to look like a bride and groom;  
He gazed on her beautiful form divine,  
He put out the light and pulled down the blind,  
And thought he was in for a wonderful time!

She took off her waist and showed her white breast;  
He stripped right down to the hair on his chest;  
He jumped into bed with a yearning desire,  
His body was feverish, his brain was on fire,  
And then he discovered he had a flat tire!  
Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy!

The fool sat down, and he made a prayer,  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;  
For once in his life he prayed on the square;  
But the beautiful Jane gave up in despair,  
She called in a bellhop and gave Julius the air!  
This is between you and I!

## IN DERBY TOWN

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
The streets are made of glass;  
And every time you take a step,  
You fall right on your ass.

Inky-dinky bob-o-linky,  
Never tell a lie,  
Come to Darby Town  
And say the same as I!!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A teacher was teaching a class,  
And every time she'd turn her back  
They'd kick her in the ass.

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
There were two men who were rich;  
One was the son of a millionaire,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A lady was climbing a pole,  
And every time a man walked by  
He'd look right up her hole!

In Darby Town, in Derby Town  
Two men were digging a ditch;  
One of them said to the other one,  
"You're a dirty son-of-a-bitch!"

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
A man was driving a truck,  
And every time a girl walked by  
He'd ask her for a fuck!

## THE GAY CABALLERO

I once was a gay caballero  
Coming from Rio Janeiro,  
Bringing with me my lachambole  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I met a gay senorita,  
An exceedingly gay senorita,  
I asked her to see my lachambole  
And both of my lachamboleros.

She said she hadn't oughter,  
For she was a minister's daughter,  
But she wanted to see my lachambole  
And both of my lachamboleros!

I laid her on the sofita,  
An exceedingly soft sofita,  
And inserted the tip of my lachambole  
And both of my lachamboleros.

That son-of-a-bitch senorita,  
She gave me a case of clapita,  
Right on the tip of my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I went to see my medico,  
An exceedingly wise medico,  
He cut of the tip of my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I now am a sad caballero  
Returning to Rio Janeiro,  
Without the tip of my lachambolee  
And both of my lachamboleros!

### THE PIONEERS

The pioneers have hairy ears;  
They piss through leather britches;  
They wipe their ass on broken glass,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear  
(They knife him if he snitches);  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass  
From fairies or from witches;  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse  
And beat him if he twitches;  
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool  
He's beat with hickory switches;  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugging sheep  
In sundry bogs and ditches;  
Nor give a damn if he be a ram --  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,  
They take a shot of Fitches';  
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

## RED WING

There once was an Indian Maid  
Who was very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would slip it up her slough  
As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Now she had an idea grand:  
She filled her slit with sand,  
So no buckaroo  
Would slip it up her slough  
As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Oh the moon shines down on pretty Redwing,  
As she lies sleeping,  
There comes a-creeping,  
A pair of cowboy eyes a sneaking  
In search of the promised land.

Now this buckaroo was wise,  
He crept between her thighs,  
And with a gum-boot  
On the end of his root  
He started for the promised land.

Little Redwing came to life  
And drew her bowie knife;  
With one pass  
She cut his balls from his ass,  
And his sporting days were o'er.

Oh the sun shines down on pretty Redwing,  
As she lies snoring,  
There hangs a warning,  
A pair of cowboy rocks adorning  
The flap of her wigwam door.

## ONE BALL RILEY

As I was sittin' in O'Riley's bar  
Listenin' tales of blood and slaughter,  
Came a thought into my head,  
"Gonna go shag O'Riley's daughter."

Tiddle-i-ee, tiddle-i-ay,  
Give three cheers for the One Ball Riley!  
Rub-a-dub-dub, balls and all,  
Rig-aig-aig, shag on!

First I threw her on the floor;  
Then I threw my left leg over;  
Shagged and shagged till she yelled for more,  
Shagged until the fun was over.

Came a knocking at her door;  
Who should it be but her God-damned father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hands,  
Lookin' for the guy what shagged his daughter.

First I grabbed him by the neck,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water,  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
Farther than I shagged his daughter.

When I go walking down the street,  
The people stand on every corner:  
"There's that God-damned son-of-a-bitch,  
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter!"

### CONSERVE THE AMMUNITION

Save your ammunition, boys, don't waste a single shot,  
For some day you may need a little, just as like as not;  
Don't be a fool and blaze away at everything you see;  
Select the best, pass up the rest, and, take a tip from me,  
The game is fine and plentiful, the supply exceeds the demand,  
So use a little judgment -- keep a fair supply on hand;  
For when you run out of lead you might just as well be dead,  
And what good's the inclination when it's only in your head?  
I'm told each man starts out with three thousand rounds, about,  
And that he can neither borrow, beg, nor steal when he runs out;  
So it's up to you, old Top, and you'll find it out at last,  
That the mill can never grind with water that is passed;  
So conserve your ammunition while you are young and strong;  
Remember you are ageing, getting pretty well along,  
And should you meet a worthy foe, that foe would jeer and scoff  
If twere found you had an old gun that you couldn't fire off;  
I find then men grow old, with ammunition m-agre,  
They lose enthusiasm, and are never quite so eager  
As when young and full of vigor, and it's tough to hear them say,  
"Had a good supply of lead, I did, but I shot it all away!"

Don't boast of what you used to do, way back long years ago,  
For that makes people tired, and what they want to know  
Is -- can you turn the trick today? If not, you're in the ranks  
With those who do no damage and fire only harmless blanks.

The successful athlete depends upon his strength and skill;  
The pugilist must have a punch that he can land at will;  
'Tis so in every walk of life. If you don't possess the stuff,  
You'll have to take a gambler's chance of winning out through  
bluff

To be entirely out of lead, you might as well be down in hades;  
you can fool a bunch of men, but you cannot fool the ladies,  
Who are keen and quite observing -- 'tis instinct makes them so --  
They're cool, calculating Missourians, whom you have got to show!

## ANOTHER PIECE

Now, Bill, she said, No more tonight,  
For three you've had already;  
She was indeed quite liberal,  
But then he was her steady.

But, Bill replied with great emotion,  
Can't you see, dear, that I crave it?  
And furthermore just what's the use  
Of endeavoring to save it?

Learn to control yourself, she said,  
For soon we will be married;  
Accomplish this, and we'll be happy.  
This was how she parried.

But it's ripe, my angel girl,  
And it will not last forever.  
She just smiled and taunted, laughing,  
Don't you think you're awfully clever?

Oh, dear, he said, just one more piece;  
I'll soon have it stripped, my dear;  
One more will not hurt, my darling;  
Banish your unfounded fear.

Well, she said, Here, you can have it;  
But you must strip it by yourself.  
He slowly stripped the herbacious fruit  
And ate the whole banana himself.

## A SEVENTY YEAR OLD FOLLOWER

An old sport lounged in a grandstand chair,  
Shit in his whiskers and hay in his hair,  
And his voice rang hoarse in the salty air:  
"He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"

Just wait till you see them turn him loose;  
He'll go through that field like shit through a goose;  
He'll do it as easy as ace takes a deuce -- etc.

His breeding is right; he can't run slow;  
He's out of Black Bitch, by Bollicky Joe;  
That bunch of crowbait won't even show -- etc.

I ain't got no money, but if I was rich,  
I'd go dead broke on that son-of-a-bitch;  
When he gets a-going he'll make 'em all itch -- etc.

The barrier's up, he got the worst kind of start;  
It don't make no difference -- he don't give a fart;  
The suckers are yellow -- he's game; what a heart -- etc.

From the nineteenth position way out in the grass,  
Where the weeds are so tall they tickle his ass,  
He's nosed into fourth place past Scotch Highland Lass -- etc.

They've swung down the stretch and the bastard is third;  
He's worked up to second -- he's slipped on a turd;  
He's down in the ditch, sweet son-of-a-bitch!  
He He wasn't in it, b'Jesus!



## LULU

Now, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him Sunny Jim;  
She put him in a pisspot  
To teach him how to swim.

He swam to the bottom;  
He swam to the top;  
Lulu got excited  
And grabbed him by the cock.

Now, bang away at Lulu;  
Bang it good and strong;  
What'll we do for banging  
When banging Lulu's gone?

I wish I were a diamond  
Upon fair Lulu's hand,  
And every time she'd wipe her ass  
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were a necklace  
Upon fair Lulu's breast,  
And every time she heaved a sigh  
I'd see the old crow's nest.

### 2.

I wish I was a diamond -  
Upon my Lulu's hand,  
And every time she wiped her ass,  
I'd see the promised land.

Bang away, my Lulu;  
Bang away good and strong;  
Oh, what will we do for a damned good screw  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

I wish I was a pee-pot  
Beneath my Lulu's bed;  
For every time she took a piss  
I'd see her maidenhead.

My Lulu had a baby;  
She named it Sunny Jim;  
She dropped it in the pisspot  
To see if it could swim.

First it went to the bottom,  
And then it came to the top;  
When my Lulu got excited  
And grabbed it by the cock.

I wish I was the candle  
Within my Lulu's room;  
And every night at nine o'clock  
I'd penetrate her womb.

My Lulu's tall and sprightly;  
My Lulu's tall and thin;  
I caught her by the railroad track,  
Jacking off with a coupling pin.

I took her to the Poodle Dog,  
Up on the seventh floor;  
And there I gave her seventeen raps,  
And still she called for more.

My Lulu was arrested;  
Ten dollars was the fine;  
She said to the judge:  
"Take it out of this ass of mine!"

### 3.

Now, Lulu was a pretty gal;  
Her eyes were snakeshit brown;  
Her cheeks were like a billygoat's ass;  
Her tits were big and round.

Bang my Lulu,  
Bang her good and strong;  
Who the hell am I gonna bang  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Now, Lulu had a little boy,  
She called him Sunny Jim,  
She put him in a pisspot  
Just to see the bastard swim.

I wish I were a cake of soap  
Right in my Lulu's tub,  
And every time she took a bath  
Just think what I would rub!

I wish I were a little flea  
Right in my Lulu's thigh,  
And every time she spread her legs  
I'd bang her to the sky!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS  
(The Servant Maid's Lament!)

When I was but a serving girl  
Way down in New Orleans,  
I had a mysterious happening  
That brought me to my shame.

I met up with a sailor  
Who'd just come back from sea,  
And that was the beginning  
Of all my misery.

He asked me for a candle  
To light his way to bed;  
He asked me for a handkerchief  
To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,  
Not thinking it no harm,  
I jumped into that sailor's bed  
To keep him nice and warm.

He put his arm around me  
And kissed me there in bed;  
Then with his nine-inch Johnson bar,  
He broke my maidenhead.

Early in the morning,  
When that sailor boy awoke,  
He reached into his pocket  
And handed me a note.

"You take this, my darling,  
For the wrong that I have done;  
For in nine months you're going  
To have a daughter or a son!

"And if it is a little girl  
Just rock her on your knee;  
But if it is a little boy,  
Why, send him out to sea,

"With his bell-bottom trousers,  
And his jumpers made of blue,  
And let him climb the masthead  
Like his daddy used to do!"

Now, all you pretty maidens,  
A warning take from me:  
Never let a sailor put  
His hand above your knee.

For I did it once,  
And you can plainly see,  
He went away and left me  
With a baby on my knee!

2.

Oh, I was but a serving maid,  
 I lived in Drury Lane.  
 My master he was kind to me,  
 My mistress was the same.  
 Oh, along came a sailor lad  
 With heart so bold and free,  
 And he caused all the trouble  
 That ever came to me!

Wearing bell-bottom trousers  
And coat of navy blue,  
He'll climb up the rigging  
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle  
 To light him to his bed;  
 He asked me for a kerchief  
 To wrap around his head.  
 Oh, I was but a foolish maid,  
 And thinking it no harm,  
 I hopped into that sailor's bed  
 To keep the sailor warm!

Oh, early in the morning,  
 He was gone when I awoke;  
 A letter on the mantel  
 With a soggy five-pound note:  
 "Oh, this will help to pay for  
 The mischief I have done,  
 For you may have a daughter,  
 And you may have a son."

"If you have a daughter,  
 You may bounce her on your knee;  
 But if you have a son,  
 Send the bastard off to sea!"

3.

(As above except:)

Early in the morning,  
 At the break of day,  
 He handed me a fiver,  
 And he was on his way.  
 His hand had wandered idly,  
 In the course of which,  
 His finger crushed my glory --  
 The lousy son-of-a-bitch!

He said, "If you have a little girl,  
 Bounce her on your knee,  
 And when the bitch is seventeen,  
 Send her here to me.  
 And if you have a little boy,  
 Bounce him on your knee,  
 And when he is seventeen,  
 Send the bastard out to sea!"

The Rifleman

'Twas at a ball I met her,  
I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a rifleman  
By the way I wore my pants.

My shoes were neatly polished,  
My hair was neatly combed.  
And after the ball was over,  
I asked to take her home.

'Twas in her father's hallway  
That she was led astray.  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she first got her lay.

I promised her silks and satins,  
I promised her diamond rings.  
I promised her a golden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She never got silks or satins,  
She never got diamond rings.  
All she got was a wooden cradle  
To rock her bastard in.

Oh girls, oh girls, take warning,  
And listen to my plea.  
Don't ever trust a rifleman  
An inch above your knee.

He'll love you and caress you,  
And say that he'll be true.  
But when your cherry's busted,  
He'll say to hell with you!

## THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures;  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

She was just a parson's daughter,  
Pure, unstained was her fame,  
Till a country squire came courting,  
And the poor girl lost her name.

So she went away to London,  
Just to hide her guilty shame;  
There she met an army chaplain,  
Once again she lost her name.

Hear him as he jaws his tommies,  
Warning of Hell's bright flame;  
With all her heart she had trusted,  
But still she lost her name.

Now, he's in his riding britches,  
Hunting foxes in the chase,  
While the victim of his folly  
Makes her living in disgrace.

So she settled down in London,  
Sinking deeper in her shame;  
Then she met a labor leader --  
Once again she lost her name.

Now, he's in the House of Commons,  
Making laws and gaining fame,  
While the victim of his pleasures  
Walks the street each night in shame.

Then there came a bloated bishop,  
Marriage was the tale he told;  
There was no one else to take her,  
So she sold her soul for gold.

See her in her horse and carriage  
Riding daily through the park;  
Though she's made a wealthy marriage,  
Still she hides a breaking heart.

In a cottage down in Sussex  
Live her parents old and lame,  
And they drink the wine she sends them,  
But they never speak her name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures,  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

## POOR BUT HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,  
Victim of the squire's whim:  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,  
For to hide her grief and shame;  
There she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,  
In the park and all so gay;  
All the nibs and nobby persons  
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village  
Where her aged parents live,  
Drinking the champagne she sends them;  
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,  
Like a bird with broken wing:  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined,  
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his passions  
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She says: "Farewell, blighted love."  
There's a scream, a splash -- Good Heavens!  
What is she a-doing of?

Then they drag her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrang,  
For they thought that she was drowned;  
But the corpse got up and sang:

"It's the same the whole world over;  
It's the poor that gets the blame,  
It's the rich that gets the pleasure:  
Isn't it a blooming shame?"

## SHE CAME ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

In the hills of West Virginny  
Lived a gal named Nancy Brown;  
She was the fairest maiden  
In city or in town.

One day there came a deacon,  
A-seekin for a thrill;  
He took our little Nancy Brown  
Away up in the hills!

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise;  
For she didn't give the deacon  
The thrill that he was seekin';  
She's as pure as West Virginia's bluest skies!

Then there came a western cowboy  
With all his chaps and frills;  
He also took our Nancy Brown  
A-way up in the hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb;  
For in spite of all his urgin'  
She still remained a virgin;  
She's as pure as West Virginia's home-smoked ham!

Then there came a city slicker  
With his hundred dollar bills;  
And he took our little Nancy Brown  
Away up in the hills.

Oh, she stayed up in the mountains,  
She stayed up in the mountains,  
She stayed up in the mountains all that night;  
She came down next mornin' early,  
More a woman than a girlie,  
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight!

Now she's livin' in the city,  
Livin' in the city,  
Livin' in the city mighty swell;  
For she's through with cookin' vittles  
And with washin' pots and kettles,  
And the West Virginia hills can go to hell!



LADY LIL  
(By: Eugene Field)

Lil was the best our camp produced,  
And of all the gents what Lillian goosed,  
None had such goosin', nor never will,  
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil.  
We had a bet in our town  
There warn't no geezer that could brown  
Lil to a finish, any style--  
And no bloke ever made the trial  
'Cept Short Pete, the halfbreed galoot,  
Who wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.  
His takin' it surprised us all,  
For Pete, he warn't so big nor tall,  
But when he yanked his tool out far  
And laid it out across the bar,  
We 'lowed our Lil had met her fate,  
But thar warn't no backin' out that late;  
And so we 'ranged to have the mill  
Behind the whorehouse on the hill,  
Where all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that halfbreed brown his meat.  
Lil's start was like a gentle breeze  
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees,  
But when het up, she screwed for keeps  
And laid her victims out in heaps.  
She tried her twists and double biffs  
And all such maneuvers known to quiffs,  
But Pete war thar with every tack  
And kept a-lettin' out more jack.  
It made us cocksmen fairly sick,  
To see that halfbreed shove his prick.  
She gave Short Pete a lively mill  
And wore the grass half off the hill,  
Till finally she missed her shot,  
And Short Pete had her on the pot;  
But she died game, just let me tell,  
And had her boots on when she fell.  
So what the hell, Bill, what the hell!

Lil, Poor Lil

She was the best our camp produced,  
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil  
Ain't had no goose or never will,  
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town  
That no one could screw her and clamp her down.  
For when Lil screwed, she screwed for keeps,  
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,  
Down from the land where the winters meet.  
When he laid his cock out on the bar,  
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

We all knew Lil had met her fate,  
But we couldn't back down that thar late.  
So it was arranged down by the mill  
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,  
Lil started out like an autumn breeze  
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

She tried the twist and double bunt  
And all the tricks what's known to cunt.  
But Pete was with her every lick  
And just kept reeling out more brick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop  
For Pete had nailed her on the spot.  
Her clothes were tattered and torn to shreds  
And scattered all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around  
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground;  
But she died game, I'm here to tell,  
Died with her boots on where she fell!  
So what the hell, boys, what the hell!

### Her Name Was Lil

Oh, her name was Lil, and she was a beauty.  
She lived in a house of ill repute.  
The men all came from far to see  
Lilian in her deshabelle.  
Oh, Lily in her deshabelle!

She was comely, she was fair,  
She had lovely yellow hair.  
But she drank too much of the demon rum,  
And she smoked hashish and opium.  
Oh, she smoked hashish and opium!

Now day by day her cheeks grew thinner  
Because of the lack of protein in her.  
She grew two hollows in her chest  
Till she had to go around completely dressed.  
Oh, she had to go around completely dressed!

She went to see the house physician  
To prescribe for her condition.  
"You have got," the doctor say,  
"Per-nish-i-us anem-i-a."  
Oh, per-nish-i-us anem-i-a!"

She took treatments in the sun,  
She even tried Scott's emul-si-on.  
Three times daily she took yeast,  
But still her clientele decreased.  
Oh, still her clientele decreased!

Now it may be said of her cli-en-tally,  
That it rested mainly on her belly.  
And when she covered her belly with cloth,  
Her clientele grew exceedingly wroth.  
Oh, her clientele grew exceedingly wroth!

Now clothes may make a girl go far,  
But they have no place on a fille de joie;  
And Lily's troubles they began  
When she concealed her abdomen.

Oh, when she concealed her abdomen!

As she lay there in her dishonor  
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.  
She said, "Oh, Lord, I do repent,  
But that's gonna cost you thirty-five cent.

Oh, that's gonna cost you thrity-five cent!"

### LYDIA PINKHAM

Have you ever heard of Lydia Pinkham  
And her compound so refined,  
It turned pricks to flowering fountains  
And made cunts grow on behind?

Then, we'll sing, we'll sing,  
We'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Savior of the human race,  
How she makes, she bottles,  
She sells her vegetable compound,  
And the papers publish her face!

Widow Brown she had no children  
Though she loved them very dear,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now she has them twice a year!

Willie Smith had peritonitis,  
And he couldn't piss at all,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now he's a human water-fall!

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys;  
Poor old lady couldn't pee;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they pipe her to the sea!

Geraldine she had no breastworks,  
And she couldn't fill her blouse;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows!

Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled,  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they hang all round his butt!

Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
And his pecker wouldn't peck,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now it's as long as a gy-raffe's neck!

### Lydia Pinkham's Compound

Oh, Mrs. Jones had a pregnant daughter,  
And oh, the pain was hard to bear.  
So she gave her a bottle of Compound,  
And she dropped her cargo right under the stair!

So we'll drink a drink a drink  
To Lydia Pinka Pinka Pink,  
The savior of the human race.  
She invented a legitimate compound,  
And now all the papers publish her face!

Oh, little Johnny, the little bastard,  
Through masturbation had lost his vim;  
So we gave him two bottles of Compound,  
And now the rabbits all envy him!

Oh, little Willy, the little fuck-up,  
Could pass no water -- oh, none at all.  
So we gave him three bottles of Compound,  
And now he clears a ten-foot wall.

### THE LOVER'S ALPHABET

A for the Artful word he uses.  
B for the Blush as she gently refuses.  
C for the Creep of his hand up her legs.  
D for the "Don't" as she quietly begs.  
E for the Excitement when his hand gets higher.  
F for the Feeling of ticklish desire.  
G for the Gasp as her sweet spot he touches.  
H for her Helplessness fast in his clutches.  
I for the Itching which makes her feel hot.  
J for the Jumps as he touches her spot.  
K for the Kiss with which he rewards her.  
L for the Love he now has towards her.  
M for the Move they make into bed.  
N for the Neat way her legs are outspread.  
O for the Opening thereby revealed.  
P for the Pencil already peeled.  
Q for the Queer feeling she has when it's in.  
R for the Rapture even though it is sin.  
S for the Strokes which wax stronger and stronger.  
T for the Throbs which she wants to last longer.  
U for the Uction which comes with a rush.  
V for the Vim which attends a last push.  
W for the Wishes to do it again.  
X for the Ecstasy girls find in men.  
Y for the Yearning which comes from desire.  
Z for the Zeal which the pleasure inspires.

ANNE COOPER HEWITT

I'm only a sterilized heiress,  
A butt for the laughter of rubes,  
    I'm comely and rich  
    But a venomous bitch --  
My mother -- ran off with my tubes.

Oh, fie on you, mother, you dastard!  
Come back with my feminine toys.  
    Restore my abdomen  
    And make me a woman --  
I want to go out with the boys!

Imagine my stark consternation  
At feeling a surgeon's rude hands  
    exploring my person  
    (Page Aimee McPherson)  
And then rudely snatching my glands.

Oh, fie on you, medical monsters!  
How could you so handle my charms?  
    My bosom is sinking,  
    My clitoris shrinking --  
I need a strong man in my arms!

The butler and second-man snub me,  
No more will they use my door key;  
    The cook from Samoa  
    Has spermatozoa --  
For others, but never for me.

Oh, fie on you, fickle men-servants!  
With your strong predilection to whore.  
    Who cares for paternity?  
    Forgive my infirmity --  
Can't a girl just be fun any more?

What ruling in court can repay me  
For losing my peas-in-the-pod?  
    My joyous fecundity  
    Turned to morbundity --  
Like Pickford, I'll have to try God.

Oh, fie on you, courthouse and rulings!  
I want my twin bubbles of jest.  
    Take away my hot flashes  
    And menopause rashes  
And let me feel weight on my chest!

## HOW I'VE SUFFERED

For forty years I've been buggared  
With all sorts of horrible pains;  
I've had every ailment, I reckon,  
From rupture to varicose veins.

Neuritis with me's quite a hobby,  
And I've bunions and corns on my feet,  
While I seem to breed stones in my bladder  
Like bloody great lumps of concrete.

I've spent a small fortune at chemists  
And lain monthly in hospital beds,  
But the stuff I have taken to shift me  
Has torn my poor arsehole to shreds!

I've a sciatic nerve that's a torture,  
And I'm told I've a valvular heart,  
While I strain like a bloody buck navvy  
Before I can squeeze out a fart!

The rheumatic gout in my fingers  
Has made them all sizes and shapes,  
Whilst the piles that I've got up my dirt-box,  
Just hang like a big bunch of grapes!

My digestion at times is quite stupid;  
If I have a square meal I feel sick;  
And I get an unpleasant sensation  
Like gnats gnawing holes in my prick!

uric acid, they say, is the trouble,  
And I don't mind telling you this:  
I've got to whistle The Last Rose of Summer  
To get my old doodle to piss.

And as far as a God damn erection,  
The idea is simply absurd;  
For my prick's like an undersized maggot  
And as soft as a young baby's tird.

Despite the advice I keep taking,  
There isn't a day I feel fit;  
And it takes half a pound of gunpowder  
Before I can possibly shit.

So you see, I spend hours in the crap-house,  
Or groaning and moaning in bed,  
And my pals simply mutter when passing,  
"Ain't it time the old bastard was dead?"

## THE STREET CLEANER'S DREAM

You can see me wid me little cart upon the street each day,  
Cleanin' after horses, for which Oi gets good pay;  
Oi likes to clean an' sweep an' dodge around the teams,  
But at night, whin Oi gits in me bed, Oi have such terrible dreams!

Oi sees horseshit on the ceilin' an' horseshit on the floor,  
Horseshit on the tete-a-tete an' horseshit by the door,  
Horseshit in the sugar-bowl, horseshit in the chair,  
Horseshit in me whiskers, an' horseshit every where!

The best friends sweepers have is the little English sparrer;  
Sure, they'd eat more horseshit in one day than could go in a wheelbarrer;  
But in spite of all the sparrers at, an' Oi cleans wid me broom,  
In me dreams there's loads of horseshit piled all around the room!

There's horseshit in the water-pail, an' horseshit in the sink,  
Horseshit in every bite I eat, an' every drop Oi drink;  
Horseshit on the pilly-shams an' horseshit in the bed;  
Sometimes Oi think there's nothin' but horseshit in me head!

Me woife says it's the noite-mare that makes me act so bad,  
For Oi tears up all the bed-clothes, an' screams an' yells like mad;  
This mornin' about half past thray, Oi nearly lost me head,  
For Oi thought the noite-mare'd been there an' shit all round me bed!

Oi saw horseshit on the dure-mat, an' horseshit in the hall,  
Horseshit in the kitchen stove an' horseshit on the wall,  
Horseshit in me poonkin pie an' on the windy-pane,  
An' the doctor told me woife that Oi have horseshit on the brain!

Now they're buildin' wagons to be run by steam, that never shits, begob,  
An' bye an' bye when they gets plinty, Oi suppose Oi'll lose me job,  
But all things happen for the best, and praps 'twill save me loife,  
For Oi'm crazy now from horseshit, and it's nearly kilt me woife!

## THE PATIENT WITH THE SILENT P

The staff of the hospital was getting quite vexed;  
The antics of a patient there had got them all perplexed;  
He'd had his operation now for pretty near a week,  
But hadn't shown an inclination yet to take a leak.

They filled him full of lemon juice and orange juice and tea,  
And yet he didn't seem to have the least desire to pee;  
They took him to the bathroom and turned the faucets on,  
'Cause running water's s'posed to bring the urine on.

The patient simply stood there like a person paralyzed;  
So they decided they would have to have him psycho-analyzed.  
They made him say the alphabet beginning A B C,  
But though he got to M N O, he couldn't get to P.

They tried to hypnotize him, and they got him in a trance,  
But the only thing that happened was a doctor wet his pants;  
They found that kindness, sympathy, and tact were no avail,  
And thought that sterner measures now might possibly prevail.

They raged and stormed and threatened him, each doctor getting madder,  
But the patient turned to each of them with unresponsive bladder;  
Then someone on the staff had a bright idee and said,  
"Suppose we try him with a glass of beer instead?"

The patient pricked his ears up and before he'd had a drop,  
He started urinating, and they couldn't make him stop;  
And that's the story, gentlemen, though it may sound rather queer,  
Of how a common fellow in a flash became a peer.

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

There's a homely old adage  
Among maidens forlorn,  
That the older the buck  
The stiffer the horn;  
But I've been around  
And I know, which is why  
I say it's a chestnut  
And all a damn lie.

From twenty to thirty,  
If a man lives right,  
It's once in the morning  
And twice every night;  
From thirty to forty,  
Without any warning,  
He misses a morning  
Or cuts out the night;  
From forty to fifty  
It's now and then;  
From fifty to sixty  
It's God knows when;  
From sixty on up,  
If he's still inclined. . .  
Don't let him kid you --  
It's all in his mind.

With women it's different;  
It's morning and night  
Regardless of whether  
They live wrong or right;  
Age makes no difference,  
They're always inclined:  
They have nothing to get ready,  
Except maybe their mind.

So after all  
Is said and done,  
A man of sixty has  
Finished his run;  
But a woman of sixty  
(And figures don't lie)  
Can take the old man  
Till her time comes to die.



SHOVE IT HOME  
(The Inches Song)

Main Speaker

Echoing Voice

- I gave her inches one,  
    Shove it home, shove it home;                   (Inches one, inches one)  
I gave her inches one,  
    Shove it home;                                       (Inches one)  
I gave her inches one:  
She said, "Johnny, ain't it fun!?"  
    Put your belly close to mine  
    And shove it home!"
- So I gave her inches two,  
    Shove it home, shove it home;                   (Inches two, inches two)  
So I gave her inches two,  
    Shove it home;                                       (Inches two)  
So I gave her inches two:  
She said, "Johnny, I love you!?"  
    Put your belly close to mine  
    And shove it home!"
3. She says, "Johnny, got to pee..."  
4. She says, "Johnny, I want more..."  
5. She says, "Johnny, look alive!..."  
6. She says, "I've seen bigger pricks!..."  
7. She says, "Golly, ain't it heaven!..."  
8. She says, "Johnny, this is great!..."  
9. She says, "Johnny, ain't it fine..."
10. She says, "Can't you come again?...  
    (Or: "I've seen better men:...")                   (Inches ten, inches ten)
- So I gave her inches twenty,  
    Shove it home, shove it home;                   (Inches twenty, inches twenty)  
So I gave her inches twenty,  
    Shove it home;  
So I gave her inches twenty:  
She said, "Johnny, that's a-plenty!"  
    Put your pecker in your pants  
    And shove off home!"

## KIND BETTY

I laid my hand on her toe;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Toe, tickle-toe -- come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her shin;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her knee;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her thigh ;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her cock;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her belly;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her breast;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her mouth;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Mouth for to kiss, breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

## VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon.  
Virgin sturgeon is a fish.  
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',  
That's why caviar's a very rare dish.

Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah,  
Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah!

I fed caviar to my girl-friend.  
She was a virgin tried and true.  
Now my girl-friend needs no urgin';  
There ain't anything she won't do!

I fed caviar to my grandpa;  
He was a man of ninety-four (three).  
Screams and cries were heard from grandma,  
Grandpa had her on the floor (up a tree).

Class in astronomy, learning about stars.  
Teacher asked Willie, "Have you seen Mars?"  
Willie answered nice and cute,  
"I ain't seen ma's, but pa's got a beaut!"

Postman called the first of May.  
Policeman came the very next day.  
Nine months later out came Jimmy;  
Who fired first the blue or the gray?

Three little girls, all powdered and painted,  
Met three little boys behind the school.  
Two of them laid and the other one fainted;  
Wasn't she a God-damned fool?

I put caviar in the soda.  
That livened up the party, sure.  
What am I doing, stripped down naked?  
Thought these girls were sweet and pure.

I fed caviar to my mistress;  
She always did it cheerfully.  
Now she does it with a vengeance --  
Oh, my God, it's killing me!

# THE JOLLY TINKER

## 1.

Now, there was a jolly tinker  
Who came over from France,  
Came over especially  
To learn to fuck and dance.

Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza  
Buzza-buzza boo,  
Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza boo!

Well, the ship which he came over on  
The women were so few,  
First he fucked the captain,  
Then he fucked the crew.

Well, the ship which he came back in  
The women had the pox;  
So he shinnied up the mast,  
And he fucked the double blocks.

And he went in the cabin  
To get a glass of cider,  
And there he found a bed-bug  
A-jerkin' off a spider.

Now my song is ended;  
I can't sing any more;  
The apple's up my ass hole,  
And you can have the core!

## 2.

There was a jolly tinker,  
And he came from Dungaree,  
With a half a yard of fungus  
Hanging down below his knee.

With his long, long dilly-whacker,  
Over-grown kidney cracker,  
Looking for a scrimmage  
Around the belly whang.

The landlady's daughter,  
Coming from the ball,  
Saw the jolly tinker  
Lashing piss against the wall.

"Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
I'm in love with you!  
Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
Will half a dollar do?"

Oh, he screwed her in the parlor,  
He fucked her in the hall,  
And the servants said, "By Jesus,  
He'll be jumping on us all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter,  
You were a silly fool  
To get to fucking with a man  
Whose tool is like a mule!"

"Oh, mother, oh, mother,  
I thought that I was able;  
But he split me up the belly  
From the cunt up to the navel!"

SAM MCCALL'S SONG  
(By: Jim Tully)

My name is Sam McCall,  
And I come from Donegal,  
And I have no balls at all, balls at all.

Oh, my name is Sam McCall, Sam McCall,  
And I'm the greatest stud that ever had a stall,  
Had a stall.

Oh, I kicked the boards all out  
When the women came about;  
Now I have no balls at all, balls at all.

There can be no room for balls  
When your penis fills the stalls,  
Fills the stalls.

Oh, the girlies laugh and sing  
At the joy I always bring;  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all!

Oh, when I was just a lad,  
My mother and my dad  
Had to put me in a tent to hide it all, hide it all.

For they knew when girls discover  
A big penis in a lover,  
It would be the last of any lad from Donegal,  
Donegal.

And when Barnum came to Dublin,  
He my father kept a-broublin',  
To make a circus freak of Sam McCall, Sam McCall.

For he knew that all the women  
With passion would be swimmin'  
To get a private look at Sam McCall, Sam McCall.

## KAFOOZALUM

In olden days there lived a maid  
Who plied a very ancient trade;  
It was a trade of ill repute;  
In fact she was a prostitute.

Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem,  
Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The daughter of a rabbi!

She had a bush, 'twas very black,  
in fact the thing could quite contract  
To fit the tool of any fool  
That fucked in all Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived a bastard tall  
With prick so hard could break a wall;  
'Twas rumored he had ridden all  
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One day returning from a spree  
His customary hard had he,  
He spied beneath a nearby tree  
The harlot called Kafoozalum.

With many a nod and glancing look  
She led him to a nearby brook  
And from his bulging pants she took  
The pride of all Jerusalem.

She took his pride with aim to please,  
And rubbed it gently 'twixt her knees,  
The bastard showered all the trees  
And drowned out half Jerusalem.

The bastard he was underslung;  
He missed the cunt, and hit the bung;  
And didn't stop till he hit the dung  
In the asshole of Kafoozalum.

Kafoozalum she knew her art,  
She arched her back and blew a fart  
And sent the bastard like a dart  
Over all Jerusalem.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

In fourteen hundred and ninety two  
A Dago from itally  
Walked the streets of sunny Spain  
A-shouting, "Hot tamale!"

He knew the world was round-o;  
His balls hung to the ground-o;  
That Dago bastard with seven-year-itch,  
That syphilitic son-of-a-bitch,  
Was Christopher Columbo.

Columbo went unto the queen  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
And said, "I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago."

Columbo paced upon the deck;  
He knew it was his duty;  
He laid his whang into his hand  
And said, "Ain't that a beauty?"

A little girl walked up the deck  
And peeked in through the keyhole;  
He knocked her down upon her brown  
And shoved it in her pee-hole.

She sprang aloft; her pants fell off;  
The villain still pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg:  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

Each sailor on Columbo's ship  
Had each his private knothole;  
But Columbo was a superman,  
And he used a padded porthole!

Columbo had a cabin boy;  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night they went to bed  
And laid upon each other.

For forty days and forty nights  
They sailed in search of booty;  
They spied a whore upon the shore --  
My God, she was a beauty!

All the men jumped overboard,  
A-shedding coats and collars;  
In fifteen minutes by the clock  
She made ten thousand dollars:

Those were the days of no clap cure;  
The doctors were not many;  
The only doc' that he could find  
Was a son-of-a-bitch named Benny.

Columbo strode up to the doc';  
His smile serene and placid;  
The God-damned doc' burned off his cock  
With hydrochloric acid.

OUR GOODMAN  
(Child:274)

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a horse stand in the stable,  
Where his horse ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose horse is that there in the stall,  
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you damned fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the heifer calf  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But harness on a heifer calf  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a hat upon the rack,  
Where his hat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose hat is that upon the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's nothing but the chamber-pot  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But ear-flaps on a chamber-pot  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a coat upon the wall,  
Where his coat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose coat is that upon the wall,  
Where my coat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the new potticoat  
Your mother sent to me."



"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But sleeves upon a petticoat  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a head upon the bed,  
Where his head ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose head is that upon the bed,  
Where my head ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the cabbage-head  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But hair upon a cabbage-head  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a thing up in her thing,  
Where his thing ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose thing is that up in your thing,  
Where my thing ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the rolling pin  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But a rolling-pin with ballocks on  
I never before did see."

## THE BALL OF BALLYMORE

'Twas the gathering of the clansmen,  
And all the lads were there,  
A-lyin' with the lassies  
An' stroking silky hair.

The king was in his counting-house  
A-counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlor  
A-playin' with her bunny.

There was fuckin' in the parlor;  
There was fuckin' in the sticks.  
Ye kinna hear the music  
For the swishin' o' the pricks.

The farmer's daughter she was there,  
A-standin' out in front;  
A wreath o' roses in her hair  
An' a carrot in her cunt.

There are cunts wi' the syphilis,  
An' cunts wi' the piles,  
An' cunts wi' their assholes  
All wreathed up in smiles.

Under the spreading Chestnut tree  
The village idiot stands,  
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself  
An' catchin' the draps in his hands.

The preacher's wife she was there,  
Her back against the wall,  
A-callin' to the laddies,  
"Come ye one an' all!"

The bride was in the bridal suite  
Explainin' to the groom  
That the vagina, not the rectum,  
Is the entrance to the womb.

Old MacTavish, the rector, was there,  
And so surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads  
A-hanging from a tree.

The doctor was in the parlor  
Admonishing the maid,  
"You'd better stop your twitching  
If you're itching to be laid!"

And when the ball was over,  
They all lay down to rest,  
Saying the music was delightful  
But the fucking was the best!

## THE RAM OF DERBYSHIRE

Oh, I went down to Darby Town,  
All on a rainy day,  
And there I saw the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-Darby;  
Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-day;  
Now, wasn't that the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Every tooth it had, Sir,  
Was hollow to the horn;  
Every tooth it had, boys,  
Held forty barrels of corn.

The wool on that ram's neck, boys,  
It grew most neat and fine,  
And spun two thousand bolts of cloth  
As fine as any twine.

The wool on that ram's belly grew  
Until it reached the ground;  
The owner trying to weigh the wool  
Broke his weigher down.

The wool on that ram's back grew  
until it reached the sky;  
And ravens built their nests in it,  
For I heard their young'uns cry.

Yes, the wool on that ram's back, boys,  
Actually grew up to the moon;  
The Devil went up in January,  
And never got back till June.

Such a sheep as this I've never seen  
Since the day that I was born;  
It took a buzzard forty years  
To fly from horn to horn.

The mutton this ram, when killed,  
Fed a million men and more;  
The blood it turned a water-mill  
That was never turned before.

It took all the boys in Darby Town  
To haul away his bones;  
It took all the girls in Darby Town  
To roll away his stones.

Now, the man that owned this mighty ram  
Was counted very rich;  
But the one that made this silly song  
Was a dirty son-of-a-bitch!

## DE SKONK I HUNT

I'm hunt de bear, I'm hunt bull moose,  
I'm sometimes hunt de rat;  
Las' week I take ma hax an' go  
For hunt a skonk polecat.

Ma fren' Beel say he's very fine fur  
An' sametam good to heat;  
I tell ma wife I get fur coat,  
Sametam I get some meat.

I walk 'bout two, three, five, seex mile;  
I feel one damn strong smell;  
Tink mebbe dat damn skonk she die,  
Fur coat she's gone to hell.

Forsoon bimeby I see dat skonk  
Close up by one beeg tree;  
I sneak up ver' ver' close behin',  
I teenk she no see me.

Bimeby I'm up there ver' ver' close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
Dat Goddam skonk she up an' plunk,  
Trow something in ma heye.

Oh sacre bleu! I teenk I'm blin'  
Jees Chris! I no can see;  
I run all roun' an' roun' an' roun'  
And bunk in Goddam tree.

I drop my gun; by Gar, I run;  
I light out for de shack;  
I teenk 'bout hundred million skonk  
She clim' up on ma back.

Ma wife she meet me hat de door;  
She sick on me de dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here tonight;  
Go out an' sleep wit' hog."

I try to climb in dat pig-pen.  
Jees Chris! no what you teenk?  
Dat Goddam hog he up and goes  
On 'count of awful steenk.

So I'm no more go hunt de skonk  
For get his fur an' meat;  
Say if he pees he smell so bad,  
Jees Chris! What if he sheet!

## THE CAT-ASS-TROPHY

(As told by the French-Canadian Trapper)

I hunt ze bear, I hunt ze rat;  
Sometimes, by Gar, I hunt ze cat.  
Last wik I take my hax in hand:  
I go to hunt ze skunk pole-cat.

My fren' Bill he say  
Ver' good fur, same time good meat;  
So I tell my wife she get fur coat,  
Same time get good eat.

So I walk one, two, three, four, fi' mile,  
An' I feel one awful smell,  
An' I tink dat skunk she gone an' die,  
An' fur coat gone to hell.

Byme-by I get up pretty close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
An' God dam skunk, she up an' throw  
Something -- plunk! -- right in my eye.

Sacre bleu! I tink I blind!  
Jees Chrise! I no can see!  
I run aroun' an' roun' an' roun'  
An' bump in God dam tree!

I curse, I swear, I tear out hair!  
Byme-by I light out for ze shack;  
I tink one million pole-cat skunks  
Clime right up on my back!

My wife she meet me at ze door;  
She sic on me ze dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here wi' me;  
You go sleep wiz ze hog!"

So I go out by pig-pen,  
An' say! What do you sink?  
Zat God dam hog get up an' leave  
On 'count of awful stink.

So I no hunt ze skunk no more  
For to get his fur an' meat,  
For if his pee she smell so bad,  
Jees Chrise! what if he sheet!

## THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Oh, I'm tired picking cotton  
And I'm poor as a snail;  
So I'm going punching cattle  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

Come a ti vi yippy!  
Come a ti vi yay!  
Come a ti vi yippy yippy yay!

I hit Butte, Montana,  
On July the third;  
By the Fourth of July  
I couldn't shit a dry tird!

I was there six weeks  
Before I set sail  
A-pulling for Texas  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

They fed us on sow belly  
And the work was mighty hard,  
And for sixteen weeks  
I shit pure lard.

They called me one morning  
To go on guard;  
It was cold as hell  
And raining mighty hard.

It was cold as hell  
And coming on to rain,  
And my damned old slicker's  
In the wagon again!

With my feet in the stirrups  
And my ass in the saddle,  
I swore and I wrestled  
With them long horned cattle.

Says I, "Old boss,  
I may look like a fool,  
But really this weather  
Is too damn cool!"

Heifer went loco,  
And the boss said, "Kill it!"  
Shot him in the arse  
With a long-handled skillet.

I went to the foreman  
To figure out my roll;  
He figured me out  
Twenty dollars in the hole.

I jumped on my pony,  
And I let out a yell;  
Says I, "Old boss,  
You can go to hell!"

"You can go to hell!"  
Says I to the boss;  
"I'm the best damn cowboy  
That ever rode a hoss!"

I'm going to town  
To see my honey;  
I'm going to town  
To spend my money.

I'm on my pony,  
And a-coming on the run:  
The best damn cowboy  
That ever pulled a gun!

I hit Fort Worth, Texas,  
With two hundred plunks,  
And I went on a bunt  
With a damn swell cunt!

Now, Miss Sal Johnson  
Is a mighty nice squaw,  
And she lives on the banks  
Of the great Mushataw.

The hair on her head  
Was a piss-burnt color,  
And the crabs on her ass  
Kept a-fucking one another!

She had bubbies on her breast  
Like a four-leaf table,  
And her cunt it was stretched  
From her ass to her navel.

Asked her to fuck her,  
And I offered her a quarter;  
Says she, "Mister Man,  
I'm a decent man's daughter."

When Sal Johnson died,  
I shed no tears;  
I said, "Bartender,  
Give me forty-nine beers!"

It was damn fine doings,  
But I ran it too close;  
And I wound up  
With a hell of a dose!

I went to the doctor;  
He said I had the clapp;  
Gave me a little bag  
So my dingus wouldn't flap!

I went to a surgeon;  
He said I had the siph:  
A hell of a dose  
For a damned old stiff!

I was there six weeks  
Before they turned me loose  
And I had to soak my cock  
In tobacco juice.

With my feet in the saddle,  
And my ass in the sky,  
I'll quit punching cattle  
In the sweet by and by!

## FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers;  
Oh, my God! how they could love!  
They swore to be true to each other,  
True as the stars up above.  
He is her man; he wouldn't do her no wrong.

Frankie goes down to the bar-room,  
Just to get a bucket of beer;  
She says to the big fat bartender,  
"Is my lover, Johnny, been here?"  
"He is my man; he wouldn't do me no wrong."

"I wouldn't tell you no story,  
I wouldn't tell you no lie;  
I saw your man about an hour ago  
With a whore named Nellie Bly;  
He is your man, but he's doing you wrong."

Frankie goes down to the whorehouse,  
Peeks in at the window so high;  
There she sees her lover, Johnnie,  
Finger-fuckin' Nellie Bly:  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went down to the pawnshop,  
She didn't go there for fun;  
She pawned her blue-silk kimono  
For a shiny blue-steel gun.  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went back to the whorehouse;  
She rang the old whorehouse bell:  
"Stand back, y ou whores and bitches,  
Or I'll blow you all to hell!"  
"He is my man, but he's doing me wrong!"

Frankie shot Johnnie once,  
Frankie shot Johnnie twice;  
The third time Frankie shot Johnnie,  
He hollered, "Jesus Christ!"  
"I was your man, but I done you wrong!"

"Roll me over so slowly;  
Hold me tight, little Nell;  
Roll me over very gently,  
For these bullets hurt like hell!  
I was her man, but I done her wrong!"

Bring out the rubber-tired carriages,  
Bring out the rubber-tired hacks;  
Ten men going to the graveyard,  
Nine men coming back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong!

Last time I saw Frankie,  
She was riding on an east-bound train,  
Wearing diamonds big as hoss-tirds,  
And going under a different name.  
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong!

NEVERMORE  
(Parody on Poe's The Raven)

Once upon a midnight dreary, when of smoking I was weary,  
And had drunk my pint of whiskey and was wishing there was more,  
Suddenly there came a tapping, sounded like some female rapping,  
Rapping like the very devil, just outside my chamber door;  
'Tis some chippy seeking entrance, just as they have done before --  
Only this and nothing more!

And the smoke-rings now more certain drifting up above the curtain  
Warned me, told me with fantastic curling, words I'd heard before;  
As I sat there, still delaying, in my heart I kept on saying:  
"Naughty female, thus assaying entrance at my chamber door;  
I'll arouse and let her enter, even though she be a whore --  
Let her enter, nothing more."

Open wide I threw the portal, and before me stood a mortal  
That in wildest dreams of fancy I had never seen before;  
While each palpitating bubby seemed so fine and smooth and chubby  
That my spirits rose within me, just my spirits, nothing more;  
Then I suddenly grew bolder just inside my chamber door,  
Bolder, yes, but nothing more!

Oh, how well I do remember, on that fourteenth of December!  
And the fifteenth that she left me, then our little dream was o'er;  
'Twas a dream without a sleeping, and with sad, reproachful weeping --  
For she showed me red spots -- red spots caused, she said, by hymen's  
gore --  
Told me this all as she stood there just inside my chamber door,  
Told me this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas the fifteenth of December;  
Better still do I remember, sequel of nine days before!  
Now my penis, never skipping, still is dripping, ever dripping,  
Every morning, every evening, dripping on the bath-room floor;  
For my painful, dripping penis certain surcease I implore --  
Penitent and very sore!

Deep into the darkness peering, every night I lie here hearing  
Words so softly spoken in the silence by that winsome whore;  
But with vows not soon forgotten, every time I change the cotton,  
Loud I cuss that gentle tapping once outside my chamber door:  
Damn the chippy, damn the dripping, painful, on my bath-room floor!  
For your uncle -- Nevermore!



## THE SCULPTOR FROM TENNESSEE

O say, my friends, and have you heard  
The tale that is told in Weatherford,  
Of the deed that was done in an art musee  
By a modern sculptor from Tennessee?  
There are other tales that are somewhat gory,  
And celebrated in song and story;  
But the three blind mice and the farmer's wife  
Who cut their tails with a carving knife,  
Could not compare with statues three,  
Who met with the selfsame cruelty.

This modern sculptor was fresh and green,  
And he evidently had never seen,  
Since he left the scenes of his native heather,  
A statue posed in the altogether.  
So he called for a chisel and hammer and tong,  
To handle the thing that didn't belong  
In the realm of art; and with one swift blow  
He removed the cause of old Adam's woe,  
And left the poor statues standing there,  
The pictures of impotent, wild despair.

That night as he slept in his trundle-bed  
The spooks came floating around his head.  
They pointed their fingers at him in scorn,  
And made him wish he had never been born;  
There were doctors there, and sculptors, too,  
And they raised a regular hullabaloo;  
The doctors shrieked, "You measly skate!  
Who gave you license to amputate?"  
And the sculptors screamed, "You infernal quack!  
You'd better get busy and put them back;  
For if you don't, we'll cut -- ahem!  
We'll do unto you as you did unto them!"  
They flourished their knives in fiendish glee,  
While the old man begged on his banded knee,  
And told them they mustn't emasculate  
A man so essential to church and state;  
"This world," said he, "will go straight to perdition,  
Unless I can issue a second edition."  
At this his inquisitors formed a ring,  
And danced a regular Highland fling;  
They rode him around from Beersheba to Dan,  
Till he woke, a sadder and wiser man.

That day the illustrious president  
Bought him a bottle of good cement,  
And returned to the school with a single thought:  
To repair the damage that he had wrought.  
But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip --  
And the boys hadn't left him a single chip;  
Those innocent cherubs of tender years  
Had carried them off for souvenirs.  
There was naught remaining for him to do  
But to manufacture a thing or two.  
So he worked with a chisel, with might and main,  
Till his mind gave way with the horrible strain;  
For the only model he had, alas!  
Was the one he saw in the looking-glass.  
Imagine the stalwart Hercules  
With pygmy attachments, if you please,

And I think you will then be prepared to say,  
No wonder the old man's mind gave way.

Now the modern sculptor is running rife,  
With pincers and saw and carving knife;  
And if you linger around the gate,  
You'll be a eunuch, as sure as fate!  
He never stops for bone or gristle,  
But whittles them off as slick as a whistle;  
For he hopes to find, when he looks them over,  
An appendage to fit on the Discus Thrower,  
A match for Apollo (the Belvedere),  
And another for Hercules, too, I hear.  
But you never can find in a little town  
A very good fit in a hand-me-down;  
Good models are scarce in these latter days --  
For average men look more like jays;  
And that is the reason, I apprehend,  
That no one can tell where the trouble will end.

The moral to this isn't hard to find:  
The nastiness is all in your mind;  
So, unless for sculpture you have a knack,  
Don't take things off that you can't put back.

--Mrs. Nell A. Snider, 1910.

### SUZANNE WAS A LADY

Suzanne was a girl with plenty of class  
Who knocked them all dead when she wiggled her  
Eyes at the fellows, as girls sometimes do,  
To make quite plain she wanted to  
Take in a movie, or go for a sail,  
And then hurry home for a piece of  
Cake or ice cream or a slice of roast duck,  
And after each meal she was ready to  
Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock  
With any young man with a sizeable  
Roll of big bills and a pretty good front,  
And if he talked fast, she would show him her  
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,  
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her  
Little white hands, then with a movement so quick,  
Why, she'd reach right over and tickle his  
Chin while she showed a trick she learned in France,  
And ask the poor fellow to take off his  
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shore,  
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no BORE!

## THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

(By: Rudyard Kipling)

Oh, the bards they sing of an English king  
Who lived long years ago;  
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low.  
He was used to hunt the royal stag  
Within his royal wood,  
But 'twas none but knew his greatest sport  
Was pulling his royal pud.

And his nether garb was a woollen shirt  
Which used to hide his hide;  
But this undershirt couldn't hide the dirt  
That no one could abide.  
He was wild and woolly and full of fleas  
That humans ne'er could stand;  
And his terrible dong to his knees hung down --  
The Bastard King of England!

Now, the queen of Spain was an amorous dame,  
A sprightly dame was she,  
And she longed to fool with his Majesty's tool  
So far across the sea.  
So she sent a note to the dirty king  
By her royal messenger,  
And requested his Majesty's sailing to Spain  
To spend a month with her.

But when Philip of France got the news one day,  
He turned to all his court,  
And he said: "My fair queen prefers this clown  
Because my tool is short."  
So he sent abroad Marquis Siphylissap,  
Who smacked of fairyland,  
To supply the queen with a dose of clap  
To trap our Dear Old England.

Then the news of this filthy deed was heard  
In Windsor's merry halls,  
And the king did swear he would have anon  
The Frenchman's greasy balls.  
So he offered the half of all his lands,  
And the whole of Queen Hortense,  
To the trusty lord of his English court  
Who'd nut the King of France.

So the loyal Duke of Essexshire  
Betook himself to France;  
Then he swore he was a fruitier the king  
Took down his royal pants:  
Then around his prong he tied a thong  
And gaily galloped along,  
Till at last in Windsor's merry halls,  
Was the Frenchman and his dong.

And the king threw up and he shit his pants;  
For in the lengthy ride  
The thng had stretched by a yard or more  
The fucking Frenchman's pride.  
And then all the ladies of London town  
Who saw the mighty stand  
Cried aloud, "To hell with the English crown!"  
And made Philip King of England.

## THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an English king who many long years ago  
Ruled his land with an iron hand, and his mind was weak and low.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag within the royal wood;  
But his favorite occupation was to pull the royal pud!  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

His only undergarment was a dirty undershirt  
Which half concealed the royal hide but failed to hide the dirt.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she.  
She loved to fool with the royal tool of the king across the sea.  
She sent a special message by a royal messenger  
To ask the King of England if he wouldn't sleep with her.  
Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of France heard the news and summoned the royal court.  
He told them how he had lost because his tool was short.  
He summoned the Count of Ziggidysap, to give the queen a dose of clap  
By which to bitch the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The King of England heard the news outside the castle walls.  
He swore upon his testicles he'd have the Frenchie's balls.  
He offered half his kingdom and a piece of Queen Hortense  
To any loyal subject who would down the King of France.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Earl of Sussex mounted his horse and betook himself to France.  
He swore he was a fairy, and the King took down his pants.  
He knotted a thong around his dong, and mounted his horse and rode  
along,  
And brought him to the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of England shot his load and fainted on the floor,  
For during the ride his rival's pride had stretched three yards or  
more;  
The merry maids of England came down to London town  
And shouted round the castle's walls:  
"To hell with the English crown!"

The king usurped the royal throne;  
His sceptre was the royal bone  
By which he bitched the bastard King of England.  
Hail to the bastard King of England!

## THE BALLAD OF KING FARUK AND QUEEN FARIDA

O we're all black bastards, but we do love our king.  
Every night at the flicks you can hear us fuckin' sing:

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farinda if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just fuckin' wags, but we do love him so,  
And we all do without just to keep him on the go;

From Sollum to Solluch,

Tel el Kebir to Tobruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just damned niggers that a bugger brouth to birth,  
But when we have a bint, then we want our money's worth.

You may have a tarboosh,

A gamel, a gamoos,

But you can't fuck Farida if you ain't got filoos.

O it's no use to say, if you want to have it in,  
"Be a sport, King Faruk," He would only fuckin' grin.

You may beg on your knees,

He would just say "Mafeesh."

Oh, you won't get Farida if you don't give baksheesh.

O his subjects all tell of the fame of King Faruk  
From Gezira to Turf, from Helwan to Bab-el-Louk.

They can tell what a sell,

Hang their balls on a hook,

For they can't fuck Farida if they don't fuck Faruk!

If her boudoir you pass 'tween the hours of ten and two,  
You will see all the Wafd standing waiting in a queue.

Though Nahas ain't an ass,

Though Nahas is a crook,

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

O it's not hard to see poor Delilah's up a tree,  
For the "She" wears the horns in the Lampson familee.

Old Sir Miles with his wiles

In advance tries to book --

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

If you feel like a grind when you've had a pint of beer,  
To the Berka wend your way, where it ain't too fuckin' dear.

Quais ketir, mangariyeh,

Quas ketir gonorrhoea.

Shufty kus. Got filoos? Shove it up -- from the rear!

Queen Farida's very gay when Faruk has got his pay,  
but she ain't so bleedin' glad when she's in the family way.

Stanna shwaya! O desire!

Stanna shwaya! Pull your wire.

Pull your pud. Does it good. Send it higher! Send it higher!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Hang your ballocks on a hook!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Let the swaddies have a look.

Quais ketir Abassia!

Bags o' beer. Shit and fear!

Up your pipe! Take a swipe! Quais ketir! Quais ketir!

O this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if we made old Nahas King.

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Oh, we won't mind your morals if you hand out the cash.

And this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if they'd Rommel for a king.

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Oh, we're glad you've won the battle and we're so bucked  
you're here!

Then sing Sieg Heil for Egypt's King

And to his feet your tributes bring.

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

---

Tune: Salam el Malik (Egyptian National Anthem).

The version as sung (1942) in the First South African Division, Seventh Armored Division, Ninth Australian Division, Second New Zealand Division, and Fifty First Highland Division.

### Glossary (Arabic)

Quais ketir -- plenty good; bint -- woman; tarboosh -- fez; gamel -- camel; gamoos -- water buffalo; filoos -- money; mafeesh -- "there ain't none"; Bab-el-Louk -- Cairene railway terminus; stan-na shwaya -- take it easy (Lit. stay a little).

"Sung by the troops in all the civilian cinemas, when the Egyptian national anthem was played." -- Cecil Woolf, London, 1951.

### Additional Glossary

Abaasia -- a suburb of Cairo; Wog -- an Arab; Nahas Pasha -- leader of the Wafdist Party; Up a tree -- pregnant; Berka -- Arab quarter; mangariyeh -- food; cus -- female pudendum; Swaddies -- British troops; Gippos -- Egyptians.

Last verse, p. 21 (actually the 8th verse), refers to Faruk's pro-Axis sympathy.

SOCRATIC LOVE  
(By: Eugene Field)

The story goes that Socrates, that wise Athenian codger,  
Carried concealed about his clothes a rara avis dodger,  
Wherewith he used, whenas he felt particularly nippy  
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.  
Young Alcibiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion  
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion,  
Which spurred him not Xantippewards to coddle and to hug her,  
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts 'twas not considered nasty  
For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pederasty.  
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times, the Master,  
Did know a tergo, as they say, a pretty boy, high Aster.  
The old Diogenes who thrived by raising of the Dickens  
Was wont to occupy all bums from pupils down to chickens;  
While that revered and austere man, the great and pious Solon,  
Did penetrate a Thracian youth unto his transverse colon.  
In short it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle  
This gummy vent instead of that with which the ladies piddle.

Now Alcibiades was tall, and straight as any arrow;  
His buttox thrilled old Socrates unto his very marrow.  
No hairs as yet profaned the vale that cleft those globes asunder,  
No hairs to stay the fetid breath of bogorygmal thunder,  
No hairs to interrupt the course of his diurnal ordure  
And gather from that excrement a rank dilberrie bordure.  
His sphincter was as fair a band, so Socrates protested,  
As ever kept one's victuals in or passed them undigested.

No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous beauty,  
And on its virgin fords no prick had spent its pleasing duty;  
Like some sweet bud it nested there; the winds blew gently through it  
Scenting the breeze; Old Socrates more madly longed to do it.  
But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection  
When Socrates proposed the scheme of forming a connection.  
The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was nasty,  
That his prodeux was for voiding dung, and not for pederasty,  
And kept the horny old philosopher from being hasty.  
And so he grew from day to day; his bum waxed hourly fatter,  
And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter.

It so befell that on a day in sweaty summer weather  
They walked into the Acropolis quite casually together;  
And as they walked the youth bent down to tie his sandal laces --  
They always come unlaced, you know, at meanest times and places --  
And as he stooped he lifted high and left without protection  
The lower tract of his virgin gut from pod to sigmoid flexion.  
For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapism;  
His ponderous ods, a sight for Gods, were both surcharged with gism.  
Seeing that bum, and his first chance, he made up his mind to spot 'em,  
So he hit 'em a lick with his attic prick and occupied Alecy's bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian boy begged, bellowed, pissed, and farted;  
Full twenty minutes passed before his friend and he had parted.  
And while old Socrates explored the tantalizing glories  
Of rugae and plicae and quivering levatories,  
The victim of his lust cried out: "Ehue, that all in vain I  
Should to this hour have kept intact my rosy sphincter ani!  
Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old odger,  
With his three-cornered velper and his greasy balls to roger.

Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's embraces?  
As I have had the chance to do at divers times and places?  
Why not have given up my wealth of callipyggous treasure  
To handsome Cimon's burning lust or pious Pluto's pleasure?  
How would the men have gloried in my coy and virgin rectum,  
With nary a thought of vagrant dung, or cundoms to protect 'em;  
But now, ye gods, this lecherous goat with sardonic sculduggery  
Doth rive my arse in twain with his incarnate god of buggery,  
And when he pulls the pintle out, with which just now he shuts in  
The sigh my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts in?"  
Thus railed the youth against the fate that threatened to undo him;  
But Soc, all heedless of his cries, right briskly socked it to him.  
He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow  
That when thereafter Alcy pooped, the poop was mostly tallow.

(Written by Field for the Papyrus Club of Boston in 1888.)



## THE FRENCH STENOGRAPHER

I am a young stenographer,  
My age is just sixteen,  
And I will frankly tell you  
The things I've done and seen.

The men have always called me  
A very pretty girl;  
They say my form is perfect;  
And my mother named me Pearl.

My first job was in a garden,  
And I was greatly pleased;  
I left it on the second day  
Because my tits were squeezed.

I then worked for a lawyer,  
And this job was a cinch;  
I liked it very well until  
He gave my ass a pinch.

I slapped a fresh old geezer  
Who dealt in eggs and cheese,  
Because his hands were working  
Too far above my knees.

A doctor then employed me,  
Who had not much to do,  
But spent his time in flirting  
And asking me to screw.

A boy, working in his office,  
Teased me till I cried,  
And boldly took his prick out  
And jerked off by my side.

A smart professor told me  
I was a shapely lass;  
I quit because he wanted  
To goose me in the ass.

I tried a certain doctor  
Who came up from the South,  
Who always tried to coax me  
To take it in my mouth.

I felt the insult greatly,  
It gave me such a shock;  
I had to quit again because  
I wouldn't suck his cock.

I next worked for a preacher,  
A hairy little runt;  
I left because he begged me  
To let him lick my cunt.

At last, I decided  
To take things as they came,  
And if I lost another job  
I'd have myself to blame.

I saw an advertisement  
For a confidential clerk;  
I found a handsome bachelor  
Who offered pleasant work.

I came on Monday morning,  
And knew where I was at;  
He settled in a rocker,  
Taking off his hat.

The boss got down to business:  
He said he'd treat me right;  
He pulled me down upon his lap,  
And there he held me tight.

Along my lace-trimmed panties  
His cunning fingers stole;  
I shyly spread my legs apart  
To help him reach his goal.

In just about a second  
He found my pussy there;  
I felt his fingers working  
There in my curly hair.

He placed a cunning finger  
Into my burning slot;  
He pushed it in and out  
Until my hole got hot.

Responding to such treatment,  
My cunt grew moist and soft;  
Love's strolling way lost no  
delay,  
But wanted to go off.

He knew a little trick of nature  
To fill my tender quiff  
Quite full of juicy lubricant  
To help his gallant stiff.

In answer to this dallying  
Each part sent forth a stream,  
Until my dainty love-nest  
Was filled with slippery cream.

His other hand was plucking  
My shirt-waist clean and new,  
And in another moment  
My breasts came into view.

He disengaged my chemise  
From round my shoulders white,  
And as it fell below my knees  
I knew he'd seen a sight.

My snow-white tits heaved up and  
down,  
As soft and deep he pressed;  
They filled right out with zeal;  
The nipples stood erect.

Between his burning lips he took  
The tempting nipple on the left  
And while engaged in sucking it,  
He stroked the other tit.

I felt his body quiver,  
And I looked down to see  
The cause of this commotion,  
And saw his cock was free.

Its head had formed an opening  
Like a knife so sharp and keen;  
The boss then let my nipple go,  
And ripped the buttons clean.

His noble staff stood stiff and  
firm;  
It quivered and it danced;  
The boss jumped up in frantic  
haste,  
And struggled with his pants.

Within a moment he was stripped,  
And said please do the same;  
I too disrobed completely then,  
With disregard for shame.

We both stood there naked,  
Like kids when they were born;  
His cock was stiff and husky,  
Just like an ear of corn.

He made me pull his pecker,  
Which made it larger still;  
I raised his balls upon my hand  
And got an awful thrill.

I squeezed it hard below the head  
And jerked it in and out;  
And when the thing began to throb,  
I thought I held a trout.

And as I pulled his majesty,  
He rubbed my throbbing nest;  
It took but just a moment  
To make him do the rest.

"My dear," he said politely,  
You've got it good and stiff;  
Now come and let me put it  
Into your pretty quiff!"

He laid me on the sofa  
And spread my legs apart;  
He kissed my dimpled belly  
And mounted for the start.

He placed my hand upon my tit,  
Which I pushed up to his lips;  
He settled down to do his bit,  
And started his prick into my  
slit.

Its husky head now quivering  
Was buried in my crush;  
He put his hand around my back  
And gave a dandy push.

Each time he sent it deeper  
His tool would gain an inch;  
My surging cunt was stretching  
But he couldn't make me flinch.

I wrapped my legs around  
His strong and brawny back;  
My ass I shoved up quickly  
To meet his fierce attack.

This motion soon grew faster --  
Oh, boy, how he could screw! --  
I knew I had him going,  
So I worked faster too.

I nearly swooned with rapture,  
Because I loved it so;  
And his knot was discharging  
To meet my maiden flow.

We both went off together,  
And bliss was in that room;  
And hot emotion mingled  
Within my burning womb.

For some time we lay panting,  
Locked in each other's arms,  
Until I felt the drippings  
Of that wand of magic charms!

About an hour later,  
As the clock was striking one,  
The boss set me on his lap  
And sucked my tits for fun.

I grasped his lily-white penis,  
Because I couldn't resist;  
With rapid motions up and down,  
I jerked it off with my fist.

His belly squirmed with each  
stroke,  
He wiggled with delight;  
I placed my other hand on it  
And worked with all my might.

This time I got above him;  
Inside my quiff I tucked  
The head of his enchanting cock;  
Then on top of him I fucked.

This quickly did the business,  
And made his pecker swell;  
The boss was lying on his back,  
And I was hot as hell.

At first I moved quite slowly  
To make the pleasure last,  
But gradually increased my speed  
And then we both worked fast.

I held my body higher  
To make him close to me;  
He raised his buttocks quickly  
And drove it straight to me.

His greasy back was sliding  
Between my shapely lips;  
They opened up to smother it,  
And round its head they  
slipped.

It roused up all my passion;  
My ass, I made it whirl  
With short and happy circles  
Like any happy girl.

The boss suddenly turned over;  
To him it was a joke;  
With his arms around my belly  
He gave my ass a poke.

Then cigarettes were lighted,  
And he played a little joke:  
He stuck one in my monkey  
To teach it how to smoke.

Before the day was over  
I tried another trick:  
Between my snow-white boobies  
I squeezed his swelling prick.

I kept on squeezing harder  
until it had to spit,  
And then the sticky fluid  
Went trickling down my tits.

I made up my mind quickly  
To make his pecker stiff;  
I swore I'd have it spitting  
until he hollered quits.

He stretched upon the sofa;  
His pecker was standing  
straight;  
He closed his eyes with rapture,  
And I just took the bait.

I twirled his prick in circles,  
I shot it to and fro,  
I jerked it up and jerked it  
down  
To make the dew-drops flow.

I glanced down at his belly;  
It was a sight to see;  
It was heaving up and down  
Just like a rolling sea.

I placed my fingers on his balls,  
His breathing soon got faster;  
His belly rose and fell;  
I thought that he would yell.

I tickled here, I tickled there,  
I dallied with delight;  
His dangling balls I stroked  
with glee;  
His prick, I squeezed it  
tight.

I gripped his pecker firmly,  
I shook his balls once more;  
He shot into the air  
As I held his dripping oar.

The juicy stream rolled down my  
hand,  
And oh, but it was hot!  
The shining head was dripping  
white;  
I thought it would never stop.

I still continued jerking  
Upon his great big gun;  
I swore I'd make him holler,  
For I had just begun.

The juicy stream quit coming out;  
His prick was shrinking fast;  
It doubled up and quivered  
Just like a broken mast.

The boss rolled over on his side;  
He really wished to rest;  
I took his jaded pecker  
And stuck it on my nest.

This time I didn't put it  
Into my virginal swell,  
But kept it lying lengthwise  
Outside my dripping wall.

It lay there in the opening  
Of love, sweet and fair;  
His balls were resting on my ass;  
The head was in my hair.

The widening lips enfolded it  
And kissed its head so neat;  
I threw my legs around his hips  
And gave the boss a treat.

This spread my swelling cunt;  
It gave me lots of room  
To slide my love way up and down  
Against his noble spoon.

His prick began to tremble  
There in its favorite spot;  
Its size was enormous  
As it moved within my slot.

He threw his arms around me  
In a wild and frenzied embrace,  
And I moved my cunt slowly,  
For I knew there was no haste.

The pleasure was unparalleled;  
My body thrilled with joy;  
This time I knew that I could  
clean  
The cock of that old boy.

His prick was now gigantic  
And pounded like a boom;  
It sought to find that juicy hole  
That led into my womb.

Stalling and delaying,  
I played the game of love;  
I slid my nest up quickly,  
And he gave my ass a shove.

I raised my cunt a little,  
And then I let it slip  
Right down upon his prick:  
This surely did the trick.

A cock eight inches long he  
plunged  
Into my throbbing womb;  
I never hoped to find such joy  
As I did right in that room.

It was sometime later  
That I released my cunt;  
The boss was really weary,  
For he let out a grunt.

"You've given my cock a lesson;  
You made it spit with glee;  
You played it out completely;  
A rest is now my plea!"

At nine o'clock next morning  
I went to work, it's true;  
I felt a little giddy  
And itching for a screw.

The gay young spark was waiting;  
He called me his darling kid,  
While he hugged me up so closely,  
And some other things he did.

He locked the doors and windows  
And opened a bottle of booze;  
We drank and raised the devil  
And did just what we choose.

Of course, it made me giddy;  
My head began to sing;  
But I stripped myself skin-naked  
And the boss stripped off every-  
thing.

Reclining on a sofa,  
I puffed a cigarette  
And spread my legs widely,  
And my box felt hot and wet.

My knees were elevated;  
On the sofa I did lay;  
The boss looked at my beauty,  
And then I heard him say:

"Your ass is fair and round;  
Your thighs are shapely built;  
Your cunt is well-developed;  
Your hair is soft as silk."

He bent his head still lower  
To gaze with sparkling eyes;  
And then his face he buried  
Between my shapely thighs.

The boss before me kneeling  
Now braced himself in front  
And gave a little shiver  
As his tongue went in my cunt.

My heart was beating faster;  
His nose was flatly pressed;  
His lips went to it hotly  
As he kissed my cuckoo's nest.

His hands were on my boobies;  
I shook them to and fro  
To keep time with his sucking  
And my excited nerves below.

Around his neck was hugging  
My shapely legs were hung;  
My blushing cunt with rapture  
Was licking at his tongue.

A burst of smothered laughter  
From my lips shrilly pealed;  
My belly twitched and wiggled,  
But nature had to yield.

The lapper was rewarded  
With a stream of juicy cream;  
Right in his mouth I fed it;  
He had me about to scream.

At length my head was resting,  
And here I must confess,  
While it was quite depressing,  
I liked the French way best.

His tired tongue burned madly  
And did a slippery stunt;  
His lips drained all the juice  
That filled my dripping cunt.

At length the boss rose slowly  
And sat upon a chair;  
I saw his pecker standing;  
Its size was something rare.

I've heard of girls who practice  
The French unnatural way;  
I too made up my mind  
To see if it were gay.

The boss leaned back and waited;  
The new desire I felt;  
And so without delay  
Between his knees I knelt.

In a moment I was busy  
Within those office walls;  
In a most adoring manner  
I kissed his prick and balls.

My fair white arms were clasping  
Around his naked hips;  
I took the head of his pecker  
Between my ruby lips.

My pretty lips just fitted  
Around his noble shaft;  
I drew out all I could get,  
For it was very fast.

My moist lips were slipping  
On flesh erect and firm,  
And every time that I'd recoil,  
The boss would panting squirm.

I varied the operation  
And, using my tongue to lick,  
The throbbing sensitive part  
Of his enormous prick.

My mouth was overflowing,  
But that didn't make me stop;  
I always liked the taste of cream,  
So I swallowed every drop,

Until his balls were resting  
Upon my dimpled chin,  
And still I sucked upon his cock,  
Which was all the way in.

Before the day was over,  
We both got down again;  
I tried a double-header,  
This time making it ten.

The boss lay on the sofa;  
His legs were widely spread;  
Reversed to his nakedness,  
I stretched over his head.

His tongue at once got busy;  
My box was fondly tapped;  
My boobies rose and fell,  
The way my cunt was lapped.

He had a nice big hard-on,  
The kind that I adore;  
I took its tempting throbbing  
head  
Between my lips once more.

I sucked his cock with greediness,  
And licked till I was sick;  
The boss was pressing in my ass  
And lapping my juicy quiff.

I had his big stick writhing,  
And my cunt began to spout;  
His cock was also spitting,  
And I sucked in every drop.

It was a great sensation  
Of wild and delicious bliss;  
The most fabulous fucking  
Can't thrill the nerves like  
this!

When both of us were satisfied,  
He pinched my ass to rise;  
I had nearly smothered him  
Between my perfumed thighs.

His cock is growing larger;  
My cunt is growing too;  
We spend much time together,  
Because we love to screw.

I like to pull his pecker  
And feel it growing stiff,  
And watch the spouting love-juice  
Shoot forth from his big prick.

So my diary is finished;  
I hope you have been pleased;  
And if you too were lying here,  
I'd give your cock a squeeze.

I'd demonstrate each lesson  
So you'd know what to do  
Then some nice girl is waiting  
To have you teach her how to  
screw.

But read this little diary;  
The points are very plain;  
And when you meet your sweetie,  
Just let her do the same.

She will just love to have you  
Strip her to the skin  
And kiss her little cuntie  
Before your brick goes in.

Rub her snow-white boobies  
And shake them to and fro;  
Let her pull upon your prick  
Until it begins to grow.

Lay her on the sofa;  
Spread her legs apart;  
Let her hold onto your prick  
Till you are ready to start.

Let her make her motions,  
As she will quickly do;  
Hold your ass up in the air:  
That is the way to screw.

When the pleasure is all over,  
Kiss her juicy box;  
Let her hold your limber prick  
Until it again gets hot.

She will love you for it  
And let you have your way,  
To give her pleasant lessons  
And fuck her every day!

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JINGLES FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1. MARY MOTHER (1946)

Mary, Mother, I believe  
Without sin thou didst conceive;  
Mary, Mother, still believing,  
Let me sin without conceiving!

2. HERE'S TO THE MAID (1946)

Here's to the maid who's not afraid  
Her lover's dick to handle;  
To hell with the maid who sits in the  
shade  
And fucks herself with a candle!

3. IF THE SKIRTS (1928)

If the skirts grow any shorter,  
Said the flapper with a sob,  
I'll have two more cheeks to powder  
And another place to bob!

4. HICKORY (1928)

Hickory is the hardest wood;  
Jazzing does the ladies good;  
It brightens their eyes and widens  
their thighs,  
And gives their asses good exercise!

5. SAM MCGUIRE (1946)

This is the story of Sam McGuire,  
Ran through the town with his pants on  
fire,  
Got to the doctor's and fainted with  
fright,  
For the doctor told him his end was in  
sight!

6. FARMER BROWN (1946)

Farmer Brown had an awful scare,  
Was chased ten miles by a grizzly bear;  
Everyone thought he had lost his mind,  
Running ten miles with a bare behind!

7. THE JAYBIRD (1946)

Oh, a jaybird flew in a country store,  
And he shit on the counter and shit on  
the floor;  
He wiped his ass on a piece of ham,  
And didn't give a damn for the grocery  
man!

8. THE SCORPION (1928)

The scorpion climbed the tarantula's  
neck  
And chortled with fiendish glee!!  
I'll fuck this poisonous son-of-a-bitch  
Or it's a cinch that he'll fuck me!

9. GALAHAD (1946)

My cock has been in many cunts,  
But never in more than one at once!

10. BOGGY-WOGGY (1952)

St. Louis woman,  
She had a yen for men:  
She went to bed  
With a rubber fountain pen.  
The rubber broke  
And the ink went wild,  
And now she's nursing  
A boggy-woggy child!

11. A TOAST (Undated)

Here's to the men!  
When I meet 'em, I like 'em;  
When I like 'em, I kiss 'em;  
When I kiss 'em, I love 'em;  
When I love 'em, I let 'em;  
When I let 'em, I lose 'em.  
God damn 'em!

12. VIOLET TIME (1943)

Violate me in violet time  
In the vilest way you know --  
Ruin me, ravage me,  
Brutally, savagely,  
On me no mercy bestow!  
To the man who is gentle and kind I'm  
oblivious;  
Give me a man who is lewd and lasciv-  
ious!  
Violate me in violet time,  
In the vilest way you know!

13. THE FOOL (1928)

A fool there was and he made his prayer,  
Even as you and I,  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;  
Then he put the bone up against the  
hair,  
And the damned fool found that the rag  
was there!



#### 14. WHORE HOUSE KEEPER (?)

He that will a whore-house keep  
Must have three things in store:  
A chamber-pot, a feather-bed,  
A chimbley and a whore!

#### 15. THE LAST DOLLAR (?)

Cards and booze and dice;  
Blueballs, crabs, and lice;  
I've had 'em all,  
But Jesus Christ,  
I've got another dollar  
So I'll have another slice.

#### 16. BELLY TO BELLY (1930's)

It's belly to belly  
And tongue to tongue;  
I made a grab for Lil's left lung;  
I missed her lung and grabbed her gall,  
And out came bag, shit, guts, and all!  
Stink? A Godddddd-damn!

#### 17. SATISFIED WITH LIFE (1927)

All I want is fifty thousand women  
Earning lots of money just for me;  
And then I want a harem of good-lookers  
Naked cunt and honey, just for me;  
If I only had a hundred tons of yen-she,  
And the nerve to kill my bull-bitch of  
a wife;  
And if I never had to take the homecure,  
Then I think that I'd be satisfied with  
life!

#### 18. LOST (1920's)

I lost my arm in the army;  
I lost my leg in the navy;  
I lost my balls  
Over Niagara Falls;  
And I lost my cock in a lady.

#### 19. A MAN'S TOAST (?)

Tobacco when you're tired,  
And whiskey when you're blue;  
Cunt-hole when your cock stands,  
And Heaven when you're through.

#### 20. OSCAR (?)

Oscar was a Wilde man,  
He threw the boy a fritter;  
And when the boy stooped over,  
He shoved it in his shitter.

#### 21. HIZZEN AND HERN (1946)

Drifting down the stream of izzen,  
They were seated in the stern,  
And she had her hand on hizzen,  
And he had his hand on hern!

#### 22. QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

O Cunt, O Cunt, thou slimy slit,  
Besmeared with hair, besmirched with  
shit;  
Like a polecat's ass, thou smallest  
bad,  
But O thou Cunt, thou must be had!

#### 23. OLD KING COLE (1930)

Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,  
With a buckskin belly and a rubber  
ass-hole.  
Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,  
And a bugger for the hole was he;  
He called for his wife  
And stuck her with a knife,  
And out jumped a K-I-D  
(And out jumped four kids three)!

#### 24. JOYS OF COPULATION (1952)

Do you know John Peel?  
Yes, I know him very weel;  
He sleeps with his wife,  
But he never gets a feel;  
He sleeps by her side,  
But he never gets a ride,  
And he wakes up with a hard-on in the  
morning  
(And he revels in the throes of mas-  
turbation)!

#### 25. WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD (?)

When a man grows old  
And his balls grow cold,  
And the head of his dick turns blue;  
When he goes to diddle  
And it bends in the middle --  
Did that ever happen to you?

#### 26. THE BASS (1946)

Of all the fish that swim the seas  
I love the best the bass:  
It climbs up into seaweed trees,  
And slides down on its ass!

SHORT POEMS FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1.

In Your Boyhood Days

First you knock at the door, and then you ask for Annie,  
Then you put in a nickel in the old pianny;  
And down comes Annie in her dirty silk kimonie,  
All dolled up with perfume and cologne;  
Then you pay your dollar for a bottle of beerie;  
Another dollar goes for the music you hearie,  
Three dollars more, and up you go with dearie,  
And then you've got nine days of doubt and fearie!

2.

Daydreams

Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;  
I'd live in a house with a little red light,  
And I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night;  
I'd take a rest about once a month  
To drive my customers wild --  
Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
Instead of a legitimate child!

3.

The Woodpecker

A woodpecker flew in a schoolhouse yard,  
And he started to peck, for his pecker was hard;  
So he flew on the sill just over the door,  
And he pecked and he pecked till his pecker was sore!  
He looked at his pecker, and his countenance fell:  
No more could he peck till his pecker got well;  
So there he sits on the schoolhouse yard,  
And his head gets red and his pecker gets hard!

4.

Pussy Is Peculiar

Now, pussy is peculiar,  
It makes a man a fool,  
It takes away his worries,  
But wears away his tool.  
When he climbs upon a woman,  
He hasn't long to stay,  
For his head is full of nonsense,  
And his ass is full of play.  
Though he climbs on like a lion,  
He rolls off like a lamb,  
And when he buttons up his pants,  
He isn't worth a damn.  
His sporting days are over soon,  
His lights are burning out.  
What used to be his sex appeal  
Is now his water spout!

5.

What My Wife Wants Tonight

I wonder what my wife will want tonight;  
I wonder if the wife will fuss and fight?  
I wonder can she tell  
That I've been raising hell,  
Wonder if she'll know that I've been tight?  
My wife is just as nice as nice can be;  
I hope she doesn't feel too nice toward me:  
For an afternoon of joy,  
Is hell on the old boy!  
I wonder what the wife will want tonight?

6.

Best Wishes

May the bleeding piles possess you,  
And the corns claim both your feet,  
And crabs as big as cockroaches  
Crawl around on your balls and eat,  
And the whole world turn against you  
Till you're a total wreck  
And you fall right through your ass-hole  
And break your God damned neck!

7.

Two Irishmen

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen, were digging in a ditch;  
One called the other one a dirty son-of-a---  
Peter Murphy had a dog, a very fine dog was he;  
He lent it to his lady-friend to keep her company;  
She led him, she fed him, she kept him on the jump;  
One day he ran up her petticoat and grabbed her by the---  
Country boy from Germany was sitting on a rock;  
Along came a bumble-bee and stung him on the---  
Cocktails and ginger-ale, five cents a glass!  
If you don't like this story, you can stick it up your---  
Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies;  
If you ever get hit with a bucket of shit,  
Be sure to close your eyes!

8.

The Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Stroking his whiskers and shaking his fist  
At a young maiden who sat by the creek  
Watching the little boys play with their  
Marbles and tarbles and all things of yore,  
When along came a lady; they called her a  
Decent young lady, who sat in the grass,  
And when she turned over, you could see up her  
Ruffles and tuffles and sometimes a tuck;  
You knew by her actions she knew how to  
Bring up her children and teach them to knit;  
The boys in the barnyard were shoveling out  
Apples and corncobs and all by the peck;  
And that is the end of my story, by heck!

9.

Sonny Jim  
(Extended from "Lulu")

I had a little brother,  
His name was Sonny Jim;  
We put him in the pisspot  
To learn him how to swim.  
He floated to the bottom;  
He floated to the top;  
My sister got excited  
And grabbed him by the cock-  
Tails, ginger-ales,  
Five cents a glass,  
And if you don't like it,  
Shove it up your --  
Ask me no questions,  
I'll tell you no lies;  
But a man got hit  
With a bag of shit,  
Right between his eyes!

10.

Mary's Cat  
(In "Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," -- 1928)

Mary had a litttle cat  
With curly short black hair,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That puss was always there.  
Now, there are many naughty boys,  
But Mary knew the brats  
Who, with their little squirt-guns,  
Are always shooting cats.  
But Mary kept her cat well hid  
Beneath her underskirt,  
And so it did escape the boys  
And seldom got a squirt.  
Now, Mary had a nice young beaux,  
Who, like all other beaux,  
Has one of these same squirt-guns  
Concealed beneath his clothes.  
As he was courting her one night,  
And she beside him sat,  
He reached beneath her petticoat  
And caught her by the cat.  
Did Mary faint or say, "Please don't!"  
Or yell, or scream, or holler?  
Not she! She let him play with it  
And charged him half a dollar!

STANZAED POEMS FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1.

Miss Malone

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the graveyard,  
And I laid Miss Malone on a stone;  
And when I socked each stroke to her,  
You could hear all the dead people moan!

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the barnyard,  
And she was all covered with mud;  
And when I asked what had happened,  
She said she'd been climbed by a stud!

2.

Alice Blue Gown

In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown,  
The first time she was ever laid down,  
She was bashful and shy  
When he opened his fly;  
Then he loosened his shirt and took off his tie.

Then he turned her around to the front,  
And he took a good look at her cunt.

Then she screamed all the louder,  
As he pushed it in farther,  
In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown.

3.

Sailor's Hornpipe

Tiddly-winks, young man,  
Get a whore if you can!  
If you can't get a whore,  
Get a clean young man!  
From the sunny shores of Malta  
To the rock of old Gibraltar,  
Carry your balls in an old tin can.

Do your balls hang low?  
Do they swing to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Do they make a rusty clamor  
When you hit them with a hammer?  
Do your balls hang low?

4.

Humoresque

My occupation after dark  
Is goosing statues in the park;  
If Sherman's horse can take it,  
Why can't you?

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is in the station.  
I love you!

While the train is in the station,  
We encourage constipation.  
And I hope you love me too!

5.

Home, Sweet Home

Home presents a dismal picture;  
All is silent as the tomb;  
Uncle Willie has a stricture;  
Maw has falling of the womb!

Brother Jack has got a chancre--  
Caught it from the butcher's wife--  
Sister's mouth is full of canker--  
Grandma's having change of life!

Home presents a dismal picture;  
Gone are all my youthful smiles!  
All my time is spent in chopping  
Ice for Grandpa's bleeding piles!

6.

A Sad Story

Here's to Bill, my pal of old,  
Companion of my pipe and bowl;  
I guess he's with the angels now,  
God bless his dear old soul!

I had a little the best of Bill  
When it came to drinking booze,  
But the man that could out-fuck old Bill  
Never stood in a pair of shoes!

It wasn't the clap that killed poor Bill,  
Nor was it the want of breath;  
But a little fly crawled up Bill's ass  
And tickled poor Bill to death!

7.

The Old Whore House

You're going to leave the old whore-house,  
Tonight you're going away,  
You're going among those Frisco cunts to dwell.  
Thus spoke a tall blonde whore  
To her pimp one summer's day.  
If your mind's made up that way, I wish you well!

But when syphilis overtakes you,  
When them God damned whores forsake you,  
When the bottoms of your shoes are shot to hell,  
When of money you haven't any,  
But of crumbs you have a-plenty,  
Remember, there's a tall blonde whore awaiting you  
At home, sweet home!

8.

I Wish I Were

Of all the fish, I wish I were,  
I wish I were a bass:  
I'd climb up on the slippery rocks  
And slide down on my hands and knees!

Of all the birds, I wish I were,  
I wish I were a duck:  
I'd stick my head beneath the wave  
And watch the fishes misbehave!

9.

Stark Naked

("Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," 1928)

Stark naked on the bed she lay,  
So fat and fair and chubby;  
Stark naked by her side I lay  
And in each hand I clasped a bubby!

"Oh!" she cried, with anxious smile,  
"Must I take that root and have a child?"  
The root she took, the child she had,  
And now she's looking for its dad!

10.

Jesus Christ Almighty

(The Girl I Left Behind Me)

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;  
She was young and flighty;  
Her hair was brown as buffalo shit.  
Jesus Christ Almighty!

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;  
She was young and flighty;  
Her snatch was rich with the seven-year itch.  
Jesus Christ Almighty!

11.

Carrie Moore

The minister's wife was there,  
Her arse against the wall;  
"Put your money on the table, boys;  
I'm going to ferk 'em all!"

The groom was in the kitchen  
Oiling up his tool;  
The bride was in the icebox  
Her private parts to cool.

The queen was in the parlor  
Eatin' bread and honey;  
The king was in the chambermaid,  
And she was in the money.

12.

The Saltpeter Song  
(My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

They say we get milk in our coffee,  
They say we get milk in our tea,  
They say we get milk in our oatmeal,  
But it tastes like saltpeter to me!

Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my manhood to me, to me;  
Bring baak, bring back,  
Oh bring back my manhood to me!

The colonel says he always drinks it,  
The sarge says he's glad that it's free,  
The cook swears there ain't nothing in it,  
But it tastes like saltpeter to me!

13.

Arrah Wanna

On the wild and wooly prairie  
Lived an Indian lass;  
All the braves for miles around  
Said, "Heap fine piece of ass!"  
Then there came an Injun warrior;  
Big Cock was his name;  
What he did to Arrah Wanna  
Was a dirty, fucking shame!

Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
On a feather bed:  
He broke her maiden-head;  
She was kissed and squeezed and screwed  
Until her ass was black and blue;  
But all the braves they say:  
"Well, Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
In a business way!"

14.

The Good Ship Venus

The captain's daughter Mabel  
She laid while she was able;  
The sons of bitches  
Took her tits  
And nailed them to the table.

The first mate's name was Randy,  
And boy, he had a dandy!  
They crushed his cock  
Between two rocks  
For shooting in the brandy!

The second mate's name was Grogan,  
And boy, he had a gorgon!  
And all night long  
He played a song  
On his reproductive organ!



15.

The Sergeant Major  
(Joys of Copulation)

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,  
Cats with their ass-holes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of copulation!

Alligators, so it seems,  
Very seldom have wet-dreams;  
But when they do, it comes in streams,  
And they revel in the joys of copulation!

The sergeant-major has a hell of a life;  
He doesn't have a woman and he can't afford a wife,  
And so he simply sticks it up the regimental fife,  
And revels in the joys of copulation!

16.

A Little Song  
("Immortalia," 1927)

Listen to me and my little song,  
And I'll tell you how a guy went wrong;  
I used to live with my aunty who was old and wealthy;  
She had a servant girl who was fat and healthy.

I tried my best to get her to lay the leg,  
Or take her in the woodshed on my peg;  
No matter how I tried I didn't seem to figure,  
So I think to this day she was a gold-digger:

I sneaked 'round the back one night going to bed,  
And caught her with her head in a barrel getting bread;  
A chance like that, of course, I couldn't pass:  
So I hoisted up her skirts and oozed it in her ass!

To think of worse luck, My God, I know I can't,  
For when she turned around, Great Guns, it was my aunt!

17.

The Portion of a Woman

There once was a weaver and he lived all alone,  
And he worked at the weaver's trade (boom, boom),  
And the only, only thing that he ever did wrong  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, one dark night, to his surprise,  
When he lay fast asleep,  
A maiden crept to his bedside,  
And there began to weep.  
She wept, she cried, she damn near died;  
So hell, what could he do?  
"Just jump in bed, my pretty maid!" he said,  
"And I'll shield you from the foggy, foggy dew."

Now the old weaver lives with his son,  
And they work at the weaver's trade (boom, boom),  
And every, every time that he looks into his eyes,  
He's reminded of the shy little maid.

He's reminded of the summer time,  
And of the winter too;  
But the only, only thing that he ever did wrong,  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

18.

The Foggy Foggy Dew

That portion of a woman which appeals to men's depravity  
Is fashioned with considerable care;  
And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity,  
Is really an elaborate affair.

Physicians who have troubled to examine the phenomena,  
In numbers of experimental games,  
Have made a list of things they find in feminine abdomena,  
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly perinaeum,  
And the hymen in the case of virgin brides;  
There are lots of other gadgets, and you'd love 'em if  
you see 'em:  
The clitoris, and God knows what besides.

So isn't it a pity when we common people chatter,  
Of the organ to which I have referred,  
That we use for such a delicate and complicated matter  
Such a short and very unattractive word?

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8. 1946. 10. 1944. 11. 1952. 12. (?) 13. 1928, F.B.&P.  
14. 1952. 15. 1951. 16. "Immortalia," 1927. 17. "Songs to  
be Sung at a Smoker," 1949. 18. 1920's, A.P. Herbert.

MEMORABILIA: IN GOOD HUMOR  
(Legman: ca.1900)

A man was walking along in front of a hotel one evening when a full condom fell on the sidewalk in front of him. So he entered the hotel and said to the clerk:

"Say, Bud, who is in the third story front room?"

"My daughter," was the reply.

"Well, is she alone?"

"No, my intended son-in-law is with her. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I thought I ought to tell you that your intended grandson has just had a bad fall!"

Two young women each bought a fat banana. They took them home and after preparing for bed one of the girls said in a disappointed way:

"Why, this one is soft."

"Well, we'll eat that one," her companion quickly remarked.

"Why did you assault this man?" asked the magistrate of a woman who was brought before him.

"He said I looked like a streetcar."

"Well, that's not an insult. You had no reason to strike him."

"It was too insulting. I will not allow any man to think he can get on and off me for five cents!"

A man went to a beach resort to take a swim. Being late getting there, he was forced to take the last bathing suit in the place. It was too small, but he managed to squeeze into it. However, he could not get his balls in, so he peeked out, and seeing nobody near but a small boy, started to run for the water, holding his balls in his hand. The boy discovered him at once and cried out:

"Mister, if you're going to drown them puppies, give me one of them!"

A gentleman after buying a large bill of goods went to the cashier's desk and, throwing down a hundred dollar bill, asked:

"How much do you take off for cash?"

The girl blushed and said, "Everything but my stockings!"

A party of young blades ran across an old dorky who was sunning himself in front of his cabin.

"We'll give you a dollar," they said, "if you will take down your pants and show us Uncle Tom."

The old man was highly insulted and went into the house to tell his wife what had happened. She was indignant that he had not accepted the offer, especially as there was not a cent in the house. Running after the fellows she cried:

"Ef you uns will put a quarter on that there dollar, I'll show you Uncle Tom's cabin."

A young couple were traveling in a railroad coach in which the only other person was apparently blind. The fellow promptly got to work and soon had his hands under the girl's dress between her legs.

"Now you stop," she said; "That man over there is watching us."

"No, he isn't," was her companion's reply. "I'll show you he's blind. So he reached across the aisle and slowly passed his hand in front of the man's face, saying: 'Can you see, old man?'"

The old fellow sniffed a couple of times and replied energetically:

"No, I'm blind, but lead me to it!"

A man afflicted with a chronic "hard-on" went to the doctor to see what could be done about it. The doctor looked at his cock with admiration, and when the man asked what he would give him for it, he replied with enthusiasm:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

A Scotchman with a battered head was met by a friend who asked what had happened.

"Sandy McPherson hit me with a shovel."

"Well, didn't you hit him back? Didn't you have anything in your hand?"

"Yes. I had Mrs. McPherson's cunt in my hand. But what good was that against a shovel?"

An Irishman and his wife were asleep. She woke up and said: "Pat, is that your knee against my back?"

No answer.

She continued: "If it is your knee, you turn over; if it isn't your knee, I'll turn over."

A man on a streetcar saw another man with his trousers unbuttoned. So he reached across the aisle and, touching the fellow on the knee, whispered:

"Say, your pants are unbuttoned."

"That's all right," was the reply. "I did that on purpose. I left my collar off last night and got a stiff neck!"

A little girl who objected to the long prayers she had been taught, asked her mother why she could not say the short prayers that she overheard her and papa say.

"Why, what prayers do you mean?" asked the mother. "What did we say?"

"Last night I heard you say, 'Oh, God, I'm coming.' And Papa said: 'Jesus Christ, wait for me!'"

Two scrub-women in the city hall were in the family way. They were one morning discussing whether it would be boy or girl.

Just then Casey, the fat janitor, appeared, with his big belly sticking out in front of him.

"What are you going to have, Mr. Casey?" one of the women asked.

"Oi tink it will be an elephant!" he replied. "Put your hand in me pants and feel its trunk!"

Uncle Josh was uneasy. He stretched himself several times, looked out the window, and finally said:

"Wal, I guess I'll take a peck of them sweet taters over to the Widder Wilson."

His old black wife, Jemima, said quietly: "You jus' go out O' doors, Josh, and take a good piss; then you won't be so charitable!"

A tired looking woman appeared before Judge Powers and asked for a divorce on grounds of cruelty. Her husband compelled her to submit to him when, as a matter of fact, his member was so large that it pained her exceedingly. Judge Powers granted a decree.

About a year later another divorce case came before Judge Powers. He looked at the woman in surprise, for she was the one he had divorced before on account of her husband's cruelty.

"Why do you ask for separation this time?" the judge asked.

"On grounds of impotence, your honor. My present husband is incompetent to perform the marriage function."

"Case dismissed," the judge replied tartly. "This court has other business besides fitting pricks to your cunt, Madame."

# SUPPLEMENT

MY LETTERS TO GERSHON LEGMAN

168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah  
November 19, 1952

Mr. G. Legman  
858 Hornaday Place  
New York 60, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Legman:

I have been pleased mightily by all your sendings but have been too busy preparing materials for you, till now, to attempt a very thorough answer.

Today, finally, having finished the job of typing and reorganizing everything (I was dissatisfied with the way many stanzas were out of their proper place, etc.), I am finally mailing out a big packet to you. And you will note that (in addition to returning that part of your copy which I have already transcribed) I have included a directory of contributors and an index each for ballads, jingles, and dirty jokes. You mentioned recently that information concerning time and place were important in your work.

I shall, if you wish, continue to keep an ear cocked for more materials. I haven't been active in collecting for several years, but I can get back into the thing again very easily. There is a rich field for that sort of thing in this region, if one is interested and cares to go to the trouble. But it requires effort. One must contact and win the confidence of those who carry on the tradition. As for the dirty jokes, they are constantly coming to my attention, and I can easily record them from day to day.

I see, in looking over your material (though I haven't yet been able to go over it thoroughly), that you frequently have versions of the same things as I. This is all very worth-while. I thank you sincerely. I shall, of course, be most happy to have anything further that you care to send, and the three-to-one ratio pleases me! So far, in actual wordage, you have about evenly matched my total material.

I have no way of putting all this to use. Actually, long ago, I found myself stymied! You, where you are, can probably find application for it. The best that I can hope for, however, is to add to my collection for my own personal satisfaction and for the entertainment of friends.

Yes, I see what you mean about the jokes! The incest and mother-in-law themes are definitely there! You will grow aware, no doubt, from my outlines, that it was a very special hired man, Rufus Torrance, who indoctrinated me with my early sexual training. I was then in my early teens and very impressionable, and no doubt that is why so many of his jokes stayed with me. This fellow demonstrated, for my benefit and that of others, the fine arts of masturbation and bestiality. I remember very clearly how, in the winter of 1918, when the schools were closed because of Spanish influenza, he stood on a chair behind an old mare and showed us boys how it was done! The joke about the father up in the tree, which impressed you, was one of his. It recalls to mind that Rufus once told how, in the bedroom, he was trying sexual intercourse with his sister, when, suddenly, his father burst in, jerked down the covers, and smatted him mightily on the bare behind, then, rolling the two over, still attached, did likewise on the backside of the girl. Did this represent outrage at incest or at having the son do what the old man would perhaps have liked to do himself?

I have a little understanding of the symbolism of dream and fantasy. (You see, I have been twice analyzed!) V.E. Fisher, brother of Vardis, the famous Idaho novelist, was my first analyst. He was formerly the head of the Abnormal Psychology Department at New York University, in Greenwich Village, but came west about 1936 to go into private practice. I was at that time working under Vardis, on the Historical Records Survey, at Boise, Idaho, and hence fell under the sway of Vivien. The services of the second, a true psychiatrist, not a Ph.D., were required later to undo the damage left by the first, who, in many respects, was treading on unfamiliar ground and inclined to do a lot of fumbling and bungling. Pardon me if I am talking too much about myself! I wished to prepare for a word about the incest fantasy of the father up in the tree!

I believe, in that joke, we have much evidence of the Oedipus situation. If the tree represents the mother, under whose skirts the children take refuge from that ogre, the vengeful father, and under whose skirts the young boy would also like to play, thereby replacing the father, then we certainly see incest symbolized. But, since the mother is forbidden fruit (the so-called apple of the Garden of Eden was but the round breast of the mother which the son wished to devour in a cannibalistic fantasy!), the boy has substituted his little sister (as Eve was substituted for Adam, all memory of the mother being absent, hence repressed!), who very nicely represents the mother. But the teacher, another mother-substitute or mother-figure, has reported the truancy to the father. This function the mother customarily performs, passing on to the more threatening, terrifying father-figure the actual responsibility of reprimand and punishment. In other words, there is incest-guilt, and, symbolically, the mother has told, or let the cat out of the bag! So the father, who is symbol, also, of the Super-Ego with its introjected guilt and self-accusation, is seen up in the tree. This father-figure is also a symbol of God up in heaven watching the guilty child commit his sin and there passing judgment. (It is characteristic, I believe, for small children, because the superior experience of the parents makes them seem all-knowing, to think of them as a kind of all-seeing eye which no sin can escape undetected.) But the father, in that position, up in the tree, also represents the ownership and possession of the mother, sexually, since the tree represents the mother in dream symbolism. The boy cannot have the mother, is therefore, in his emotions, denied all sex, because that field belongs to the father, who envies and hates the penis of his son and would have him castrated and like his little sister. In fact, the only escape he can have, perhaps, from the wrath of his outraged father, is to emascuate himself and become like his little sister. For he cannot escape God, even though he can, by physical removal, escape his father. Oddly enough, there is a trace of the anal period showing through, also, in the reference to defecation. Another escape from the wrath of the father, perhaps, is to return to the anal period, to infancy, a time before sexuality made father and son deadly rivals. Also, can the defecation not be regarded as a masked attack on the father, as well as a defense from the father. Or can it be regarded as a voluntary gift (gift of the Maccis!), an attempt, by a bribe (fecal matter is originally regarded by the infant, they say, as very valuable, and as an outpouring of love toward the parent!), intended to placate the father? Many such immature, babyish attitudes are tied up in the symbolism of the anal period.

I have a word to say, too, in this connection, concerning the probable subconscious motivation of the collector of vulgar songs and jokes, such as you and I. This material, I believe, is but a representation, or an extension, if you will, of the focal material of infancy!

Just as the premature frustration of the infantile sucking instinct (weaning problem!) may be the later basis for cigar-smoking, alcoholism, and even the sexual practice of sucking one another off, and also the cannibalistic fantasy of eating the mother; so, likewise, the premature frustration of the anal pleasures (toilet training!), both of defecation and of interest in fecal matter, may be the basis for later fascination with vulgar jokes, rhymes, and ballads. They represent feces! They represent forbidden dirt which still seems very attractive! Only, in this instance, the original interest, frustrated, has been turned to a new and substitute object! It may be regarded, perhaps, (this interest), as a partial fixation at the anal level. Such subject-matter, therefore, might be expected to contain, quite prominently though not to the exclusion of psychic material at other levels, all the mechanisms, fantasies, and complexes in anal level interest and maladjustment. These mechanisms include hoarding, using fecal matter as the means of hostile attack or of loving reward and an outpouring of the heart, and preoccupation with filth as something of great emotional value. In short, the fecal matter may be regarded, and likewise the vulgar material which substitutes for it, as values going back to infancy, or the first year of life. The modern clinical method, therefore, of using clay-molding and finger-painting therapeutically, for the relief of too intense a preoccupation with anal problems, might also be effective in dealing with the collectors (!) of vulgar folk-lore. The actual collecting, of course, satisfies the subconscious need to play around in the feces with the bare hands. This, mind you, is my own evaluation of the problem, and has not been actually derived from the clinic.

Well, I have been sorting through your materials, again. And I must repeat that I am very pleased with them. They give me an intense satisfaction! When I get into them further, I may have additional comments to make.

By the way, I have heard rumors of the following items, but have not been able to find them. Are you familiar with them?

1. ADVENTURES OF A STENOGRAPHER (1920?)
2. OUR BACK YARD LAST NIGHT (1920?)
3. "The hair on her pisser hung down to her knees!" (1900?)
4. "And then she said, "Kind Sir, (1900?)

I hope you are not done;  
For I see more ammunition  
In that bag behind your gun!"

In conclusion, I would like to point out that I have been enjoying our correspondence and the exchange of materials. This sort of thing, of course, goes on and on. There is no stopping point. And so, may the future be rich with many new finds!

As I get around to it, I shall transcribe your copy and return the originals. You need not do likewise, however, for I made the copy I sent you especially for you.

Best regards,

P.S. I enclose a snapshot of myself to satisfy any curiosity you may have regarding me. Naturally, I would like to know a bit more about you also. Come out of the shadows! Isn't that what the soap ads say on television these days?  
K.L.



November 28, 1952

Dear Legman:

Thank you for the few remarks about yourself, which were, I must say, rather sketchy and non-informative!

I am ten years older than you but became interested in my collecting only four years ahead of you. My parents too were foreign-born. My mother's family, who were English, came from South Africa in 1861. My father's people came from Denmark in the early 1850's. They were all originally Mormon converts, though my paternal side is now strong for the opposition!

I could perhaps write up a few psychological interpretations of various of the jokes and ballads. (Incidentally, you are quite welcome to quote me on anything, so long as you don't plant a trail to my door!)

For example, "The Maid Who Was Not Satisfied," as well as "Poor Lil," and some of my own jokes, also, particularly #66, "Don't Get Discouraged," tie together in expressing one oft recurring theme in vulgar folklore. I think we have penis envy, on the part of the female, as well as perhaps the castration complex, here indicated. The woman is full of rage because she is not a man and therefore does not enjoy the sex organs, the freedoms, and the privileges of the male. In her subconscious frenzy to achieve a penis for herself, she can only feel success and satisfaction as long as a penis, any penis, is actually lying in her own vagina. So she sucks the man dry, so to speak. She thereby defeats him, castrates him, by out-sexing him and destroying his masculine conceit in his prowess. (This pattern, incidentally, may be one explanation of nymphomania, this subconscious hunger to own and possess a penis. Another, I imagine, is an ego identification with sexual prowess, a highly egoistic satisfaction in the sexual act and in insatiability itself. It becomes just as much a career as being the world's champion prize-fighter!) The man, on his part, to defend himself against the bitter envy and the very hostile attack of the female (her sexuality itself is an attack on his sexuality), and perhaps also to satisfy certain subconscious sadistic tendencies of his own (a compromise satisfaction of the contradictory desires to enjoy the delights of sex and to destroy the sex object because the female is the surrogate of the hostile and frustrating mother of yore), must rush as part of his triumph. And his conquest over the female, in sex, is just that -- a triumph of domination! To enjoy satisfaction he must defeat her and degrade and debase her. So, in the joke or ballad, he either overwhelms her with his huge (exaggeration of sexual interest) penis. Or he calls on some outside agency, such as man or ruthless machine, to do the job for him, which nothing can stop once it is put in motion. Or, as in my joke #66, he gladly enlists the help of other men, for all men are his allies in the fight to the death between the sexes. "If the two of us can't keep her satisfied, we'll get another man!" All these attitudes may grow directly out of the anal-sadistic type of sexual adjustment, or male adjustment, as it could be better termed. Frigidity, impotence, etc., may likewise result from the anal-retentive type of adjustment, and pederasty may grow out of homosexual adjustment at the anal level. In some of these jokes and songs we have clear indication of the anal period, for, at the final defeat of the woman (and we must remember that these are male fantasies, not female!), her fecal matter, in greatest abundance, is scattered far and wide. This discharge seemingly is substituted for the usual and to be expected orgasmic climax!

Under separate cover, some days ago, I mailed you a couple of pages of the kind of material you last requested: the pithy savings. I may be able to get many more. My father is a veritable treasure-house of these things. But I would have to be around him for awhile to pick them up again, as I have forgotten many of them in the 30 years, nearly, that I have been away from home. The speech of the old-~~time~~ rowdy, happy-go-lucky Westerner was full of such savings.

Today, under separate cover, I am returning the last of your copy, which you sent me for exchange. I enclose also a few sheets too many of Chisholm Trail, your own version, which you may be able to use.

I would like to have further songs and ballads from you but there is no great hurry. Whenever you can get around to it. I see, by the way, as you will too from the Table of Contents herewith enclosed, that your material supplied to me amounted to a total, when typed off, of 40 pages. That I sent you came to 64, not counting indexes, etc.

Well, this will have to be enough for now, if I am to get my letter off in today's mail.

Best wishes,

December 13, 1952

Dear Gershon:

I hope you don't mind my thus addressing you familiarly. I like the name. It is unusual, interesting, and distinguished. It should be a real asset in presenting your manuscripts to editors.

No, the idioms and synonyms are not current for Utah. (They may be in use here but not to my knowledge.) I learned them in Southeastern Idaho when a young boy living at home. A good round date would be about 1920, though actually, it would be anywhere between 1915 and 1936. I have since been out of contact with farmers and laborers who use such expressions. Most of it, actually, I learned from my father.

Incidentally, I hope I do not, by virtue of being somewhat older than you, become a father-figure deserving of castration at your hands! I am definitely not the father type!

My so-called "Glossary" is suggestive but by no means exhaustive. I know I have overlooked many expressions. Some of those you mentioned, like dildos and merkins, were entirely new to me, but I had heard of the wimpus and the false breast. The latter is called a "falsie" out here. As for the dildos, any local boy who can't get a girl -- and he would have to be damned slow nowadays -- may resort to a can of lard or axle-grease, left in the can, or, as the joke goes, to a knothole in the fence! I've even heard of men who soak in a bathtub, with just the head of an erection floating above water, and tantalize themselves into an orgasm by allowing a fly, minus its wings, to stroll around on the "island." I have heard, too, of Mexicans who use a kind of vacuum pump, similar to a breast-pump, to masturbate themselves with. Incidentally, in my terminology list, I overlooked such a simple contraceptive as the douche!

As for the word "chamber," I believe it is correctly used as a verb, meaning, literally, to take into a bedroom (a chamber), or to take to bed. Leastwise, my old dictionary (1928 edition) shows the word in that sense. It is not a Western usage, however. I use it merely as the polite key word, under which to hang the not-so-polite synonyms, which, for their part, are thoroughly idiomatic and provincial.

Thanks again for the batch of poems and ballads. They are the "real thing." I prize each and every one like a rare pearl.

I have scrapped the old table of Contents and done a thorough job of re-organizing. But still I am dissatisfied. It is hard to put all those items in one unending series and have them graded from one thing to another and all of them inter-related.

I enclose a few little scraps. Not much. Actually, I am scraping the bottom of the barrel, till such time as I can find more sources.

Sincerely,

P.S.

I have been very much interested in your psychological comments. I have noted your remarks on fantasies of the infinitesimal (masochist tone) and of bigness (exaggerated sexual interest). I refer to your LOLU (it's a Lulu!) and THE WHORRY CREW.

I am, at the moment, however, thinking particularly of what you said about the close tie-up (identification) between death and sexuality. I quite agree with you. I believe, though, that the explanation lies in dream symbolism, which is quite universal. A body in a grave, for instance, may denote a penis buried in a vagina, the true meaning being hidden from the dreamer by the screening out process of the Super Ego. Guilt is indicated, too, in that death is thought of as being punishment for sin. (See GENESIS.) Sin is consummated and punishment achieved, all in one symbolism, therefore. Might we not even say, with conviction, that sin and death are associated in our minds because Adam became deserving of death, and brought death into the world, through his misbehavior with Eve? (Was not the snake which tempted Eve the penis of the Father, and was not the fruit which Adam plucked, Eve's cherry?) It was that old sin which made us all subject to death. And it is that sin, too, for which we ourselves must pay by dying. It is blood atonement, so to speak. And blood can be a symbol, in dreams, also in fantasy, of the semen of an orgasm, also. You chop off a hand, and out comes blood gushing. Maybe that chopping symbolizes intercourse, or masturbation, also the feeling of guilt and the desire for atonement, and even a castration of the offending organ, the hand, or, symbolically, the penis. (Does the BIBLE not say, "If thy hand offend thee, cast (or cut) it off," etc.?) Here, again, we have sin, guilt, and atonement all achieved in one fantasy, in highly condensed form. The atonement, through self-castration, is made to God himself, who represents the father, introjected, and who also represents the Super Ego, projected. That it all boils down to, then, is self-castration to appease the wrath of the jealous father. How else can one come back into favor, except by destroying that which is objectionable to the father, one's own competing manhood? Maybe that is why so much of religion seems to have an effeminizing effect on its membership. Christianity, most certainly, extolls the virtues of femininity. (Witness, the adoration of the Virgin, and the doctrine of turning the other cheek.)

I would like to call attention, also, to the obvious relationship between excrement (and the processes of excretion) and sexual intercourse (sexuality). I mentioned in an earlier letter, in connection with "The Great Wheel," that a discharge of feces might displace the expected orgasm and be its equivalent. Both feces and urine can, I believe, be used as dream symbols for semen. They come from the same general region. They give pleasurable sensations. And, in early childhood, they are believed to be the same. Hence, we have the flood fantasy (Noah's deluge), a kind of bed-wetting fantasy, which may represent a welling up of ecstasy -- in short, an orgasm. One may also dream of defecating on a woman. The woman, in that case, is probably a mother-figure, whom the person (a child in fantasy) is dirtying in a hostile attack, or on whom he is bestowing a gift of love. It can be either, for, in the anal period, feces is used both to express love and hostility. Therein, I believe, lies the explanation for sadism, which so frequently comes out in our folk materials, often in connection with defecation. Psychologists indicate that in the anal period are laid down at least three distinct personality patterns: (1) the anal-retentive, involving original holding, but spreading out to include hoarding, miserliness, and the propensity for collecting things (eg., vulgar ballads!); (2) anal-sadistic, involving original hostility toward the mother, later extending to cruelty toward any sex object; and (3) anal-compulsive, growing out of guilt concerning defecation, and spreading over to include sexuality, and often producing the impotent or frigid person, very nice, very clean and particular. I believe, though, a fourth type should be added: a kind of anal-giving type, beneficent, generous, loving his fellow-man (similar to Christ).

I think we can find traces of all these things (like assaying for minerals) when we analyze our vulgar folk materials. Like the Greek myths, they are rich in Freudian symbolism and fantasy.

## THE FOLKLORE TRADE WITH GERSHON LEGMAN

Consummated  
in 1952

J. Kenneth Larson

Gershon Legman, an avid ballad collector, was put in touch with me in 1952 by the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. He was then looking into such material on deposit there. And they knew about me because I had offered to put a copy of my COUNTRYSIDE FOLKLORE there. In our exchange of letters, however, he advised against my doing so, saying all such materials indexed in the library were missing, and that he suspected it had been destroyed by virtuous female custodians who found it distasteful. He succeeded in talking me out of giving my book to the Library of Congress and persuaded me, instead, into letting him have a copy. In exchange, he gave me two-for-one out of his own extensive collection. Only years later did it occur to me that he wanted my materials exclusively for himself and hence kept me from giving it to the library also.

In the book which follows, Part One, my own BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO, is kept quite apart from Part Two, TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE, which was contributed by Gershon Legman but given its present arrangement by me. Much of his material is other versions of my own. But each of us also contributes various things quite new to the other.

At this writing, Legman is blind, a widower, and living at Cannes in France.

**PART ONE**

**BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO**

## BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO

Compiled by  
J. Kenneth Larson

A collection of vulgar verses, jokes, and popular ballads, all of them unprintable, obtained by word-of-mouth from those who entertained by them (mostly farmers, laborers, and students), in Malad, McCammon, Moscow, Focatello, Twin Falls, and Idaho Falls, old localities in Southeastern Idaho, (and a few from Salt Lake City), during the years from 1920 to 1952. The virtue of this material lies not in its snow-white purity but in its uninhibited frankness. It is not Sunday school text, but, rather, the basis for a highly scientific look into the workings of the human mind, in dealing with the sexual impulses that are dammed up (threat of religious damnation!) by the narrow, frustrating mores of our civilization.

168 L St.  
Salt Lake City, 3, Utah  
November 11, 1952

## PREFACE

Victor Hugo, discussing "Argot" in the pages of Les Misérables, tells us that nothing which exists is unworthy of study. Now, as any reader of Hugo is aware, "Argot" is the harsh, cruel bastard language of hardened Paris criminals, developed by them for greater ease in talking over their villainous plans without detection. In this book, though not condoning the filthy language of the underworld, Hugo turns a scientific eye on this form of speech and tries to tell us how and why it originated.

My purpose is similar in making the present collection of vulgar verses, stories, and ballads. (I would be a liar, of course, if I pretended that I did not, at the same time, get an intense satisfaction out of the work, just for the sake of the subject-matter itself. For it did, unquestionably, serve as a release for repressed and inhibited biological needs, in my case, just as in all others. That, certainly, is the very reason for its existence!) I have used no other source than that of oral tradition, by which all folk literature is necessarily secured. I have scorned drawing on the watered-down versions currently in print. And I can hardly make the claim that all the songs in the collection are true ballads in the fullest sense. I must, however, point out that all the selections herein presented are so extremely vulgar as to call for a word of explanation, and to that purpose I devote the remainder of this preface.

I have (if I may say so) gone to considerable trouble to drag out into the light of day those vulgarities which germinate and grow under cover of darkness. They exist, certainly! They serve an important purpose in contemporary life. And they are known and cherished in secret by schoolchildren everywhere, by members of the laboring classes, and by nearly every marriageable youth in the country, with perhaps a very few exceptions. Only the so-called "sissies" are immune to such interest, and even their protestations of aversion are often questionable. Every normal and honest-minded person, in my opinion, passes through a stage in his early youth -- which he may never outgrow -- of intense interest in the vulgar and concealed things of life. Perhaps it is a natural phase of adolescence. It grows out of the intense, excited seeking, the hungering for, that satisfaction of newly awakened passions and desires which, at that age, spring from the sudden ripening of the gonads. And it is only human nature, after all, to be intrigued by life's mysteries.

Vulgar poetry and crude jokes about sex are youth's method of teaching itself the things it wants to know which it has a perfect right to know. They are the id's answer to the suppressing forces of the Super Ego. They are the primitive man's evasion of the stifling, the conformity-demanding forces of civilization. The narrowmindedness of our forefathers in condemning natural instincts and in concealing under a cloak of stinking mystery facts that should be dealt with fairly and in the open is largely responsible for the growth and continued existence of the large body of filth -- it can hardly be called literature -- which, by distorting sex, by emphasizing all its worst aspects, from generation to generation corrupts the minds of our youth.



For centuries medical science was ignorant and often deadly to its patients because it was founded on a false modesty which forbade dissection, discussion, or even a simple study of the human body. Today, thank God!, we are escaping at last from such prudery. The thoughts of men are directly related to their bodies, since they arise out of the functions of the body. Yet, even now, in this age of enlightenment, many thoughts and expressions are taboo because they have long been labeled as vulgar. We seemingly cannot escape the grim shadow of the past!

Modern psychiatry, perhaps, is doing more than all other forces combined, in our time, to break down old prejudices and free the human mind. The process of psychoanalysis, certainly (to which I, myself, have twice submitted, under entirely different doctors and entirely different schools), is one of raking slime from the very bottom of the subconscious!

Another force which has, of late, tended to free the world from prudery and false values, is the revolt of woman (made possible by suffragette victories, by job equality, and by the development of scientific methods of contraception) against the double-standard, which for so many centuries kept half the race in slavery to the other half. The automobile, too, has had its share in bringing about change. It has freed mankind from its old bondage to locality and to the public opinion of the little community with its in-group hostility against the out-group. Likewise, the movement in free thought has been furthered by such improved methods of dissemination of ideas as radio and television.

Like Hugo, I have little sympathy for prudery, for bigotry, for the kind of narrow-mindedness which taboos a subject and makes it unspeakable. To me it seems that all things which exist are natural, that they grow out of definite causes and fill a definite need. It is only the artificial standards of society that make one thing vulgar and another polite. The weed along the roadside is no less natural than the blooming rose! We cannot shut our eyes and, by so doing, force it out of existence.

If the youth of our country are to get proper perspective and wholesome attitudes (for, in spite of all progress, the undercurrents of suppression and of revolt against it through vulgarity continue), the so-called vulgar ballad must be dragged out into the open and examined in the light of day. If it is truly evil, and if its effects are to be eliminated, then its cause must be determined and remedied, and something more useful and healthful substituted in its place. Wholesome substitution may be possible, but eradication is out of the question, perhaps not even desirable. The fundamental point to be considered, no doubt, is that vulgar ballads we have and vulgar ballads we shall always have. They become innocuous, however, in the absence of suppression of information. Therefore, though not a respected place, they at least deserve a place of recognition and study, not only as the literature of the subconscious, but as the science of evasion from repression.

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## THE SHEEPHERDER

A.

(Ivan Peterson)

A shepherdder lying upon the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary ass.  
A ewe came up and licked his balls  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The shepherdder woke from out his sleep  
In time to catch and f--- that sheep!  
A magpie sitting in a tree nearby  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear but an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good f---!  
He rammed so hard that the shepherdder's nuts  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts.  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His bolls will be hanging out of their ears!

B.

(Larry Martin)

A shepherdder lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his ass.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The shepherdder he awoke  
And started f---ing his nanny-goat.  
The nanny-goatt bled, and the shepherdder quit;  
The dog jacked off, and the magpie shit!

## THE OLD APPLE TREE

(Larry Martin)

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
A little black spot;  
She called it her "Twat,"  
But it looked like her ass hole to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
In the tall green grass  
I got some fine ass  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
A dose of the claps,  
The shankers perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!

DICKEY AND MURPHEY  
(Benj Edwards)

Dickey and Murphey were playing in the ditch,  
When Dickey called Murphey a dirty son-of-a- ----  
Bring all your children and let them play with sticks,  
Or when they grow older they'll play with their ----  
Dickey and Murphey had a little doggie;  
They lent him to a lady to keep her company;  
She led him and fed him, until one day on a hunt,  
He played all around her petticoats and ----  
Country lass a-sitting on the grass;  
A fence-post fell over and ran a sliver up her ----  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies;  
And if I finish this I hope I die  
And go to ----  
Hello, Central, how's your brownie hair?  
And if you have no whiskey, I'll have to drink your beer!

BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

Pack up all my underwear--  
I don't care, anywhere!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
He taught me how to dance and sing;  
He taught me how to shake his thing!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!  
He took me to his cottage in the wildwood,  
And there he took advantage of my childhood!  
He went once, and I went twice!  
Holy jumping Jesus Christ!  
Bye-bye, Boy Friend!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

I dreamed last night and the night before  
That two old tomcats came knocking at the door;  
I went down stairs to let them in,  
And they knocked me down with a rolling pin;  
The rolling pin was made of brass;  
They turned me up and spanked my ass!  
I went up stairs to go to bed,  
And I fell in the piss-pot on my head;  
I couldn't swim, and I couldn't float,  
And a big fat tird slipped down my throat;  
I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
And I fell in the fire and burned my cock;  
So I paid two whores a penny apiece  
To paint my cock with axle grease!

PAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

Beside a babbling brook,  
A shady nook,  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits---  
Boy, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by:  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his dink,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by:  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

JOHN TAYLOR  
(Dick Palfreyman)

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor's in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And f--- her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the ground!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor's in town!

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum)

Oh, Sally went out to the garden  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a hole in Sally's ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed  
They slapped it on her ass!  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

A STOVEPIPE EPISODE  
(Roscoe Colton)

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather ditty -- so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard!" she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way!"  
GGt them together , then  
Push easy when I say!

"There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight,  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

"But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

"Now, let me fix them right this time.  
When I say, 'Easy!' now, you press.  
Be careful, or it'll slip again  
And make an awful mess.

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove.  
He saw a maiden and her father  
Putting stovepipe on the stove!

THE LITTLE TINKER  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Oh, there was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, f---, and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were but few;  
So first he f---ed the captain,  
And then he f---ed the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

The little tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd f--- the Devil  
If he didn't treat him well!  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul!  
Let me exercise my pecker  
in your hairy ass hole!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

Then all the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall:  
"We'd better get him out of here  
Before he f---s us all!"  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash, and baby-maker  
hanging to his knees!

THE JAILER'S SONG  
(Dick Palfreyman)

In my prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in shit,  
While the mice shoot craps upon the floor!  
If you want to hear them fart,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the keyhole  
in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail soaked with shit,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon the floor!  
And the women, as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my ass!  
I don't wanna go to prison any more!

BARNACLE BILL  
(Dick Falfreyman)

"Who's a-knocking at my door?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Only me from over the sea!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in!"  
Said the little fair maiden;  
"Make up a bed for two!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs!"  
Said the little fair maiden.  
"Just what I intended to do!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if the sheriff comes in?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Rape the damned old fool!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What's that trickling down my leg?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"It's only a gob from off my knob!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Hang the bastard around your neck!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"When do you plan to come again?"  
Asked a little fair maiden;  
"Never, no more, you damned old whore!"  
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.



THE LITTLE MARINE  
(A Version of "Parlez Vous")

Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
Parlez vous;  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentiers,  
She hadn't been fucked for forty years!  
Hinkey dinkey! Parlez vous!

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair!

Up the stairs and into bed,  
That's where I broke her maidenhead!

The first three nights all went well,  
And then my pecker began to swell!

The first three months all went well,  
And then her belly began to swell!

Nine months were up: she gave a grunt;  
The Little Marine came out of her cunt!

The Little Marine he grew to be big;  
His grandmother caught him frigging a pig!

The Little Marine he grew and grew,  
And now he's fucking the women too!

The Little Marine he went to France  
To make the Germans kiss his ass!

The generals stay behind the lines,  
And fuck the women and drink the wines!

The Little Marine he lay in a trench,  
Screwing his nuts with a monkey-wrench!

The Little Marine went over the top,  
To make the Kaiser suck his cock!

The Little Marine he went to hell,  
And he told the Devil to jump in the well!

COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic;  
Columbo knew if he didn't screw  
He surely would go frantic!

Columbo had a one-eyed cat;  
He kept it in his cabin;  
He rubbed its ass with axle-grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate--  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock  
They sucked off one another!

A one-eyed maid appeared on deck--  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg--  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

An Indian maid appeared on shore--  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men:  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty!"

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars;  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had earned \$10,000.

Columbo went in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty;  
He gave her only a dose of claps--  
He brought no other booty!

They threw him in a stinking jail,  
And left him there to grumble;  
A ball and chain tied to his bells--  
So ended poor Columbo!

TUMBLE LYNN  
(Mrs. Frank Grant)

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair:  
The fleshy side out,  
And the wooly side in;  
"It tickles my bollicks!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn  
Had an old gray mare;  
She served for a wife  
For many a year,  
But she got too old,  
And he had to give in:  
"She'll do to go courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Tumble Lynn stopped  
At the Dutchman's hall;  
And off he jumped  
Among them all;  
"You fool!" they cried,  
"Why did you come in?"  
"I've come a-courting!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

"Which of my daughters  
Do you love best?  
Take your pick,  
And leave the rest!"  
"Oh, some for beauty,  
And some for sin!"  
"I'll take them all!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep double-decker!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

Oh, Tumble Lynn,  
His wife, and his mother,  
They all went out  
To the shithouse together;  
Some shit thick,  
And some shit thin:  
"It'll answer for soup!"  
Said Tumble Lynn.

**LULU**  
(Composite from Several)

Oh, Lulu went out hunting,  
To kill herself a duck;  
But along came a farmer,  
And he asked her for a fuck!

**Chorus**

On, bang away at Lulu,  
Bang her good and long;  
What you going to do for your banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
It was born at four o'clock;  
It wasn't like most other boys--  
It didn't have a cock!

**Chorus**

(Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She had him by a rock;  
She couldn't name him Lulu  
Because he had a cock!)

**Chorus**

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
He was born on a rainy day;  
She stopped his ass with Denver mud  
And called him Henry Clay!

**Chorus**

Oh, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him little Jim;  
She threw him in the pisspot  
To teach him how to swim!

**Chorus**

Oh, the rich girls they use vaseline;  
The poor girls they use lard;  
But Lulu uses wagon-dope,  
And she bangs it twice as hard!

**Chorus**

Oh, the rich girls they wear diamonds;  
The poor girls they wear glass;  
But the only ring that Lulu wears  
Is a ring around her ass!

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COUSIN NELLIE  
(Jack Harkness)

I met my Cousin Nellie  
In the shade of the linden tree;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And her hair waved in the breeze.

It was great to sit beside her  
With the cooling shade above;  
She whispered, "Cousin Harry,  
Please show me how to love!"

I tore her silken wrapper  
Off her throbbing breasts;  
And to warm her cooling passions,  
Those big red lips I pressed.

I took my hand so gently  
And reached between her thighs;  
And I found the cool sweet spot  
Where true love lies.

I took my prong so gently,  
And I placed it in her hand;  
She steered it straight to heaven--  
She needed no command.

Now scarcely a day goes by  
But Nellie comes to me  
And settles down beside me  
In the shade of the linden tree!

B.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

I often sat with Nellie  
In the shade of the linden trees;  
Her hair was combed down smoothly  
And waved gently in the breeze.

I often sat with Nellie  
When the skies were blue above;  
Often she would whisper,  
"Please teach me how to love!"

Then lying down beside her,  
Put my hand between her thighs;  
I reached that cool and shady spot  
Where true love often lies.

Then climbing on my Nellie,  
I gave her one big shove;  
And then she whispered to me,  
"My God, that must be love!"

## THE DAMNED LITTLE RUNT

A.

(Leonard Madsen)

Oh, the damned little runt  
With the sunburnt cunt  
    And an ass as black as charcoal,  
She can skin your prick  
So God damned quick  
    That the sparks fly out of your ass hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's dink,  
    Her lips are a henshit brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls on a goose,  
    And her ass hole drags the ground!

B.

(Larry Martin)

I knew it was her  
By the stockings she wore,  
    Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
    She was pretty, but the freckles were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
    She's always got a hale and hearty laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
    She strips to the hide and takes a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
    And her ass it wiggles all around;  
Her lips are as pink  
As a Leghorn rooster's dink,  
    And her eyes are a henshit brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors,  
    In the stockyards or down in the weeds;  
So, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
    For it's damned little teasing she needs!

## RING DANG DOO

A.

(Larry Martin)

Ring dang doo -- what is that,  
All black and hairy like a pussycat?  
Got hair all around and split in two:  
That is what we call a ring dang doo!

A little fair maiden, cute and stout,  
Moved in and hung her shingle out:  
"Come, all you men, come one, come two,  
And take a crack at my ring dang doo!"

She took me down to her house;  
We slipped in like a little mouse;  
We barred the doors, and the windows, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

She took me down to her cellar;  
She called me a damned nice feller;  
She gave me wine, and whiskey, too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a wonderful thing!  
The poor man gets it, as well as the king!  
All black and hairy, split in two:  
That is the way with a ring dang doo!

B.

(George Goodnough)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

Her father came,  
And her mother, too,  
And caught me playing  
With her ring dang doo!

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left your home  
And your country, too,  
And followed Dad  
With your ring dang doo!

"Oh, Father, oh, Father,  
I'm not to blame!  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left yourr home  
And your country, too,  
To diddle Maw  
And her ring dang doo!"

"On, Daughter, oh, Daughter,  
For shame, for shame!  
When you are old,  
You'll regret the same!

"But since you're a whore,  
And a good one, too,  
Make him pay two bucks for  
Your ring dang doo!"

C.

(Phenoi Deschamps)

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

She moved to town  
And became a whore;  
And she painted a sign and  
Put above her door:

"Come all you young,  
And you old ones, too;  
Come, take a pop at  
My ring dang doo!"

I took one pop  
At her ring dang doo;  
And that is why  
I sing to you?

My cock has rotted  
Through and through  
Since I took that pop at  
Her ring dang doo!

#### OLD AUNT SALLIE

One dark night when the neighbors were in bed,  
Old Aunt Sallie sneaked out into the shed;  
Her beau pushed her over among the straw and said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The first three months she liked it very well;  
The second three months her belly began to swell;  
The third three months, and her kid began to yell:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"



## THE ONE-EYED RILEY

A.

(Lester Bush)

We were sitting around old Riley's campfire one night,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my mind,  
Of how I'd like to shag his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

That night when she had gone to her hayloft,  
Where she slept among the straw and clover,  
I crawled into the hay beside her,  
And shagged and shagged till the fun was over!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
And who should it be but her damned old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
And was looking for the guy that shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
And I shoved them pistols up his ass  
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all;  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

B.

(Virgil Jolley)

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parson's daughter;  
The very first thought came into my mind,  
That I could finger her hind quarter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spat my ass and drove it in farther!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned old father,  
I shoved both pistols up his ass,  
And slapped his wife, and shagged his daughter!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Oh, then I went out on the porch,  
And shook my prick at old dog Towser;  
It scared the fool damned near to death,  
And he turned his tail and ran for cover!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

I'm the best damned man was ever born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My cock and bolls weigh thirty pounds,  
And I'm known as the dangerous one-eyed Riley!  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, ho-re-Riley;  
Ho-re-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

C.

(Harold Rothstein)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's tavern,  
Listening to his tales of blood and slaughter,  
There came a thought into my mind,  
That I should shag O'Reilly's daughter!  
Tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee for the  
one-boll 'Reilly;  
Rigga-dig-dig, bolls and all, rabba-dab-dub, shag on!

I grabbed that old witch by the tit,  
And threw my left leg up and over;  
Shagged and shagged, and I shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over!

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door,  
And who should it be but her goddam father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter!

Chorus

I grabbed him by the hair of his bolls  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
I shoved those pistols up his ass  
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus



DOWN IN THE LEHI VALLEY  
(Jack Harkness)

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never shit in your hat!  
I've got a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

It was down in the Lehi Valley;  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
We had a ranch, a dandy---  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my pardner, Lou,  
Till along came a girl named Sally---  
But we called her Sue.

She had an ass like a country shithouse,  
And her cunt was full of fire;  
I had a full six inches,  
And I couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas ranger  
With a prick nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Sally,  
And he carried her right along.

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my cunt  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

B.  
(Alden Blasdell)

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother, Lou,  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one, too!

Her ass was like a goldmine;  
Her cunt was hot as fire;  
My eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cock ten inches long;  
He f---ed my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt,  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

HI REO DANDY O!

A.

(Larrey Martin)

As I was going down the street,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Two whores I chanced to meet,  
Hi reo dandy O!

One called me "stud," and I called her "mare,"  
Hi reo dandy O!  
I fucked the one with the little brown hair,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next nine days to the Doc I went,  
To get my cock sucked out at the end!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag;  
She washed my cock and squeezed my bag!

In came a doctor with a knife and block;  
At one whack off came my cock!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,  
With a stub of a cock without any head!

It's all over now -- wish I had it to do again!  
A nine-inch cock and a head as big again!

Come, all you young men, take warning by me:  
Never fuck the first whore you see!

B.

(Ben Infanger)

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet!

One was fair, very fair;  
She called me "stud," and I called her "mare!"

The other was dark, with curly locks;  
She gave me the clap, and I gave her the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
My rotten pecker in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block;  
With one whack he cut off my cock!

And now that I'm well and free from pain,  
I'll go back to the stump and try it again!

## YIPPIE-YAY!

A.

(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Bollie and started for the herd;  
He throw me off in a fresh cow tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I was coming down the mountain by the old cow trail,  
With my pecker in my hand and a heifer by the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten ass!  
(And showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass!)

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!

Last time I saw the boss -- I haven't seen him since --  
He was fucking a heifer through a barb-wire fence!

And now my song is ended -- I can sing you no more;  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!

B.

(Ben Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a-shittin' and a-flyin'!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrups, and my ass in the saddle;  
A-singin' all day to your shitty assed cattle!  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a-ti-yi yippie, yippie-yay!

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!

The boss come out with a gun in his hand,  
A-sayin': "Get to work and be God damned!"

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a little yell;  
The lead bars broke, and the leaders went to hell!

BUCKAROO  
(George Goodnough)

Oh, to hell with the ranch  
And the shitty-eyed cattle;  
If the boss contradicts me,  
He can kiss my bloody asshole!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

Oh, I went to the farmer,  
And I asked him for my roll;  
He said, "My God, man,  
You're twenty in the hole!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

I went around the corner,  
And I met the farmer's daughter;  
I asked her for a fuck  
For a dollar and a quarter!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

She said, "My God,  
I'm a decent man's daughter,  
And I wouldn't screw you  
For a dollar and a quarter!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I saw her  
She was standing in the door,  
Shoes and stockings off,  
A-dancing like a whore!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I saw her  
She was lying in the grass,  
A-holding of her belly  
Like a monkey's ass!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I saw her  
She was floating down the stream,  
Her cunt open wide enough  
To drive in a team!  
Sing hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

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THE DENVER HOME  
(Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdell)

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away from home,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I walked through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me:  
"A dollar and a half for the first few punches!"  
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!

A dollar and a half was her proposition;  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more;  
And she parked her ass upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I went to all the balls and dances,  
And threw my money all about.

The pimps and whores came crowding round me;  
There must have been a hundred and two;  
They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch, too.

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
But when they stole my gold and silver,  
Then bloody murder I cried out!

Then all the whores came crowding round me  
(I thought there were a million or more),  
And you'd shit your pants and die a-laughing,  
To see my ass shag out the door!

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THE BONNIE BROWN HARE  
(Bobby Grant)

One morning in April,  
At the dawn of the day,  
With my gun on my shoulder,  
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden,  
Whose cheeks were of rose,  
Her hair down in ringlets,  
And eyes black as coal.

I asked the fair maiden,  
"Oh, maiden so fair,  
Could you tell me where, oh, where,  
Could I find the brown hare?"

She answered me shyly;  
She answered me low:  
"Beneath my white petty  
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently  
Beneath the shade of a tree,  
And I cocked my big rifle  
Above her white knee!

She swooned and she fainted;  
Her color all fled.  
I stooped and I kissed her,  
For I thought she were dead.  
Then she opened her eyes  
Gently and said:

"Your aim is so true, Sir,  
Your bullets so fair--  
Won't you fire once more  
At my bonnie brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden;  
My powder is spent,  
My bullets are gone,  
And my ramrod is bent;  
And I cannot fire on!

"But meet me tomorrow  
Beneath the shade of the tree,  
And if the weather proves fair,  
I'll fire once more  
At your bonnie brown hair!"



JOHNNIE  
(Vernon Peterson)

Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, there was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
And he claimed he had the biggest prick of any guy around!!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, Johnnie and his master got in a dispute;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I've got the biggest toot!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I'll measure with you now!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

So they measured around and they measured about!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
So they measured around and they measured about;  
And Johnnie had him beat six inches on the spout!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, there lived a little girl just a little out of town,  
And she liked Johnnie better than any guy around!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
And rolled her over onto her ass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little easy when you first do begin!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
For it hurts just a little when you first put it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow;  
For it don't hurt now like it did awhile ago.  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

"Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
And I had a bull's ass to help push it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Oh, now my song is ended! I'll sing you no more!  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have the core!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

OLD MACLELLAND  
(Larry Martin)

Old MacLelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and wooly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault MacLelland had;  
He was handy with his tool!

MacLelland left that cow-camp;  
'Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolmam  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats;  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
For the schoolmam on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate;  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may," said the schoolmam  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit off his boots  
And straightened his cravat,  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolmam of the flats.

They talked about the weather;  
They talked of this and that;  
They kept a-drifting onward--  
They knew not just where at!

They kept a-drifting onward  
Until they reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolmam then and there.

He laid her on the bench--  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his horn  
And opened his hondoo!

Then, bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolmam on the flats!

He said, "I've diddled maidens,  
And negro wenches, and all that;  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolmam on the flats!"

But when he shook his roller,  
Just nine days after that,  
He found he'd caught the gonnere  
From the schoolmam on the flats!

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my song;  
Keep old John Henry in his chapps,  
And keep him fogging on!

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat!  
Remember old MacLelland  
And the schoolmam on the flats!

I JUST COULDN'T  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

I wandered down the street,  
And I knocked on every door;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find a whore!

At last I found a whore;  
She was sitting on a rock;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find my cock!

At last I found my cock,  
In the center of my hand;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't make it stand!

At last I made it stand,  
As stiff as any pin;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it in!

At last I got it in  
And wiggled it about;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it out!

At last I got it out,  
All mattery and sore!  
To save your life from hell, boys,  
Never fuck a whore!

THE JOLLY SHEPHERD  
(Lafayette Larson)

There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

He sneaked down through the bushes  
To take a closer look,  
And spied upon the maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

"Oh, jolly, jolly shepherd,  
Come, take a closer look!"  
And shaking out her tresses,  
She climbed out of the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
"Oh, mister, that's a pretty place  
For you and me to play!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a field of clover;  
"On, mister, that's a pretty place  
For you to roll me over!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then she said, "I'm a maid within,  
And you're a fool without!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der riddle all the day!

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ROSEBERRY  
(Niah Davis)

As I rode out on Roseberry,  
All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way--  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side;  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her garter came untied.  
For fear that she may lose it,  
These words to her I said,  
"Your garter is hanging down, my dear!"  
I derry down a-day!

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man?  
Oh, will you be so free?  
Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
As to tie it up for me?"  
"Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
When we get to yonder hill!"  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never did see:  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between!  
And we jogged along together.  
I derry down a-day!

"Now, since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came!"  
"My name 'tis Johnnie the Rover,  
And from Baltimore City am I,  
And I live by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

Now, she returned from market,  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhead  
It made her blood run cold!  
"But it is gone: let it go!  
He's the lad I love!" said she;  
"And he lives by the side of the Ups and Downs!"  
I derry down a-day!

THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale and Alden Blaisdell)

It was in the month of may,  
When the jacks beginn to bray,  
And the jennies come prancing round the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack:  
"Will you climb upon my back?  
You can wind up my little ball of yarn!"

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom  
And the jennies were loose around the barn;  
There I met a little Miss,  
And I simply asked her this,  
"May I wind up your little ball of yarn?"

"Oh, why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes?  
Why don't you go to them with your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went,  
To wind up her little ball of yarn!

After getting her consent,  
Around a stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown;  
So I gently laid her down,  
And I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a piss,  
I found my cock all mattery and warm;  
Then I knew that by mishap,  
She had given me the clapp,  
As I wound up her little ball of yarn!

It was nine months after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
There appeared before the door  
Her father and several more:  
"You're the daddy of a little ball of yarn!"

It was nine days after that;  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then an officer in blue,  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you!  
Come and marry your little ball of yarn!"

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

We left the party early,  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it,  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbus,  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

She first took off her collar;  
It fell upon the floor;  
Ye Gods! I saw her stoop for it,  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then came her dress and underclothes,  
Fifty, less or more;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down on the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee!

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

She sat before the fire,  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more;  
Ye Gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

If I was strong as Sampson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke up the whole damn town!

But I'm not as strong as Sampson,  
And I can do no more  
Than jack off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door!

AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
(Murray Hale)

I met her in a ballroom,  
And I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished;  
My hair was neatly combed;  
I danced with her all evening;  
That night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say,  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
Who is being led astray."

It was at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
It was in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
"We'll do it now, my Nellie;  
We'll do it now or die!"

I offered her a silver necklace;  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin;  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

He'll love you and caress you;  
He'll promise to be true;  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you!

B.  
(Dick Palfreyman)

When I was young and pretty,  
It was to my delight  
To go to balls and dances  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants!



His shoes were neatly polished;  
His hair was nicely combed;  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray;  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently;  
He raised my dress so high;  
He said, "Now, Mary, darling,  
You'll do it now or die!"

Now, all young girls, take warning,  
And take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

For if you do he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true;  
But when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"

#### AN INDIAN MAID

(Ben Edwards and Phœni Deschamps)

I once knew an Indian maid  
Who was very very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would shove it up her slough  
While she lay sleeping in the shade!

She took her little brown hand  
And filled it full of sand;  
And then she knew  
That no buckaroo  
Would monkey with the promised land!

But one buckaroo got wise,  
And he shoved it between her thighs;  
With an old gum-boot  
On the end of his root,  
He opened Redwing's eyes!

And then to her great surprise,  
Her belly began to rise;  
And then she knew  
That some buckaroo,  
Had slipped it between her thighs!

IN BOMBAY  
(Lester Bush)

The geese they fly high  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the fly,  
In Bombay!

The roosters they grow tall  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the wall,  
In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they tickle you on the dong,  
In Bombay!

The curly hair grows red  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
But it don't grow on your head,  
In Bombay!

They chew tobacco thin  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin,  
In Bombay!

The children they go bare  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear,  
In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
All the guys and gals together,  
In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat,  
In Bombay!

The women they grow fat  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat,  
In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street,  
In Bombay!

You can soak your cock in blood  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And God: does it feel good,  
In Bombay!

## OF ALL THE BEASTS

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cow:  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And show the old bull how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bull:  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And pump the old cow full!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the dog:  
I'd lift my hind leg in the air  
And piss on every log!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cat:  
I'd shit in every pile of dirt  
And smooth the place out flat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the whale:  
I'd swim the whole world over  
To find a piece of tail!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bird:  
I'd fly down on some woman's hat  
And shit a juicy tird!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the buck:  
I'd climb upon the old ewys back  
And fuck and fuck and fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the mare:  
I'd back right up, and lift my tail,  
And show the old stud where!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be the sow:  
I'd stretch my belley on the grass  
And let the old boar plow!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the skunk:  
I'd piss on every passer-by  
To show him how I stunk!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be the goat:  
I'd steal my master's underwear  
And cram them down my throat!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be a man:  
And then I'd get it a whole lot oftener  
Than the other animals can!

I NEVER  
(Rufus Toponce)

a.

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat,  
Where my coat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in before!

b.

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a pisspot  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a pisspot  
With a lining in before!

c.

I looked into the cradle,  
Where my kid ought to be;  
And I thought I saw a stranger;  
I was drunk as I could be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my kid ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me."

I've roamed the wild world over  
A million times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
With a diaper on before!

d.

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a pecker  
Where my prick ought to be!

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a rolling pin  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A million times or more;  
But I never saw a rolling pin  
With hair on it before!

MY PRETTY FAIR MAID  
(Ben Infanger)

A soldier walked into a candle shop,  
Some candles for to buy,  
And to the soldier's great surprise,  
The devil, he saw, was nigh.

He hollered, he hollered, he loudly called,  
Unto his master cried:  
"You can have a bit of my pecker,  
Whenever you are mine!"

"Oh, no; oh, no, my pretty fair maid,  
I've never had such fun;  
To lie beside a pretty fair maid,  
Of such I've never done!"

"But I will call on master,  
For he is near at hand;  
And he'll take a bit of your pecker:  
He does it, I understand!"

He took her round her middle so small,  
And gazed in her jet-black eyes,  
And shoved the point of his do-take-care  
Between her lily-white thighs.

And after he was done and gone,  
He swore she was no whore;  
He could tell by the blood on his pecker  
That she never done it before.

Come, all you men with pretty young wives,  
You better be on the lookout,  
And lock them up in a room at night  
Whenever you go out.

They'll tell you how kind and true they'll be,  
They'll tell you so and so;  
But they will take a bit of your pecker:  
They all do love it, you know!

## DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

A.  
(Lester Bush)

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen,  
Merrily throwing camel shit at each other:  
Horse shit was unknown in those good old days!

Suddenly, who should appear upon the scene but Daniel,  
Holding his left nut in his hand?

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" cried Daniel, thereby scoring a hit.

"Kiss it!" cried the king, thus doing him one better.

"After you, you son-of-a-bitch!" cried Daniel,  
And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days, it was considered a mean thing  
To call a king a son-of-a-bitch.  
So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.  
He could be recognized only by the green umbrella  
Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly, a lion walked up to Daniel  
And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickles!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the king.

"Testicles!" cried Daniel,  
And for the second time that day  
The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, fart!" cried the king,  
And a gentle mist settled over the whole of his realm.

"Oh, shit!" cried the king,  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Squatted and did their utmost.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

"Come forth!" cried the king;  
But Daniel slipped on a fresh lion tird  
And came second.

"What about the princess?" somebody shouted.

"F--- her!" cried the king.  
And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects  
Were trampled to death in the rush.  
For the king's word was law in those good old days!

(Daniel in the Lions' Den)

B.  
(Terrell Lish)

Now, the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet,  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there!

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if the holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And there upon the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men:  
A lonely boy was sitting down,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel -- ah, that naughty man! --  
Had thoughts that aren't right;  
The little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bungle well;  
Then he enjoyed himself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day,  
Hunting far and wide  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks,  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste.  
The troop drove up; and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped -- and so was the boy --  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!  
But some one told on Daniel bold;  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost!

So when Daniel to the royall court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wink their eyes?

The king said to Daniel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have f---ed your boy  
And f---ed him well!"

Whereupon the king, in his great rage,  
Had Daniel placed in the Lions' Den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
Wiping his ass  
With the next to the largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" replied Daniel.

Whereupon the queen dashed madly through the court  
With her drawers at half-mast,  
And her ass shining like a looking glass  
in the moonlight.

Then the king, in a terrible rage,  
Cried out, "Where is the queen?"

"Why, she is out in the garden drinking tea!"

"What kind of tea?"

"S--H--I--T!"

"Is she occupied?"

"Yea, verily!"

"Shat is she doing?"

"Why, she is wiping her ass on fifty skeins  
Of the finest silk in the world!"

Whereupon somebody shouted, "F--- the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights were killed in the rush!



THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

"A" is for ass upon which we sit,  
The external end and the passage for shit!

"B" is for bolls, each man has a pair  
In a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair!

"C" is for cunt, all juicy and slick;  
It's home-sweet-home for a seven-inch prick!

"D" is for dittaling, which never grows stale;  
There's nothing so good as a nice piece of tail!

"E" is for egg that is laid in the grass,  
The object which comes from a speckled hen's ass!

"F" is for fart, that odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad as limberger cheese!

"G" is for guts, that tangled up mass  
That connects your belly with the hole in your ass!

"H" is for hair that surrounds her cunt;  
To find the opening is a man's nightly hunt!

"I" is for inch (now, don't make me smile!);  
When she gives you an inch, you take half a mile!

"J" is for jissem that's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets when you have a wet dream!

"K" is for king, who wears a crown on his bean;  
His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick;  
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife  
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,  
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,  
When a man's prick won't stand up as in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong;  
It ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quivver that comes with a thump;  
Its a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

"R" is for rags, that are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

"S" is for safety, made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one is surely a sin!

"T" is for tits, supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh till a woman's been fucked!

"U" is for urine, a pot full of piss;  
Ain't it just awful to use language like this?

"V" is for vermin that wiggle and twist  
And hide in the hair when you go out to piss!

"W" is for woman, cradle of sin,  
That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

"X" is for x-ray, a magnifying glass,  
Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

"Y" is for yes; when a woman gets hot,  
There's nothing but a prick to cool her twat!

"Z" is for zero, supposed to be cold:  
The temperature of a man's bolls at ninety years old!

MARY JANE  
(Timmie Smith)

She told me she'd fuck me  
When the clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just four miles out of town!  
Where the pig's eyes, and the pig's ears,  
And the tough old Texas steers,  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents a pound!

She's my honey, she's my daisy,  
She's knock-kneed and crazy,  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and blind;  
And they say her teeth are foamy  
From sucking my baloney!  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Mary Jane!

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## ODORS ON THE BREEZE

### 1.

#### The Photographer

Two inexperienced young girls went into a photographer's shop to have their picture taken. The man posed them on a sofa, manipulating them, as customary, with his hands. Then he excused himself, saying: "Pardon me while I get your focus."

As he put his head under the black cloth, the one girl seized the other by the arm and shook her excitedly.

"Let's get to hell out of here!" she cried. "Didn't you hear him say he was going to fuck us?"

### 2.

#### The Wilted Bouquet

A man and woman were sitting together on a train. Under the cover of a newspaper spread over their laps, they were making love. She had his big tool in her hand, standing up for itself very belligerently!

It was warm in the train, however, and soon they both fell asleep. Then a little breeze came in at the open window and blew away the paper. About that time the conductor came along and quickly sized up the situation.

"Madam, wake up!" he whispered, shaking the woman gently. "Your bouquet has wilted!"

### 3.

#### The Yodeler

Two miners owned a claim back in the mountains and seldom came to town. But one of them finally took very sick and had to see a doctor. That worthy, upon examining him, declared he had consumption, and advised him always to rise early and, for vigorous exercise, run up the mountainside, clap his hands, and yodel at the top of his voice. The miner promised to follow instructions.

The doctor heard no more from his patient, however, and several months later, seeing the other miner, accosted him and asked about the sick man.

"Oh, I had to shoot that son-of-a-bitch!" the miner declared.

Surprised, the doctor asked why.

"He got too damned cocky for his pants!" said the miner. "Every morning he ran up the mountainside, flapping his arms like a rooster, and crowing: 'I diddled the old lady too! I diddled the old lady too!' Couldn't have that sort of thing going on with my wife!"

### 4.

#### The Natural Rose

Two traveling salesmen were riding together on a train. Sitting across from them was a beautiful woman in elegant finery. Her hemline revealed a bare knee and a rose pinned to her garter. Concerning this rose the salesmen fell into an argument, and they decided to settle the matter by putting a question to the young lady.

"Madam," said one of them, "we want to settle a bet. Is that an artificial rose or a natural rose?"

The woman looked coolly at him and replied: "It's a natural rose, and it's watered by the spring above!"

Encouraged, the salesman asked, "May I plant my cucumber in your spring?"

"No!" she snapped, tossing high her head. "But you can plant it in your friend's ass! I understand they do well in shit!"

5.  
Cinders

A pair of newly weds had just occupied their new home, and the husband was impatient for their first night in bed together. When the lights were out at last and they were cuddled down, he began making love to her shyly. Just as he was about ready to mount, however, she started up in bed.

"John, darling!" she cried. "Did you remember to lock the front door?"

Grumbling and uncertain, he got up to have a look downstairs. He returned eagerly, however, and, though cooled off, began the process all over again. But just as he was about ready, she started up.

"John, darling! Did you put the cat out?"

Once more he trudged grumbling down the stairs, and again he returned, his ardor dampened, to begin the process anew. And still again, just as he was ready, she cried out.

"John, darling! Did you bank down the furnace?"

For the third time he went down the stairs. When, after some little delay, he crawled back into bed, he immediately turned his back on his wife. Now, about that time, she began to get ideas of her own. So she cuddled up to him and said coyly,

"John, darling! What shall we call our first child?"

"Call him cinders!" John retorted. "He's lying down there on the ash-pile now!"

6.  
The Furlough

The maid had the night before entertained her boy-friend, who was on leave from the navy. She therefore recounted all the details to her employer. And Mrs. Johnson, wishing to be polite, asked:

"Well, how long is his furlough?"

Hulda, that honest girl, blushed furiously and hung her head.

"Not so long as Mr. Yonson's," she finally managed to reply.

"But it's ticker!"

7.  
Just Like a Prick

A newly married couple were on the bed together for the first time. Both were modestly dressed. The girl seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, in an innocent voice, she asked:

"Henry, dear, what's a penis!"

The husband brightened appreciably and squared his shoulders. Surely he had married a pure virgin! To instruct her was therefore his duty. Obliging he pulled out the specified organ and laid it on the bed in full view.

"Oh, that!" she said depreciatingly. "Why, it's just like a prick, only littler!"

8.  
The Baby

A city slicker was forced to ask for a night's lodging at the home of a farmer. The countryman, though hospitable, was apologetic. After supper he said:

"Sorry, Stranger, but we're short of beds. You'll either have to roll into the hay or sleep with the baby!"

The slicker winced at the thought of a night among diapers. So he chose the stable. He spent a miserable night. Next morning, at breakfast, a beautiful young girl, most delectable, appeared at the table. The farmer then introduced her as his "baby."

Take It Away!

A young girl, engaged soon to be married, happened upon her lover taking a leak in the barn. At the sight of him she ran screaming to the arms of her mother.

"Oh, Momma, I can't marry John!" she sobbed.

"Goodness, why not?" asked her mother.

"Ooh!" moaned the girl, "I could never take all that big thing!"

To no avail the mother reasoned with her that all was well. Finally, however, she persuaded her that it would be wise to try it now, under supervision, and, if it proved too big, she could then break the engagement. Reluctantly the girl consented. Then the mother had a talk with John and made the necessary arrangements. Soon, all three were in the bedroom together.

"I'll put my two hands around it," the mother said. "And then when you think you can take more, Mary, say so, and I'll take my hands away!"

Everything proceeded nicely. Mary liked it very well indeed! So soon the mother took away one hand. As this seemed to make no difference, presently she took the other one away.

A little later, Mary, all wrapped up in the job; exclaimed impatiently: "For heaven's sake, Mother, why don't you take your hands away!?"

## 10.

Chicken in the Coop

A fellow taking his girl for a drive in the country was compelled by the urgency of nature to park and walk back in the dark. There he stood against a barb-wire fence and vented himself into a ditch beyond.

Up out of the ditch suddenly reared a man, who exclaimed angrily: "Who the hell are you? A rain-maker?"

"Sh! Sh!" cautioned the pissing individual, in a hushed whisper. "I've got a chicken in the coop!"

"Well, for Christ's sake!" snapped the other. "What do you think I've got down in the ditch? A duck?"

## 11.

The Undertaker

A boy and his girl-friend took refuge in a cemetery to carry on some important business. There, as they were busily at work on the top of a fresh grave, a cop stumbled onto them in the dark. He thought their actions looked suspicious. So he hauled them off to the local magistrate.

The judge looked down at them sternly: "Well what have you got to say for yourselves? What were you doing in the graveyard?"

Boldly, the boy spoke forth: "Nothing wrong, your honor! We were just burying the old stiff!"

The judge shifted his eyes to the girl: "And how about you?"

Innocently she looked up at him and replied: "Oh, I was just the undertaker!"

The judge was furious. He turned his wrath on the cop and exclaimed: "You idiot! I fine you twenty-five dollars! What you mean interfering with the burying of a corpus delecti?"

The Singer Building

A jake from the country, in town for the first time, was following the instructions of slightly more experienced friends. They had told him that, to get a gorgeous woman, he must go to the Singer Building and ask for the latest model.

Finding the Singer Building at last (not, however, the whorehouse by that name), he entered and approached a desk behind which sat an attractive young woman.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I want one of your cutest models," he said with a leer.

"Well, we have two sizes," she explained, recognizing his ignorance if not his intent. "The big ones, which have pretty curved legs, cost a hundred dollars."

The country jake visibly swallowed his Adam's apple at that figure. "How about the little ones?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, they don't have legs," she replied archly. "You have to screw them on a table."

"Shucks!" he grumbled. "I don't object to screwing one on a table, but durned if I can stomach screwing one without legs!"

The Headstone

The widow could not be consoled even after her husband had been dead a year. She persistently resisted all the pleadings of her present suitor.

She had a ritual, she told him, which she performed twice daily. Through the bedroom window she could see his tombstone. At dawn she always looked out and said, "Good morning, dear!" And before retiring at night she looked out and said, "Good night, darling!" Such a past devotion would not be fair to a second husband.

Her suitor, however, was willing to take his chances. So at last she yielded and married him.

Before going to bed, she looked out at the tombstone and said, "Good night, darling." They slept late. When at last they awoke, she looked out the window, stuck out her tongue, and cried, "Foocoy on you!"

The Halfwit

John was dumb, but she never knew how dumb till their wedding night. He just turned over and went to sleep! She was frantic but thought he would surely take action the following night. When this went on for a week, however, she finally appealed to her mother.

"I just don't know what to do," she sobbed.

"Leave it to me," her mother reassured her. "I know how to take care of John."

Then she got him aside and gave him a lecture. "Tonight when you go to bed," she said, "put your hand on Mary's head and feel down till you come to the first hole. Then put your hand on your own head and feel down till you come to the first long thing. Then take the long thing and shove it into the hole hard."

John thought he had learned his lesson well. That night he felt down Mary's back till he found the ass hole. Then he felt down his own face till he found his nose. Promptly, he plunged his head down under the covers and made the connection.

"Sure fun," he exclaimed when he came up for air. "Only it smells kind of spoiled!"



15.  
Fido!

A man sitting in church was suffering from gas pains. Next to him was a woman with a little dog, which jumped down off her lap and crawled under the bench, between them. The man decided to take advantage of this situation. He farted very gently, hoping the little dog would get the blame.

Soon the woman said reprovingly, "Fido!"

The dog looked guilty. Encouraged, the man repeated himself as soon as he again felt the urge.

"Fido!" again scolded the woman.

A third time the man relieved himself very gently and awaited the results. Then he got a real jolt!

"Fido!" snapped the woman angrily. "Get out from under that bench before the man shits on you!"

16.  
So Close!

Each of the three sisters had her own steady beaux. One morning, after they had all had a date, they were bragging and comparing notes. Each wanted to impress the other with her successes.

"Why, we were so close together last night," the first declared, "that you couldn't put a hand between us!"

"Poof!" scoffed the second. "We were so close together that you couldn't stick a pin between us!"

The third sister was triumphant. "Piffle!" she jeered scornfully, "my beaux and I were so close together last night that you couldn't tell which one the nuts were fastened to!"

17.  
A Gaseous Occasion

A man arrived home quite late and found his wife had already retired for the night. She had eaten alone a big supper of beans. They were both quite restless and tossed about in bed. Eventually, the wife got turned around so that her ass rested snugly on the pillow, next to her husband's face. Awaking, the husband was alarmed.

"Fugh! Your breath stinks!" he declared. "What did you have for supper last night?"

"Fissssh!" was the only comment, which made the smell even worse.

"How many?" inquired the husband.

"Teuuuu!" came the whispered response.

18.  
The Seventh Relief

A country girl was washing dishes in the kitchen while awaiting the arrival of her boy friend. She was in a gaseous condition. To relieve herself, she would every now and then cock up her left leg and give vent to a ripping fart.

"Haw! The first relief!" she cried after the first one.

And, "Haw! The second relief!" she cried out after the second.

This continued for quite some time. And in the meantime, her boy friend had arrived on the back porch. He was rather shy. So he stood there waiting. Finally, she looked up and saw him in the doorway.

"Well, when did you come?" she demanded.

"Just before the seventh relief!" was his reply.

19.

Vaccination

Everybody was being vaccinated in the neighborhood. And Mrs. Johnson, mistress of a certain house, thought it proper to urge the Swedish maid, new to this country, to report at the clinic. Hulda, however, was not sure that she knew what the word meant.

"Hoh! I bane vaccinated already!" she declared.

"How many times?" asked her dubious mistress.

"Twice!" Hulda replied. "Vonce in da kitchen and vonce in da voodshed."

"What doctor?" asked the lady suspiciously.

"Oh, no doctor!" declared Hulda. "Vas Mr. Yonson!"

20.

The Coded Message

A young aviator was flying back from a mission over enemy territory. He thought it safe, now, to clean up the mess in his pants. So he wiped thoroughly on a piece of paper and tossed it overboard.

The paper came fluttering down and landed in a foxhole where Pat and Mike were taking cover. Pat picked it up and examined it eagerly.

"Begorra! It seems to be a message from the enemy!" he declared.

"But it must be in code, for I cannot make it out!"

Mike seized it out of his hands and examined it in his turn.

"Bejasus!" he shouted. "That's easy! It says: 'Rear end wiped out!'"

21.

Nuns!

"Papa," asked the little boy innocently, "why do they call them nuns?"

"I don't know," replied his father. "I guess it's because they ain't got none, never had none, and don't want none!"

22.

Oughtta Be!

A drunk staggered up to a stranger in a lavatory and asked; "Shay, Mishter! Is my cock out?"

"Why, no; it's not out!" the stranger reassured him.

"Well, by Gawd, it oughtta be!" was the drunk's rejoinder. "I'm a pisshin as fasht as I can!"

23.

V-Neck Sweater

A little boy in a department store was giving his mother trouble. She was trying to get him to make a choice of a V-necked sweater. But each time the clerk held up one for his inspection, he would shake his head and break into fresh sobs.

"I don't like it!" he wailed.

"Well, how about this one?" insisted his mother.

"Naw, I don't like that either!" the boy protested.

This continued till the sweaters and the mother's patience were both exhausted. Finally, shaking him violently, she asked: "See here, now! Why don't you like any of these?"

"'Cause teacher wears 'em at school, and I don't wanta be like old teacher!" cried the little boy. "Every time she stoops over her lungs fall out!"

24.

Golden Wedding

An old couple, celebrating their golden wedding, were retracing their steps of that memorable night fifty years before. Romantically they walked arm and arm out under the stars. Finally, however, they both had to stop to take a leak.

"Mirandy, darling!" he declared, with his prick in his hand.

"Things haven't changed a bit. They're just like they were before!"

"Silly boy!" scolded his wife. "You know they've changed!"

"But how, I'd like to know?"

"Fifty years ago," she replied, "you had to stick it under a limb to keep it from squirting in your eye! Now you have to hang it over a limb to keep it from running into your shoe!"

25.

Hand Operated

"Rastus! Do you hear me? What you all doin' behind dat tree?"

"I's just a-pissin', Melissa! I's just a pissin'!"

"You all stop it dis minute, Rastus! You know good and well you don't have to pump it out!"

26.

The Storm

Melinda was entertaining her young man in the parlor. But a supper of beans was keeping her in a little pain and considerable suspense. Finally, she hit upon the novel device of hammering out "The Storm" madly on the piano whenever she needed to break wind.

She would play other tunes for a while, and then would suddenly interrupt herself to say, "Well, Reuben, how about 'The Storm' again?"

This continued all evening, and Reuben was obviously growing more and more uneasy. He knew damned well that all was not well.

"Shall I play 'The Storm' again?" she asked once too often.

"Yeah! Go ahead!" he replied doggedly, as one being forced to gallantry against his will. "But, for Gawd's sake, Melinda, leave out that part where the lightning strikes the shithouse!"

27.

To Heaven Feet First!

"Mama," asked the little girl, "do people go to heaven feet first?"

"Goodness, ho, child! What makes you ask that?" exclaimed the surprised mother.

"'Cause I saw the maid lying on the bed," explained the innocent one. "Her legs were sticking straight up. And all of a sudden she yelled, 'God, I'm coming! God, I'm coming!' And she would have, too, if papa hadn't held her down!"

28.

The Drink

"Papa, I want a drink!"

"Shh! Be still, son!"

Silence a moment. Then again, plaintively: "Papa, I want a drink!"

"Hush up!"

A much longer pause. Then, shrilly and determinedly, out of the darkness: "Papa, I'll shake the bed for mama, if you'll get me a drink!"

The Holy Man

A young maiden, conscience burdened with guilt, appeared before the father confessor seeking ablution. He heard her tale of seduction patiently to the end. Then he informed her that, if she wished salvation, she would have to do exactly as he instructed her.

Thereupon, he led her into an anteroom and locked the door. And opening the Holy Bible, he placed it on the floor.

"Now, take off your clothes and sit on that!" he commanded.

She meekly and trustingly complied. Whereupon, shoving her over backwards, he released from his robe a huge and belligerent organ, and plunged it ruthlessly into her warm and quivering twat. And then, to the lusty and powerful rhythm, he pronounced this chant, for the purification of her soul:

"The Holy Book is under your hole! The holy man is over your hole! The holy pole is in your hole! So wiggle your ass and save your soul!"

It Just Quivers!

A lusty white man sought the help of a physician to correct, by an operation, an unsightly hare-lip. The doctor agreed providing the man would ask no questions as to the source of the flesh used for grafting.

Then, however, the man was unconscious on the operating table, the doctor commandeered the services of a negro janitress, and secured the flesh from one of the lips of her twat. The dark hair, he thought, would make a nice moustache for covering the scar!

The patient recovered, and everything went well for a time. Then he turned up suddenly in the doctor's office in a sweat of anxiety.

"For God's sake, Doc," he pleaded, "tell me where you got my lip!"

He still lisped badly. Otherwise, he seemed all right, except for his agitated state.

"Well, what's your trouble now?" asked the practitioner.

"Why, I can't stand what's happening to me!" the man declared.

"Every time I get a 'hard-on' my lips just quiver!"

In My Face!

A young couple were taking advantage of the darkness in a theatre for love-making. He had his hand up under her dress, on her cunt, and she had his prick out and was playing with it. And the music of the orchestra just in front of them blared!

Suddenly, the fellow groaned in ecstasy, and his gun went off in the hand of the sweet young thing. She was embarrassed beyond words by the cold sticky mess.

"Ogh! What'll I do with it?" she cried.

"Aw, hell! Just give it a big fling out into the orchestra pit!" he advised.

She did so with all her might, and the cold, slimy handful of jiss landed on the bald head of the bass drummer and began trickling down his forehead and into his eyes.

The oboe player looked at him in amazement and exclaimed: "What the hell happened to you?"

"I don't know," replied the drummer. "But I think some dirty son-of-a-bitch threw a fuck in my face!"

Hysterics

A young couple were sitting on the back row of the movie theatre. Under the cover of darkness he was plying her twat very skillfully with his fingers. And every now and then she would utter, involuntarily, a shrill titillated giggle.

Finally, the manager approached and leaned threateningly over them. "What's the matter, young lady?" he asked crossly. "Do you have hysterics?"

"No, Sir!" the girl assured him, defensively, with another long hysterical giggle. "But he's sure got a-hold of mine!"

This Damned Piccolo!

A famous American band was touring the royal courts of Europe giving command performances. And always, after each show, the crowds stormed onto the platform to show their respects.

First, they played before the King of England, and afterward, then, the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"The applause was terrific! They insisted on filling our instruments with gold coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Next, they played before the Kaiser of Germany, and afterward the piccolo player again telegraphed home:

"The bravos were deafening! They insisted on filling our instruments with silver coins. They filled the bass horn, and the trumpets, and the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

Then, finally, they played before the King of Spain, and once more the piccolo player telegraphed home:

"They couldn't stand our music. The crowd tried to mob us. They swore they would shove our instruments up our asses. They couldn't do it, though, with the bass horn, or the trumpets, or the piano. But, of course, I had this God damned piccolo!"

The Berth

A colonel in the army, home on leave, took passage aboard a small ship back to his oversea outfit. Everybody was soon green with seasickness. For the boat was over-crowded and the crossing very rough.

In the end, he had to give up his berth to a sick old woman who was a steerage passenger.

His wife was therefore amazed and mystified when, next day, she received the following telegraphic report from him: "Dreadful stormy passage. Deathly sick all the way. Finally gave berth to an old woman."

That Last Gentleman

Two white men, leading a mule, were ambling down a country lane in the South when, under the trees, on the bank of a brook, they saw a huge negro woman at work over a tub of clothes.

Here was an opportunity! They approached and propositioned her. She was so engrossed in her work, however, that she seemingly did not hear them. So they threw up her dress from behind and, one after the other, helped themselves. On inspiration, they even led up the mule and accommodated him.

When they were through, they felt obligated, and, shaking her violently, asked, "Lady, how much do we owe you?"

"Not a thing, Mister! Not a thing!" she replied emphatically.

"Only please give me the address of that last gentleman!"

The Mathematician

A salesman stranded in a small town for the night inquired at the only hotel for a room. The proprietor informed him regretfully that all were taken. On second thought, however, he consented to let the salesman sleep with one of the regular roomers.

"The guy went to bed drunk," he explained. "So if you leave before he wakes up, he'll never know you shared his room."

The salesman took the offer gladly and piled in with the drunk, whose clothes were scattered over the floor. In the night, however, he awoke with the cramps, and jumped out of bed and went hopping about the place looking for a toilet. He could find none anywhere, and finally, in desperation, he squatted and made his deposit neatly inside the pants of the drunk. Then, since dawn was breaking, he hastily dressed and went his way.

All that day the regular roomer failed to put in an appearance down stairs. And on the following day, when he still had not been seen, the proprietor began getting worried. But not till the third day did he go to investigate.

Loud pounding on the door did not bring a response. And he was finally compelled to break down the door to get in. What he saw there surprised him beyond words.

The drunk, now sober, was lying on his stomach in the center of the floor. Scattered all about him were sheets of paper full of scribbling. And even on all the walls, as high as a man could reach, was a mass of mathematical figures scrawled in pencil.

"For God's sake, man, what are you doing?" cried the proprietor, fearing his guest had become deranged.

The man stared wildly at him. His face was unshaven, and his hair was on end. He replied in a crazy cackling voice.

"I'm trying to figure out," he cried, "how in hell I shit my pants without getting any in my drawers!"

McClanahan Rides

On the first night of their marriage he, McClanahan, attempted intimacy. But the sweet young thing rebuffed him. She had ridden horseback all day and was galded!

On the second night he tried again. And again Myrtle refused. She had hiked ten miles in the rain, hunting pheasants, and was all muddy and completely exhausted!

On the third night he once more, this time timidly, made overtures to his still un-deflorated bride. But she scolded him gently, patiently, saying she was now wearing a rag!

McClanahan was by now dejected and, seemingly, defeated.

On the fourth night, however, he crashed through her locked bedroom door, all decked out in queer regalia indeed! He wore leather gloves, gum-boots, a raincoat, and a cowboy's chaps, and in his hands he carried a gun, a lariat, and an umbrella. The sweet young thing was simply dumbfounded!

"Why, what on earth do you mean by coming to bed like that?" she shrilled, drawing back in fright.

And then and there McClanahan made his now famous historic statement: "Rain, mud, shit, or blood!" he replied in a masterful voice; "McClanahan rides tonight!"

The Goatee

An inexperienced young hunter, very cocky, bent on making a big name for himself, went trudging into the Rocky Mountains. But he had promised his fond parents to keep in touch with them daily.

On the first day out he sent a telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a bear!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the second day out he sent another telegram, saying: "Congratulate me, Dad! I shot a mountain lion!"

And the father wired back: "Good hunting, Son!"

On the third day, however, the lad ran into trouble. He shot what to him looked like a very strange creature. Actually, it was a mountain goat. This time he wired for advice.

"I shot something today," he said, "but can't figure out what it is. It stinks like hell! And it runs around with its ass bare, its balls hanging down, and a silly little goatee on its chin. What shall I do?"

"For God's sake!" the father replied immediately; "make a run for it and come home! You've just killed one of those damned land-poor Idaho farmers!"

Bumgut

A woman who was having trouble with her un-deflorated pussy went to the doctor for advice. He examined her briefly and was at once aware of her predicament.

"Go home," he said, "and insert a fresh goose-egg. Then get the man with the longest prick you can find to break the egg."

She returned home and followed all his instructions to the full. To find the man, however, was a problem, and she finally resorted to nailing a sign on the gate-post, asking for a man with a very long prick to call.

About that time Pat and Mike happened along. They read the sign and immediately began arguing about which was the best qualified. To settle it, they measured on the spot, and Mike had the advantage by four inches. So he knocked at the door.

The woman led him into the bedroom and spread her skirt for him. And he immediately mounted. As he made the penetration, however, the egg broke, and the yolk began running out.

Thereupon, he detached himself and dashed out of the house like a ghost was after him, yelling to his partner as he went by: "Run, Fat! Run! I busted her bum-gut!"

The Laziest Man

A woman from the city stopped her car before a country store. At the door she saw an old darky sitting asleep with his face covered with flies. He was too tired even to make a pretense of brushing them off.

"My goodness!" she declared. "He must be the laziest man in the whole world!"

"No, Mam!" spoke up a little colored boy who stood nearby. "My uncle out back is lazier than that."

This the woman had to see. So the boy took her around to the back. What she saw was a big colored man standing on a pickle barrel behind a mule. He kept repeating, "Whoa, get-up, back!", for he was too damned lazy even to do his own fucking! And, of course, you know how those pickle barrels roll! Oh, you do? Well, then, you must have tried it yourself!

Making People

A man from the backwoods brought his son to the city for the first time to give him an insight into life. The young man was entirely innocent of worldly things. So, as they toured the town, looking in at the many shops, the father explained what was being done in each.

Before a machine shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in iron, so they can put in bolts."

And before a carpenter shop he said: "See, they're boring holes in chair bottoms, so they can fasten on the legs."

The young man watched everything with growing amazement. But his father hurried him by the whore-house with only the brief remark that that was where they made people.

Later, he decided to let the boy go around by himself, just for the experience.

"Well, what did you see?" he asked when his son returned.

"Oh, I watched them making people!" was the enthusiastic reply.

Puzzled, the father asked for an explanation. And the boy told how he had watched through the open door of the whore-house and seen the people at work.

"The workman were just finishing a woman!" he declared. "She was all done except her ass hole, and they had her down on the floor boring that out!"

The Perpetual Hard-On

In a small town lived a man of ninety with the reputation of having a perpetual hard-on. He had outlived several wives. The last, however, had saved herself by encouraging him to seek elsewhere.

The old man finally died, and the undertaker began preparing him for eternity. But when he tried to put the lid on the coffin, he could not, for the old fellow had died with his usual hard-on!

Dismayed, he called in all the undertakers he knew, and they went into conference as to what ought to be done. Everything was tried. Levers would not bend it! Solvents would not soften it! And a picture of a naked woman laid in the coffin only made matters worse. It was suggested that they either cut off the organ or provide a hole for it through the lid. Both possibilities were rejected as sacrilege!

Then, finally, the old man's son proposed the obvious, that they jack him off! And, believe it or not, they had to do so seven times before the belligerent organ would stay down!

The Maidenhead

A girl of unsavory reputation made the capture of a very innocent and virtuous young man. But she was worried. And the day before the wedding she went to her wise old mother for advice.

"How will I make Jack think I'm still a virgin?" she asked.

"Hoh! That's simple, Gertie!" her mother assured her. "Just hide a cigar box between your legs in bed, and when he climbs on, bang the lid shut, and he'll think it's your maidenhead snapping!"

The reformed whore did as she was told. On the wedding night, sure enough, John decided to climb on and do some experimenting. Then, quickly, she snapped the lid of the cigar box shut.

"My God!" he cried out. "What the hell was that?"

"Just my maidenhead snapping!" she assured him demurely.

"Well, for Christ's sake, unsnap it!" he roared. "It's caught around my balls!"



The Three Brothers

There once lived a woman in Frisco who claimed to have the biggest pussy in the world. She was unhappy, however, for she could find no man capable of satisfying her. Finally, she determined to set out and search every corner of the world till she found exactly what she wanted.

Now, in the course of her inquiries, she heard rumors of three brothers in the hills of Arkansaw who had prodigious pricks. And so she hastened thither to investigate.

She found the first brother resting against a tree-trunk lazily swinging his penis to shoo the mosquitoes away.

"My, what a dandy!" she cried in admiration.

"Shucks! 'Tain't nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother down yonder!"

She hurried in the direction indicated and found the second brother sitting on the bank of a stream. She was amazed to see that he was using his long pecker as a fishing pole.

"Heavenly days! What a dandy!" she cried.

"Shucks! 'Tain't nothin'!" he replied. "You ought to see my brother up yonder!"

Again she hurried in the direction indicated. Inside a little cabin she found the third brother lying on his back on the bed. He was amusing himself by idly flipping his enormous prick to mash flies on the ceiling.

"Oh, God! At last!" she screamed in delight. "I've found what I really want!"

And with a little coaxing she got him to agree to do what he could to satisfy the burning of her pussy. Then and there he rolled her on the bed and went to his work. They toiled at it, sweating, all day long, but she just couldn't get enough!

That evening, the other two brothers came home. They found the woman from Frisco lying on the bed with her legs spread and her cunt wide open. The third brother had done his utmost. He was now just finishing the job by jacking off in a tablespoon and pouring it into her to get her completely filled up!

The Cigar

A man riding on a train needed to go to the toilet very badly but could not get in because the throne was occupied. Finally, in desperation, he opened a window and stuck out his bare ass. The train at that instant whizzed by two section-gang men.

"I say!" said Pat. "Did you get a load of the funny looking guy with the moustache?"

"Begorra, no!" declared Mike. "But I saw a queer looking individual with a big cigar hanging out of his mouth!"

Fishmarket!

And old blind beggar one day came hobbling by a fishmarket tapping his cane. He hesitated uncertainly, sniffed the air, and then came to a complete stop. Tipping his hat gallantly, he remarked: "Hello, girls! How's business today?"

47.

The Thing

The boys at the saloon were fed up with giving drinks to Indian Joe. Why, they could not set a glass down without his getting it! They were in a quandary until Sleepy, the "Desert Rat," offered to rid them of the nuisance once and for all.

Then, suddenly, somebody cried, "Here comes Indian Joe now!"

Sleepy immediately went into action. Pulling down his pants, he stooped over and started backing toward the door. Indian Joe took one look and fled as though somebody had shot at him. Soon he was just a little streak of dust disappearing into the desert.

Three days later, still running, he met an old prospector just headed for town.

"What the hell you running from, Joe?" the grizzled old-timer asked.

"Me seeum funny little man!" the Indian replied. "Only so high! (Indicating with hand.) One big eye in middle of forehead! Hair all over face! Musta come long way! Tongue hang out that far! (Again indicating with hand.)"

48.

Wahoo!

A young easterner, new to the West, was studying wild life. In a pool hall he watched a group of drunken Indian bucks shooting a game. And he noticed that whenever one of them hit the wrong pocket, he would grunt in disgust: "Wahoo!"

Later, he asked an old timer what people did when they wanted some good tail.

"Wal, now!" the old timer said with a wink. "We just ride along till we see a squaw sitting by the road. Then we jump off and roll her!"

This seemed like a pretty good idea. So the easterner borrowed a horse and rode into the country. By the roadside he soon spied a squaw sitting wrapped in her blanket. He jumped off, pushed her over, and immediately inserted his prong.

The Indian protested vigorously, saying, "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!"

49.

Mistaken Identity

There was a case where a lusty young cowboy, looking for "moggan," rode out into Indian territory. Sitting by a stump he at last spied a fat and spunky Indian who promised to be good meat. So he jumped off then and there and made his attack. The Indian, however, protested vigorously, saying: "Me no squaw! Me buck!"

50.

Polluted Spring

An Indian riding a train for the first time discovered the toilet, by chance, and thereupon claimed that region as his own reservation. He refused to budge. When anybody else came, he would chase him away.

Finally, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, a big fat man was sitting on the throne taking a crap. The Indian was furious. He chased the man the entire length of the train, with his pants hanging at half-mast and his ass bare!

Afterward, when questioned by the conductor about his show of temper, the Indian explained: "Me hateum fat man! He shittum in spring! Spoil drinking water!"

Johnnie Fuckerfast

Johnnie, a boy right handy with his tool, went to a strange community and hired out as a farm-hand. When the boss asked his name, he replied cockily:

"Oh, I'm Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

"All right, Johnnie Fuckerfast," the boss said. "Go down to the pasture and get the cows. My daughter'll show you the way."

Johnnie and the girl walked down to the pasture hand in hand. By the time they reached the gate he had put the proposition to her squarely. So they hid in a ditch and went to work.

Soon it started getting dark, and the farmer grew worried because the cows had not come home. So he went out to see what was the trouble.

"Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!" he called through the darkness. "Oh, Johnnie Fuckerfast!"

Johnnie raised up out of the ditch and replied: "Shut up, you old fool! I'm fucking her as fast as I can!"

Pee a Little

A little boy and a little girl began arriving at school late every day. The teacher, in despair, finally complained to the father. And he decided to go early and hide somewhere to see what they did.

Soon they arrived under a big tree and stopped to play. "You be the mare and I'll be the stud," the little boy said.

The little girl obligingly pulled down her pants. Then the little boy began prancing around her, on hands and knees, with his peter out. "Please pee a little for me," he begged. But she shook her head vigorously. So he sniffed at her little pussy, curled his lips, and glanced skyward. When what should he see but his father watching from up in the tree.

"Do you want me to pee a little for you now?" the girl asked.

"No!" replied the boy in desperation. "But if you look up in that tree, you'll shit a little!"

Drive the Cows Home

Every evening Johnnie and Nettie went down to the pasture together to get the cows. He was the son of a farmer, and she was the daughter of the next door neighbor.

On the way back, one evening, he began teasing her for a piece of tail. But she was determined not to give him any.

"Please," he begged, "Gimme just an inch, and you can have old Bessie!"

She agreed, and he shoved in just the head.

"One more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Fannie!"

Again she agreed, and he shoved it in another inch.

"Just one more inch," he begged, "and you can have old Jinnie!"

Once again she agreed, for she had a definite turn for business; and he shoved it in still another inch.

"Oh, Christ!" he finally cried. "Let me shove it all in, and you can have the whole damned herd!"

Now, all this time, Johnnie's father had been hiding in the tall woods listening to them. His gun was now about to go off in his pants. He was so excited that he could contain himself no longer. "Poke it to her, Johnnie!" he cheered. "I'll help you drive the cows home!"

54.

Warmed Up Supper

A young couple, desperately in love, were too poor to get married. But, suddenly, a wonderful solution occurred to them: they could live on love. Certainly they had enough of that!

The first morning after they were married he got up to go to work, and, since there was no breakfast, he laid her on the table and took a piece.

That noon he came home, and, since there was no lunch waiting, he again laid her on the table and took a piece.

In the evening, however, he came home quite famished, and still there was no food on the table. And his sweet young wife was sitting with her dress pulled high, her pants down, and her feet up on the oven door.

"What are you doing there, Dear?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm just warming up your supper, Darling!" she replied.

55.

It'll Stretch!

The sister of the new bride was a prankster. As a wedding present, therefore, she gave her a pair of pajamas sewn shut at the bottom so she could not get into them.

That night, the newlyweds retired to their bedroom and began getting ready, excitedly, for the big adventure.

What they did not know was that the girl's mother, a busy-body, a fire with curiosity, was at the keyhole listening!

The bride shoved a shapely bare leg down into the leg of the pajamas and soon discovered the difficulty. Her foot would not make the penetration. She grew quite excited and hysterical.

"John," she cried, "I can't get it in! You'll have to cut the hole open a little bit with your pocket-knife!"

From behind the doorway the alarmed mother emerged screaming.

"Don't cut it! Don't cut it!" she cried. "It'll stretch! Mine did!"

56.

Little Short Stiff One!

The younger sister had, as a prank, ironed the bridal nightgown with a heavy dose of starch. It was, in fact, as stiff as a board, and just as flat and heavy.

That night, when the newlyweds retired to their bedroom, they were both shy about undressing before the other. So the man hid behind the clothes-closet door, and the girl took refuge behind a screen to unrobe and slip into her nightgown.

"Now, don't you peek!" the young man warned her.

"I won't! And don't you, either!" the bride replied.

But pretty soon, when she looked at her nightgown for the first time, she burst out laughing. She got the joke at once. She could not get into the thing at all and would have to sleep naked!

"Oh!" she shrilled. "It's a little short stiff one!"

"There, I knew it!" the young man stormed, blushing furiously.

"You've gone and peeked, after all!"

57.

The Squared Circle

"How do you square a circle?" asked the perspiring sophomore, who was struggling over his lessons.

"I don't know," sneered the flippant senior, who was a math major, "unless you shove a four-by-four plank up a bull's ass!"

Foreskins

The pretty young girl had sat fishing on the bank all day without even a nibble. She was therefore amazed when a man walked by carrying a string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man explained; "and today I had some especially nice tonsils!"

The next day the same thing happened again. Only it was a different man who came by with the string of beauties.

"How wonderful!" she cried. "What in the world did you use for bait?"

"Oh, I'm a doctor," the man replied; "and today I had some especially nice appendectomies!"

On the third day, as the girl again sat fishing without a bite, still another man came along. He, too, had made a marvelous catch.

"Oh, doctor!" the girl shrilled. "What did you use for bait today?"

"Doctor? Doctor?" the man asked, puzzled. "I'm no doctor. I'm a Jewish rabbi!"

Oliver Twist

The hotel guest awoke at midnight with a severe dose of skitters. Leaping eagerly out of bed, he made a dash for the toilet; but there was no toilet. He was therefore finally forced to open a window and thrust out his bare ass.

"Hey, you! Up there!" cried a drunk, who was leaning against a lamp-post. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Oh, I'm Oliver Twist!" replied the man at the window. "And who are you?"

"Can't you see, you damned fool?" shouted the drunk. "I'm Oliver Shit!"

A Soldier's Goodbye

A soldier boy was bidding his bride a quick goodbye at the depot. The engineer, however, had up full steam and was in a hell of a hurry to get started. The soldier, standing on the steps of the car, stooped over to the platform to kiss the girl. But, just then, the train started off with such a rush that he missed her completely, and kissed, instead, a cow's ass a mile and a quarter out of town.

61.  
The Hard-On

A traveling salesman, unable to get a room in the small town, was compelled to seek lodging with a farmer. He was there told that he could have a bed, but he would have to share it with "Grandpa." To this condition he made no objection.

In the middle of the night, however, the old man reared up out of a nightmare, screaming wildly: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

"Oh, come now!" the salesman admonished him, shaking him awake. "You know good and well you don't want a woman, Grandpa! Go back to sleep and behave yourself!"

The old man quieted down. But a little later he again reared up, screaming: "Bring me a woman! Bring me a woman! I've got to have a woman!"

Once more the salesman patiently shook him awake. "Be sensible, Grandpa, and go back to sleep!" he admonished. "You know you don't want a woman! What you're hanging onto is a dandy, all right. But it's not on you: it's on me!"

62.  
Uncle John

"Oh, Momma!" teased the little boy. "Guess what I saw Daddy and the maid doing up on the bed!"

"Be still!" was the sharp response. "Don't you talk that way!" And then, after a moment's reflection. "You wait till Momma asks you to tell!"

That night, at the supper table, when the father was at his usual place, the mother turned to the little boy and said: "Now, Johnnie, you can tell me what you were going to this morning."

"Oh, I saw Daddy and the maid on the bed," the child replied gleefully, "doing just like you and Uncle John did last summer while Daddy was away fishing!"

63.  
Ask Mother

A roomful of women were discussing the delights of sex. The ecstasy of it was marvelous, they agreed unanimously; and they were unable to see how a wife could ever get quite enough. And then the question arose as to how old a woman had to be before she no longer wanted any. They decided to put the question to Grandma.

But when asked for her opinion, Grandma, who was seventy, replied: "Oh, guess I'm not old enough to tell you that, Girls. I'll have to ask mother!" And so she summoned her own mother from the bedroom.

But when the question was put to this old lady, who was past ninety, she replied without hesitation: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, Girls! But you'll have to ask somebody older than me!"

64.  
The Dimpled Chin

A man one day met an old girl-friend with whom he had formerly been intimate. He was surprised at her changed appearance. She now had a sweet little dimple on her chin which wasn't there before.

"My, you look wonderful!" he declared. "But where did you get that dimple?"

"Oh, I had my face lifted," she replied, "and that's my belly button you see!"

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Don't have it lifted again, or you'll be wearing a curly black beard parted down the middle!"

The Candle

The girls of a small town where men were few had learned how to take care of each other. Frequently, they held slumber-parties, where, in couples, they played the game of man and wife. One would then mount the other using as a penis a candle of appropriate size.

But one day, woe betide! there came to town a pretty man with fine features, who decided to disguise himself as a girl and attend one of these parties. Needless to say, he fell into a delightful surprise, a treat for the most famished male!

One of the girls some months later began developing an alarmingly large belly. It became the talk of the town and a mystery to all.

"Daughter, what have you been up to?" her father, an unduly suspicious man, asked sternly. "How did you get in that condition?"

"I -- I don't know, Poppa!" the girl faltered, face streaming with tears. "But I guess the darned old candle must have melted!"

Don't Get Discouraged!

The old farmer and his wife had a good-looking hired man. And every morning, right after breakfast, the two would go off together to work in the fields. Soon, however, the farm-hand got into the habit of making excuses to stay behind, such as the urgency of nature. And he would appear sheepishly on the job a quarter of an hour later.

One day, the farmer had to return to the house for his watch. And there on his own matrimonial bed he discovered the hired man and his wife hard at work knocking off a piece of ass.

The hired man jumped up, buttoning his fly, and grabbed his hat. Then he began edging toward the open door.

"Guess I can't stay on now," he said apologetically. "I'll pack up and go."

"Oh, that's all right! Don't get discouraged so easy!" the old farmer reassured him, quite unperturbed. "If the two of us can't keep the old woman satisfied, why, we'll just have to hire another man!"

The Silk Handkerchief!

A traveling salesman who was a stranger in town dated its prettiest miss. In the course of the evening, as was his wont, he managed to seduce her. She was willing enough, though, when she glimpsed what he had, and only protested lest she get in a family way.

"Oh, I'll take care of that," the salesman assured her. "I'll put on a rubber!"

A hasty and impatient search, however, while his luscious dish was steaming before him, revealed that he was entirely out of them.

"Guess I'll have to use a silk handkerchief," he finally said.

A few years later the same traveling salesman again came through the town. Flaying on the streets he observed a very cute little boy, and, loving children as he did, he stopped to pat him on the head.

"Son, you look like a mighty fine lad," he declared.

"Well, by Gawd, I ought to," the boy replied belligerently. "Mom says I was strained through a silk handkerchief!"

68.

There Lies Eli!

A very pious married couple, long married, who didn't yet even know what it was for, finally decided that they would have a son. So, not knowing just how to go about it, they talked things over thoroughly. They concluded that the woman should lie on her back, legs wide, ready for the attack. And her husband would stand across the room, jack off till he was about to come, and then make a dive for the hole.

"And what shall we name him?" asked the wife, timidly.

"Oh, let's call him Eli, after the great prophet!" the husband replied fervently.

So she got ready on the bed, and he went to the other side of the room and started his jacking off. Then, just as he was about to go off, he made his dive for the hole. But on the way he slipped on a bar of soap and crashed to the floor.

Wiping himself off, he arose, and declared sadly: "Well, here I slipped, and here I fell. And there lies Eli deader than hell!"

69.

The Miscarriage!

Some small boys decided to play a prank on their old maid aunt. So they sneaked up into her bedroom and hid an inflated balloon in her pisspot under the bed.

That night, when the family thought she was getting ready for bed, she suddenly came dashing down the stairs, screaming wildly for a doctor. And when the doctor arrived at last, he found her all pale and trembling, as though suffering from shock.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor, I think I've had a miscarriage!" she cried.

"What in the world makes you think that?" he asked.

"Just look under the bed and you'll see!" the disconsolate woman wailed. "That's the first fart I ever let which had a skin on it!"

70.

The Cow's Bag

A farmer's wife was holding a quilting-bee for her friends. And her old man, a wit, who had been in the barn butchering a cow, finally came to the kitchen to clean up. Hearing the chatter of the females, he decided to play a joke on his wife. So he cut off the cow's bag and inserted it inside his pants with one tit sticking out through the fly. Then, in that condition, he walked nonchalantly into the midst of the group of women.

Immediately there were gasps and screams. And his wife, seeing the trouble, began making signals to him behind the backs of the others. But he remained oblivious to all. Then, suddenly, he looked down and saw the protruding thing. And, as if in sheer disgust, he snatched up the butcher knife from the table, cut it off, and threw it out the window.

Thereupon, his wife fainted.

Then, laughing at his little joke, the farmer went back out to the barn to remove the bag, very satisfied with himself indeed. But when he took the bag out of his pants, he found it still had all four of the tits on it. And then he fainted!



71.

### The Gates of Hell

The backwoods preacher stood irresolute before his little congregation. He seemed to be wrestling with the spirit of the devil. His eyes remained glued fixedly to the front pew.

At last, summoning resolution, he roared virtuously: "Will all the women in the congregation please cross their legs?"

There was a shuffling of feet throughout the house. Then complete quiet settled down again.

And out of the stillness he at last spoke: "All right, folks. Now that the gates of hell are closed, I can go on with my sermon!"

72.

### That Newfangled Toilet

A workman making repairs in a rich woman's house suddenly felt the irresistible call of nature. In a sweat of anxiety, he asked that lady where the toilet was. Seemingly dismayed, she indicated the room, but at the same time began protesting.

"You must not go in there!" she cried.

But she was too late. For he was locked inside, had his pants down, and was riding the throne before she had finished speaking. It was a great relief. And after he was through, he still sat there, marveling at the wonderful intricacies of this fine toilet.

Before him were three foot pedals. He decided to push on the first one. And imagine his surprise when a jet of tepid water shot up his ass.

After he had recovered from his shock, he decided to try the second pedal to see what would happen. And he nearly went through the roof when a big wet swab came up out of the bowl and wiped him off.

Even more curious, now, as to the third lever, he finally decided to risk that one also. And imagine his amazement when a big rubber prick, pumping like mad, came up from beneath and rammed itself up his ass!

73.

### The Red Thing

A little boy was bringing the cows home from the pasture. He was quite amazed and delighted, on the way, when the bull suddenly leaped on the cow. For he had never seen any such thing before.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" he shouted, bursting into the house.

"What's the matter, Son?" the old man asked. "Is the devil after you?"

"Oh, no!" the boy replied. "But guess what I saw! The old bull tried to jump clear over the cow. And he would have, too, only a big red thing came out of his belly and caught in her ass hole!"

74.

### All That Money!

A Swede who had lost his prick through an unfortunate accident reported to a famous surgeon.

"I bane give you fifty dollar, Doc!" this worthy declared, "If you fix me up with new one."

The doctor agreed and did the best he could. When the bandages were taken off, however, Oley seemed dissatisfied. He looked at his new seven-inch prong with disgust.

"You don't seem very happy with it!" the doctor declared.

"Gawd, man, no!" the Swede replied. "For all dot money, Doc, don't you tink you could have made it just a little bigger?"

A young man visiting a whore-house for the first time encountered the "Madam" in the hall and asked her about the prices.

"Well, that depends on the floor," she replied. "We have four floors here, and the first floor is twenty-five dollars!"

The young man winced but asked hopefully: "How about the second floor?"

"Oh, that's ten dollars," the woman informed him.

Encouraged, he again asked: "Well, how about the third?"

"Oh, that's five dollars," she replied.

"And how about the fourth floor?" he persisted, for the price was still out of his range.

"Only seventy-five cents!" she replied scornfully.

So the young man began climbing the stairs. He did not stop, however, on the second, nor on the third. Then, unexpectedly, on the stairway leading to the fourth floor, he met his own father coming down.

"Why, what are you up here for, Dad?" the boy asked in amazement.

"I should argue with your mother for fifty cents:" was the disillusioned reply.

## 76.

A hunter, lost in desolate mountain country, had wandered around for days without food or water. Finally, near starvation, he stumbled onto a little cabin, far back in the hills. So he knocked at the door to ask for help.

An attractive young woman admitted him to the house. But she was unable to give him anything. The cupboard was bare, and her husband had been gone for three days, on his way to town for water and supplies. He would not be back till tomorrow.

"But please, haven't you got even a crumb, or a drop of water?" he pleaded desperately. "I'm about to die!"

Frantically, the young woman searched everywhere. Finally, she turned up an old empty flour sack, and, by brushing it out carefully, managed to salvage a little flour in a saucer.

"I'd make you a little cake," she said regretfully, "if only I had some water!"

After much worried thinking, he finally answered: "Well, couldn't you just pee a little. I think that would be all right. And it would save my life."

"But I just peed!" she told him.

"Well, try again, anyway!" he beseeched her.

So, setting the saucer on the floor, she squatted straddle of it and pulled down her pants, for her great compassion for him broke down all barriers of modesty. Then she strained to the utmost, but not a drop would come, and she shook her head in despair. Then, all at once, his cause was lost forever, for out came an unexpected poop and blew all the flour away!

## 77.

"You play tennis well," said the fair young maiden to the city slicker, whom she had been watching in a match.

"That I do," he replied, "considering that I have a wooden arm!" And then, to her amazement, he screwed his hand off.

Seeing her admiration, he invited her to go to a dance with him, and they glided out onto the floor.

"You dance divinely!" she told him.

"That I do," he replied, "considering that I have a wooden leg." And, again to her amazement, he screwed his foot off.

Later in the evening, he took her up to his apartment. And there, even to her greater amazement, he proved that he also had a wooden head!

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1 & 3: Edna M. Larson, Salt Lake City, 1952.

2. Bill Anderson, Moscow, Idaho, 1926, from "University Club."

A young married woman, so far unable to have a baby, went to her doctor for remedy. And his wise advice was as follows: "Just before your husband gets home from work, take all your clothes off, lie on the bed naked, and exercise by raising your legs till your feet touch the headboard and then letting them down slowly."

Late that afternoon, she started putting his advice into practice, but, just as she heard John at the door, her feet got caught between the rungs in the headboard, and she could not get them loose.

When John walked into the room, he took a good look at what he thought he saw, and remarked irritably: "Mary, for God's sake, put your teeth in and powder your cheeks! You are getting to look more like your mother every day!"

Eleanor Roosevelt was once having a health problem and therefore paid a visit to her family physician.

"Doctor," she complained, "I can't tell whether I'm going or coming. Can you help me?"

The doctor told her to take off all her clothes, get down on her hands and knees, and crawl around on the floor.

"Now go forward!" he commanded. And she did. Then he said, "Now go backward!" And again she did as directed.

Then the doctor threw up his hands in despair and declared: "I can't tell whether you're going or coming either!"

The Chamber of Commerce was giving a big party in honor of the City's most amazing business success. Here was a man who truly had risen from rags to riches.

Finally, in the midst of the banquet, they asked their admired and envied guest to rise and tell them the secret of his success.

"Well," he said, "I was a bum and dead broke. One day I found a dime on the street, picked it up, and bought two pairs of shoelaces with it. These I sold for a dime each, and, with the money, bought four pairs of shoelaces. Again, I sold them for a dime each, and with my money bought eight pairs of shoelaces. And I just kept on doing that."

In amazement, one of the guests asked, "And that is how you built up your fortune?"

"Oh, no!" the tycoon answered. "That went on for several years. Then, all of a sudden, my sister, Gertie, who was a whore in Denver, died and left me all her money!"

# VULGAR STANZAS LEARNED FROM GRADE SCHOOL CHILDREN

(By Kenneth Larson)

1. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
2. Mrs. Woodin made a puddin'  
On a Sunday day;  
Mr. Martin came a-fartin',  
Blew it all away!
3. A monkey and a babboon  
Were sitting on the grass;  
The monkey stuck his finger  
Up the Babboon's ass;  
The babboon said,  
"God damn your soul!  
Keep your dirty finger  
Out of my ass hole!"
4. There was a little bird,  
And he shit a little tird,  
And he flew over into the garden;  
And he stretched his little neck,  
And he shit about a peck,  
And then flew across the River  
Jordan!
5. The he-cat sat on a high board  
fence;  
The she-cat sat on the ground;  
The tom made a pass  
At the pussy-cat's ass,  
And the world went around and  
around!
6. Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,  
Twenty pinches is the law:  
Pinch me now, pinch me then,  
Pinch me when I fart again.  
Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff, or box,  
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?
7. Father went a-hunting  
To shoot himself a bear;  
He shot him in the ass hole,  
And never touched a hare!
8. I've got the shankers  
And the blueballs, too!  
The shankers don't hurt,  
But the blueballs do!
9. I've got a girl in Indiana;  
She can handle my big banana;  
She can whistle, she can dance,  
She's got whiskers in her pants!
10. When a men grows old,  
His pecker gets cold,  
And the end of his pecker turns  
blue;  
When he tries to diddle,  
It bends in the middle!  
Did it ever happen to you?
11. There was an old woman from France  
Who boarded a train by chance;  
The engineer fucked her,  
And so did the conductor,  
And the brakeman jacked off in her  
pants!
12. There was a young man from Chineese  
Who went in an alley to pee.  
"Mine golly, mine sissy!  
My cock it no pissy!  
I thinka so maybe clapee!"
13. There was an old woman from  
Wheeling  
Who had a most wonderful feeling;  
She lay on her back  
And tickled her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling!
14. Poor old Robinson Crusoe;  
He had no woman to screw, so  
He sat on a rock  
And played with his cock,  
And shot it all over the seashore!
15. There was a young man from Boston  
Who bought for himself an Austen;  
There was room for his ass  
And a gallon of gas,  
But his bolls hung out, and he  
lost 'em!
16. There was a young man from St.  
Claire  
Who screwed his wife on a chair;  
On the forty-ninth stroke  
The furniture broke,  
And his gun went off in the air!
17. Here's to the girl of South Bend,  
Who always used a fountain pen!  
One day the cork went wild,  
Now she's nursing a negro child!
18. Ham and eggs between your legs,  
A little bit of gravy;  
Your machine and my machine  
Can make a little baby!

19. Some come here to sit and think,  
And some come here to shit and stink,  
But I come here to play with my dink!
20. If you shit while you're eating,  
The Devil you're feeding!  
If you piss on your dink,  
You give him a drink!
21. I wish I had a load of bricks  
To build my chimney higher,  
To keep the girls around the town  
From pissing in my fire!
22. Mama, Mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball  
bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!  
That's what keeps your Mamma fat!
23. Oh, won't you come over to my shit-  
house?  
It's nice and shady there!  
The wind blows up around your ass  
And tickles your curly hair!
24. When I was young and in my prime,  
I used to jack off all the time!  
But now I'm old I've got more sense:  
I use a knothole in the fence!
25. The country girl is the girl for me!  
You can lay her on the grass,  
Lift up her lily-white petticoats,  
And tickle her on the ass!
26. Sally went down a new-cut road,  
And I went down behind her;  
She stooped over to tie her shoe,  
And then I saw her hinder!
27. Old Balaky Karaky had but one stone;  
The hair on his ass was a strawberry  
roan!  
Old Balaky, the butcher, had but one  
nut!  
He fucked his grandmother and had to  
be cut!  
He went away and came back in the  
fall,  
married to a woman with no pussy at  
all!
28. By the bar, by the bar,  
Where I smoked my first cigar,  
And the dollars in my pockets  
rolled away,  
It was there that by chance  
I slipped it in her pants,  
And now she's in a family way!
29. I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,  
And I'll tell you the reason  
why:  
She blows her nose in the corn-  
bread dough  
And calls it a custard pie!
30. May the bleeding piles torment you,  
And corns adorn your feet,  
And the itching crabs by millions  
Crawl out on your bolls and eat!  
And when you are old  
And a syphilitic wreck,  
May you fall through your ass hole  
And break your fucking neck!
31. I asked a little nigger  
To let me frig her;  
But she said, "Wait  
Till the hole grows bigger."  
I waited till the hole got bigger,  
And in about nine months  
She had a little nigger.
32. I fucked her in my dreams;  
I listened to her screams;  
When I awoke,  
The bed was soaked,  
For I had fucked her in my dreams!
33. There was a woman from Connecticut  
who was good looking from face to  
butt;  
She was a shit-house poet,  
Had brains and yet didn't know it!
34. Listen, listen!  
The cat's a-pissin':  
Where, where?  
Under the chair!  
Run, run,  
And get your gun!  
Never mind,  
it's all done!
35. A woman from Sleepy Hollow  
Got all of the men-folks to follow;  
They played with her crack,  
But she took all their jack,  
And gave the blueballs to them all-o!
36. A little old man from St. Chester  
Decided to tackle his sister,  
But all that he packed  
Was a wrinkled old sack,  
And all that she had was a blister!
37. There once was a goon from Sheepshit  
Who proved to be only a half-wit:  
His girl-friend he bumped,  
And, seeing her cunt,  
"My God," he cried, "I've cracked it!"

38. Half-past one:  
The fun is just begun!  
Half-past two:  
They think they're going to screw!  
Half-past three:  
He just went out to pee!  
Half-past four:  
They're doing it some more!  
Half-past five:  
The kid is now alive:  
Half-past six:  
She's taking all his prick!  
Half-past seven:  
She thinks she is in heaven!  
Half-past eight:  
The doctor's at the gate.  
Half-past nine:  
Again they're going fine.  
Half-past ten:  
They're doing it again!  
Half-past eleven:  
They wish they'd quit at seven!  
Half-past twelve:  
They're tireder than hell!

39. The dog's delight is to bark and  
bite,  
The little bird's to sing;  
But the only thing a fly can do  
Is shit on everything!

He flies about from place to place  
And never rests a bit,  
Unless it is a moment when  
He stops to take a shit!

In every corner that you look  
You'll find the little fly;  
The only thing that he can do  
Is shit, and shit, and shit and  
shit, and shit until he dies!

40. When I was in Chicago,  
I worked in a department store;  
I worked in a hosiery department--  
I did, but I don't any more!

A lady came asking for garters;  
I asked her what kind she wore;  
She pulled up her dress and said,  
"Rubber!"  
I did, but I don't any more!

41. There was a young man from Nan-  
tucket  
Who soaked his sore cock in a  
bucket,  
"Oh, never, no more,  
Will I fuck a whore!  
I'd rather have somebody suck it!"

42. There was an old woman who lived by  
a creek;  
She watched the little boys play  
with their--  
Marbles and toys in the springtime  
of yore;  
Along came a lady who looked like a--  
Decent young lady; she lay on the  
grass,  
And when she turned over you could  
see her--  
Shoes and stockings -- they fit like  
a duck;  
She said she was learning a new way  
to--  
Sew and knit; the boys in the barn-  
yard are picking up--  
The contents of the barnyard;  
And if this isn't poetry, it's  
horse shit, by God!

43. Ask your mother for a bar of soap  
To watch the monkey climb the rope;  
Ask your mother for fifty cents;  
He climbed so fast he skinned his--  
Ask to watch the elephant jump the  
fence;  
He jumped so high he split the sky  
And didn't come back till the  
Fourth of July!  
Now, ladies and gentlemen that can't  
swim,  
Please climb onto the high seats,  
For the elephant is going to--  
Peanuts, fifteen cents a sack!

44. Charley, barley, butter and eggs,  
Kissed the girls between the legs!  
And when the girls went out to pee,  
Charley, barley, followed to see!  
And when the girls began to cry,  
Charley, barley, rock-and-rye!

45. My name is John Taylor,  
My cock is a whaler,  
My bolls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And fuck her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the  
ground!

46. Oh, (Jerry), oh, (Jerry),  
Come over here quick,  
To watch the bold Irishman  
Handle his prick!

As long as your arm and  
As big as your wrist,  
With a knob on the end  
As big as your fist!

# VULGARISMS IN WESTERN SPEECH

1. He was made with a piss hard-on! (He's not up to much.)
2. He's farting himself a shit!
3. He's shitting himself a rest! (He's killing time in the toilet.)
4. He's ugly enough to scare a bear away from a gut-wagon!
5. I'll bet you \$5 against a dog-turd -- if you'll hold the stakes in your mouth!
6. He doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground! (He's dumb.)
7. He's greener than sour owl shit! (He's ignorant.)
8. He's too dumb to pour sand in a rat-hole!
9. You look like a sore ass in fly-time! (All covered with pimples.)
10. You look like something the dog dragged in! (Very wretched.)
11. You look like you'd been pulled through a knot-hole! (Knocked out.)
12. You look like a pimple on a sick hen's ass! (An insult!)
13. He looks like he'd been slept with and got tangled up in the hair!
14. She thinks her ass is a gold-mine and all the men want to go prospecting!
15. They think the sun rises and sets in his ass-hole! (Their son.)
16. He's so tight he farts on a flat rock to save the grease!
17. She's so dirty she spits in the frying-pan!
18. He's lower than a snake's ass in a wheel-track! (Just low-down!)
19. She's got an ass like a country shit-house! (Wide and exciting.)
20. The snow is up to the ass of a tall indian! (Very deep.)
21. He's so tight that every time he winks his ass flies open!
22. Fuck my shit and be a brother-in-law to my ass hole! (A go-to-hell!)
23. Go stick your head in the toilet -- and flush it!
24. He's so short his ass drags his tracks out -- and when he farts, it blows dust in his eyes!
25. He's so God damned ugly he'd stop a clock! (Or curdle milk!)
26. He's as crooked as a boar's pecker!
27. He's grinning like a skunk eating shit! (Very self-satisfied!)
28. I'm hungry enough to eat the ass out of a skunk! (Famished.)
29. She's so nice that shit wouldn't melt in her mouth!
30. Be careful, there, or you'll strain your cream! (Injure yourself by lifting too hard on a load.)
31. He's busier than a cat (covering shit) on a tin roof!
32. Kiss what I can't reach! (My ass.)
33. She's so nice she thinks her shit doesn't stink!
34. He's shot his wad! (Literally: jisseem. Figuratively: trump card.)
35. Go and roll your marbles! (Go about your own business.)
36. You look like a shit-house in the fog! (Pale, sickly!)
37. You look as slick as a mule's dick! (Very snazzy or stylish.)
38. You look like a wind-row of ass-holes! (In bad condition.)
39. He thinks his cock is the handle that moves the world!
40. Spat my ass and pour it in butter!
41. It's cold enough to freeze the bolls off of a brass monkey!
42. He's full of piss and vinegar! (Feeling his oats.)
43. Full of wind and piss like a barber's cat!
44. He's having a shit hemorrhage! (Excited, blowing his top.)
45. Scattered like a mad woman's shit!
46. He's swimming the Red River! (Screwing a woman with monthleys.)
47. Like a shower of shit!
48. He's not smart enough to pour shit out of a tin horn!
49. He's shivering like a dog shitting tacks!
50. If the dog hadn't stopped to shit, he'd have caught the rabbit!
51. Either shit or get off the pot!
52. He's shit his own bed, and now he's got to sleep in it!
53. He's got a shit pot full of money! (He's very rich!)
54. He's pissed off! (He's very angry!)
55. Keep your shit-hooks off! (Let my stuff alone.)
56. Blow it out your ass! (A scarvy on what you say.)

## RIDDLES, CHOICES, ETC.

1. Which would you rather do: swim a river of snot, or eat a bucket of scabs?
2. What are the three most important parts of a stove? Lifter, leg, and poker!
3. What are the three most important articles of women's clothing? Slipper, pants, and jumper!
4. What's the difference between a carpenter's daughter and a garden-er's daughter? A gardenerr's daughter sits among the cabbage and peas, and a carpenter's daughter lies among the shavings and screws!
5. I caught two dogs a f-f-f-f-fighting! I caught 'em by the cock-cock-cock-cock-collar and threw them in a barrel of sh-sh-sh-sh-shavings!
6. Did you ever see a gopher go for a gopher?
7. I was horse last night, I calfed all night, and I had a little colt this morning!
8. The shepherd's song: "The same old moon, the same old June, but not the same old you (ewe)!"
9. Oh, Chrysler! It's Willys Knight! Gas I'll have to Dodge around a corner and Whippitt!
10. If Epsom Salts and Castor Oil got married, who would their children be? Lettie Poops, Lucy Bowles, and Carrie Tissue.
11. Last night I dreamed I was a paper-hanger, and when I awoke I had a handful of paste!
12. Today the eagle shits! (Army jargon for pay-day.)
13. They're so thick they shit through the same ass-hole!
14. They're so thick that one dose of physic works them both!
15. He thinks he's a wit, and he's half right!
16. Last night I dreamed I could not get by a load of hay in a country road. The only solution was to eat this up. So I began eating, and I ate up everything but the kingbolt and the nuts. And when I awoke, I had them in my hand!
17. Why do nuns use saltpeter? Because they can't get fresh peter!
18. I wouldn't piss on her if her ass was on fire!
19. Who was the first carpenter? Eve. She made Adam's banana stand!
20. Why couldn't the two prophets sit on their shirt-tails? Why, Balaam had trouble with his ass, and God made Elijah ascend to heaven!
21. Who was the first gardener? Adam. He picked Eve's cherry!
22. What's that white stuff on chicken-shit? You say you don't know? Well, that's chicken-shit too!



# A DIRECTORY OF CONTRIBUTORS

Blasdell, Alden	A childhood neighbor of mine at St. John, Idaho. Father, Andrew Blasdell, a debt-ridden farmer with many children, home finally broken by divorce. Alden is a fine singer. Now a refrigeration expert in California.	10,17,21,28
Blasdell, Verrell	My boyhood pal at St. John and a brother to Alden. Now works in a seed, feed, and fertilizer store at Wallowa, Oregon.	33
Burns, Bobbie	A hired man on the farm of John Blasdell, our nearest neighbor, at St. John, for a year so about 1918-1920.	7
Bush, Lester	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my roommate at college, in Pocatello, in the winter of 1927-28. He is now a mining engineer in Nevada or Montana.	15,32,36
Cathey, Altha	A fellow-worker (and old girlfriend of mine) on the Idaho Historical Records Survey, under novelist, Vardis Fisher, during 1936-39, at Boise and Pocatello. She is now a buyer for the Navy, at San Francisco, California.	16,17/41 32/42
Colton, Ethel L.	My sister (only sibling), now married and rearing a family at Malad, Idaho, where her husband is a wheat-farmer.	4/41
Colton, Roscoe	My brother-in-law, the Malad, Idaho, wheat-farmer, and a hand at the Crowther Milling Co.	4 9/41 26,28,29,31/42 40/43
Davis, Niah	My father's boyhood pal at St. John, Idaho. He died horribly during Volstead days from getting drunk on wood-alcohol.	27
Deschamps, Johnnie	Our next door neighbor at St. John and father of Phenoi and Nello. He is now crippled and retired but still lives on his beet and hay farm.	39/43
Deschamps, Nello	A St. John grade school student somewhat younger than I. Now owns home in Los Angeles, California, where, according to his father, he has become a big wheel in the construction business.	2,3

Deschamps, Phenoi	A brother older than Nello but younger than I. He, too, attended the little country school in St. John, near Malad, Idaho. He now lives in Los Angeles.	5,11,14,19,25,31
Edwards, Benjamin	One of my students at McCammon, Idaho, where I taught high school English during 1930-33. He was a son of Walt Edwards, who owned The Big Store.	2,31
Fisher, Vernon	Son of V.E. Fisher, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, who psychoanalyzed me sporadically during 1937-40, at Boise and Salt Lake City. Vernon is now in the East learning to be an analyst himself. Vardis Fisher, the novelist, is his uncle.	7 3/44 5/45 24/50 31/51 32/52 37/53 38/54
Goodnough, George	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. His father was probably a wheat-farmer.	13,20
G		
Grant, Bobby	Son of Frank Grant, near neighbor of my ex-father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, where both were bean-farmers. Bobbie is now farming there and rearing a family.	2,22
Grant, Mrs. Frank	The Grants moved to Eden, Idaho, about 1908, at the time Minidoka Dam opened "Magic Valley" to settlement. They came from St. Louis, Mo., where Mrs. Grant learned her songs. They still farm at Eden, Idaho.	9
Hale, Murray	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was a railroad man.	28,30
Hansen, Abe Stephen	A sheepherder with whom my father worked one season about 1900 in Pocatello Valley, Idaho, just southwest of Malad. He played the banjo and sang ballads.	26
Harkness, Jack	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. A former Ford assembly-line worker in California. His father, O.H. Harkness, was a mill owner at McCammon and former owner of extensive early-day toll roads in Southeastern Idaho.	11,17

Heward, Basil	A second cousin of mine on my mother's side. He often visited us at St. John when I was a child. Now a section foreman at Menan, Idaho, north of Idaho Falls.	42/43
Heward, Leigh	Brother to Basil. Killed in a run-away, in 1916, while haying on his father's ranch, in a canyon north of Malad.	14
Hill, Wallace	My pal during upper grade school and high school days at St. John and Malad. His father was then a sugar-beet farmer. They now live in Boise, Idaho, where Wallace is a barber.	20,21,23/42 42/43
House, Roy	A cousin of Verrell Blasdell who lived with him a winter or two and went to school in St. John. He was drowned about 1930 when a canoe capsized with his fishing party on a reservoir in Utah.	33
Illum, Carl	Another of my father's boyhood pals in St. John. Later, he was a wheat-farmer there, and was the community wit. He lost his farm, however, moved to Ogden, Utah, and finally died there a few years ago, completely blind.	4
Infanger, Ben	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho. His father was probably a wheat-farmer there.	18,19,35
Jolley, Virgil	Still another of my high school students at McCammon. His father ran a small garage. Later, they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, where they are probably still in the garage business.	15
Jones, Hennie	Both he and his father, the latter now dead, were diversified farmers in Malad Valley. The incident of the joke actually happened to Hennie about 1910, when he was a small boy going to the pasture after the cows!	73/64
Josephson, Al	Originally from Holbrook and Snowville, Josephson, known as a great wit, finally settled in Malad, where for many years he was Sheriff of Oneida County. He shot himself a few years ago in a fit of despondency due to his having become an incurable invalid. He was a fearless sheriff and ran down many criminals.	70/63

Larson, Edna M.	My wife who, in Salt Lake City, operates her own millinery. We were married here in 1940, but afterwards lived in Berkeley, California; Eugene and Portland, Oregon; Washington, D.C.; and Idaho Falls, Idaho, before eventually settling in Salt Lake City permanently, in 1939.	7/45 13/47 58/60 61,62/61
Larson, Leff	My father, a native of St. John, Idaho, and a farmer there all his life. He still runs his own farms there at 73. I think of him always as a typical pioneer jokester and yarn-spinner.	26,27 6,10/41 45/43 6/45 19,21/49 33,34/52 63/61 71,74/64
Larson, Mrs. Leff	I remember my mother, who is still living, reciting this little poem when I was a small child. Her father, Steve Talbot, came to Kaysville, Utah, from South Africa, in 1861.	46/43
Lish, Terrell	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. I think he was an orphan who stayed with his grandmother.	21,37
Madsen, Leonard	A boy from Malad, Idaho, who was my room-mate at college, in Pocatello, in the fall of 1927. Being an infantile paralysis cripple, powerful in the arms, he was so sadistically cruel that he finally forced me to move out. He is now a book-keeper at the Wheel Inn north of Malad.	12 30/42
Martin, Larry	A young, ambitious bean-farmer at Eden, Idaho, from about 1930 till I left there in 1936. He was very wild and had in his <u>repertoire</u> an inexhaustible supply of dirty songs and jokes. He came from Missouri, however.	1,8,12,13,18,24,29,39 35,36,37/42 8/45 10/46 22,23/49 27,28/50 42/55 46/56 50/57 54/59 65/62
Monson, Reuelie	A rebellious youth of my early days in St. John. He finally ran away from home. His father, who went deaf, finally hanged himself from a tree, because the mother was unfaithful. The children nearly broke the old man.	7/41 34/42
Palfreyman, Dick	Another of my high school students at McCammon, Idaho, during 1930-33. He is now a salesman for Raleigh products at Pocatello, Idaho.	3,5,6,30

Peterson, Ivan	A sadistic and ruffianly student at the St. John School, somewhat older than I, given to torturing birds and animals. Always playing truant. Very proud of his summer exploits as a sheepherder. His family moved to New Meadows, Idaho, about 1926, having lost their dry-farm in Malad Valley.	1
Peterson, Vernon	About my age, though below me in class standing, at the St. John School, he was one of my pals. Obviously, he was a brother to Ivan. He is now married and living at New Meadows, Idaho.	23
Rothstein, Harold	A Jewish lad, son of a prominent life insurance man in New York City, he was stationed at the Army Air Field, Fort Worth, Texas, while I was there in 1945. He was bucking for a discharge as a psychoneurotic. I remember him, in the classification office, for his constant singing of "Sentimental Journey" and "O'Reilly's Daughter."	16
Sorenson, Hye	My uncle, husband of my mother's sister, whom we visited at Leamington, Utah, where he was a farmer, in the fall of 1917. I learned the joke at that time.	17/48
Smith, Percy	The hired man of my father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho, about 1930-32. I imagine he is still in the Twin Falls area. I have not been there, myself, since 1936.	29, 30/50 66/62
Smith, Timmie	Another pal of mine at the St. John School. His father must have been a farmer, but died early. Timmie became an insurance man at Idaho Falls but later moved to California. His brother, however, is now a bartender at Malad, Idaho.	40 12/41 33/42 38/43
Talbot, Andie	My uncle, the half-brother of my mother, he is now a wealthy diversified farmer at St. John, Idaho. I remember from childhood his poems and jokes.	2, 14/41 36/53
Talbot, Miriam	My aunt, the wife of Andie Talbot, noteworthy as a pianist. She has reared a large family. Her father, Hyrum Monson, once an Idaho representative, died of epilepsy.	1/41

Thomas, David S.

My uncle, the husband of Martina Larson, my father's sister. He was a droll pioneer character of Malad Valley, very popular at country dances and programs. I have heard of his eating boiled eggs shell and all just as a joke!

57/59

Toponce, Rufus

A hired man on the farm of Andrew and John Blasdell, neighbors of ours, at St. John, Idaho. He was the one who gave me my sex education, very perverted, when I was a boy in my early teens! His brother owned half interest in the Jones & Toponce Hardware, Malad, Idaho. Rufus had the reputation of being nasty with women but a "working fool!" He is now located at Ogden, Utah, where he owns half interest in Fuller & Toponce Transfer Company, a trucking and freighting outfit. So, though we thought he had no brains, he has succeeded, just the same, through a strong back! He was in St. John during 1917-19. A mere glance at his references, above, will suggest the extent of his wide knowledge of vulgar ballads, jingles, and jokes. He should have been a collector!

7,10,28,33,34  
3,5,8,11,13/41  
24,25,27/42  
41,45/43  
1,2,3/44 9,11/46  
12,14/47 14,16,18/48  
20/49 25/50 35/52  
39,40/54 41,43/55  
44,45/56 47,48,49/57  
51,52,53/58 55,56/59  
59,60/60 64/61 67/62  
68,69/63 72/64

Varnes, Carrie B.

My ex-mother-in-law, wife of A.G. Varnes, with whom I lived much of my time, at Eden, Idaho, during the years 1928-36. I think she died about 1938. She was from Peoria, Illinois, where she learned the vulgar rhyme as a young girl.

18/41

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR BALLADS

All the Beasts	33	St. John, 1918?		
Alphabet of Life	39	Eden, 1932		
Barnacle Bill	6	McCammon, 1933		
Bombay	32	Pocatello, 1928		
Bonnie Brown Hare	22	Eden, 1932		
Buckaroo	20	McCammon, 1933		
Bye-Bye, Boyfriend	2	St. John, 1932		
Columbo	8	Eden, 1932		
Cousin Nellie	11	A. McCammon, 1933	B. St. John, 1933	
Damned Little Runt	12	A. Pocatello, 1927	B. Eden, 1932	
Daniel Lion's Den	36	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	
Denver Home	21	Malad, 1919?	McCammon, 1933	
Dickey and Murphy	2	McCammon, 1933		
Down Lehi Valley	17	A. McCammon, 1933	B. Malad, 1919?	
Hi Reo Dandy O!	18	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Inch Above Knee	30	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	
Indian Maid	31	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1933	
Jailer's Song	5	McCammon, 1933		
Johnnie	23	St. John, 1921		
John Taylor	3	McCammon, 1933		
Jolly Shepherd	26	Malad, 1900?		
Just Couldn't	25	St. John, 1933		
Keyhole in Door	29	Eden, 1932		
Little Ball Yarn	28	McCammon, 1933	St. John, 1919?	
Little Marine	7	St. John, 1919?	Idaho Falls, 1946	
Little Tinker	5	St. John, 1932		
Lulu	10	St. John, 1919	McCammon, 1933	
Mary Jane	40	St. John, 1916?		
Never	34	St. John, 1919?		
Old Apple Tree	1	Eden, 1932		
Old Aunt Sallie	14	St. John, 1915?		
Old MacLelland	24	Eden, 1932		
One-Eyed Riley	15	A. Pocatello, 1928	B. McCammon, 1933	C. Fort Worth, 1945
Pain and Sorrow	3	St. John, 1932		
Pretty Fair Maid	35	McCammon, 1933		
Ring Dang Doo	13	A. Eden, 1932	B. McCammon, 1933	C. St. John, 1932
Roseberry	27	St. John, 1900?		
Sally in Garden	4	St. John, 1900?		
Shepherd	1	A. St. John, 1917?	B. Eden, 1932	
Stovepipe Episode	4	Malad, 1932		
Tumble Lynn	9	Eden, 1932		
Two Tomcats	2	St. John, 1915?	Eden, 1932	
Yippie Yay!	19	A. St. John, 1933	B. McCammon, 1933	

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR JOKES

All that Money	74/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Ask Mother	63/61	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Baby	8/45	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Berth	34/52	1918	Leff Larsson	St. John, Idaho
Bungut	39/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Candle	65/61	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Chicken in Coop	10/46	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Cigar	45/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cinders	5/45	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Coded Message	20/49	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Cow's Bag	70/63	1920?	Al Josephson	Malad, Idaho
Damned Piccolo?	33/52	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Dimpled Chin	64/61	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Discouraged	66/62	1932	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Drink	28/50	1932?	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Drive Cows Home	53/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fido!	15/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Fishmarket	46/56	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Foreskins	58/60	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Furlough	6/45	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Gaseous Occasion	17/48	1917	Hye Sorenson	Leamington, Utah
Gates of Hell	71/64	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Goatee	38/54	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Golden Wedding	24/50	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Halfwit	14/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hand Operated	25/50	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Hard-On	61/61	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Headstone	13/47	1950	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Heaven Feet First	27/50	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Holy Man	29/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
Hysterics	32/52	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
In My Face	31/51	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
It Just Quivers!	30/51	1932?	Percy Smith	Eden, Idaho
It'll Stretch	55/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Johnnie Fuckerfast	51/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Just Like a Prick	7/45	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Last Gentleman	35/52	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Laziest Man	40/54	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Little Stiff One	56/59	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Maidenhead	43/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Making People	41/55	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mathematician	36/53	1916?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
McClanshan Rides	37/53	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Miscarriage	69/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Mistaken Identity	49/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Natural Rose	4/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Newfangled Toilet	72/64	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Nuns	21/49	1920?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho



Oliver Twist	59/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Oughtta Be!	22/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Pee a Little!	52/58	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Perpetual Hard-On	42/55	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Photographer	1/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Polluted Spring	50/57	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Red Thing	73/64	1910?	Hennie Jones	St. John, Idaho
Seventh Relief	18/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Silk Handkerchief	67/62	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Singer Building	12/47	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
So Close!	16/48	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Soldier's Goodbye	60/60	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Squared Circle	57/59	1918?	David S. Thomas	St. John, Idaho
Storm	26/50	1932?	Carrie B. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
Take It Away!	9/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
There Lies Eli!	68/63	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Thing	47/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Three Brothers	44/56	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Uncle John	62/61	1952	Edna Larson	Salt Lake City
Undertaker	11/46	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Vaccination	19/49	1918?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
V-Necked Sweater	23/49	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wahoo!	48/57	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Warmed-Up Supper	54/59	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Wilted Bouquet	2/44	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Yodeler	3/44	1946	Vernon Fisher	Idaho Falls, Idaho

# A GUIDE TO VULGAR JINGLES

Ask Your Mother	43/43	1915?	Basil Heward	Malad, Idaho
Balaky Karaky	27/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Bleeding Piles	30/42	1927	Leonard Madsen	Pocatello, Idaho
Bold Irishman	46/43	1915?	Mrs. Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Butter and Eggs	44/43	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
By the Bar	28/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Charlie, Barley	6/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Chicago	40/43	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Country Girl	25/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Dog's Delight	39/43	1932	Johnnie Deschamps	St. John, Idaho
Father A-Hunting	7/41	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John
Girl in Indiana	9/41	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Girl of South Bend	17/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Good frm Sheepshit	37/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Half Past One	38/43	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Ham and Eggs	18/41	1932	Carrie B. Varnes	Eden, Idaho
He-Cat Sat	5/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
In My Dreams	32/42	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
John Taylor	45/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Listen, Listen	34/42	1912?	Reuelie Monson	St. John, Idaho
Little Bird	4/41	1919?	Ethel L. Colton	St. John, Idaho
Little Nigger	31/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Load of Bricks	21/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Man from Boston	15/41	1938	Toilet Wall	Burley, Idaho
Man from Chinees	12/41	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Man from Nantuckett	41/43	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Man from St. Chestr	36/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
Man from St. Claire	16/41	1939	Altha Cathey	Boise, Idaho
Man Grows Old	10/41	1915?	Leff Larson	St. John, Idaho
Mrs. Woodin	2/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Monkey and Babboon	3/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
New-Cut Road	26/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Old Joe's Girl	29/42	1932	Roscoe Colton	Malad, Idaho
Robinson Crusoe	14/41	1915?	Andie Talbot	St. John, Idaho
Shankers	8/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Shit While Eating	20/42	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Sit and Think	19/42	1915-20	Toilet Wall	St. John, Idaho
Sleepy Hollow	35/42	1932	Larry Martin	Eden, Idaho
What Is That?	1/41	1932	Miriam Talbot	St. John, Idaho
When I Was Young	24/42	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman by Creek	42/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho
Woman fm Connecticut	33/42	1915-20	Timmie Smith	St. John, Idaho
Woman from France	11/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Woman from Wheeling	13/41	1917-19	Rufus Toponce	St. John, Idaho
Won't You Come Over	23/43	1919-20	Wallace Hill	St. John, Idaho

# GLOSSARY OF VULGAR AND RELATED PSYCHOLOGICAL TERMINOLOGY

- ABORTION -- miscarriage, untimely birth.
- ADULTERY -- fornication, stepping out, marital unfaithfulness.
- ANAL NEUROSIS -- 1. retentive: constipation, hoarding, collecting, certain impotence and frigidity.  
2. sadistic: cruelty, dirtying (attacking with fecal matter), malicious gossip
- ANUS (see Buttock) -- opening of alimentary canal, colon, rectum; bung, pusher, bung-hole, ass-hole.
- BED-PAN (see Pot)
- BED WETTING (see Enuresis)
- BELLY -- guts, paunch, stomach, "bishop," "corporation," "German goitre."
- BESHITTING SELF -- anal neurosis, senility, loss of sphincter control, regression to infantile patterns, intense fear and anxiety
- BESTIALITY -- sexual intercourse between man and animal.
- BIRTH -- nativity, parturation; spawning, "pappoosing," popping of the pod, etc.
- BIRTH CONTROL (see Contraception)
- BOLLS (see Testicles)
- BOY (see Man) -- boy-friend, beaux, fellow, female partner in homosexual relations (pederasty).
- BREAST (see Mamma)
- BROTHEL -- whore house, bawdy house, red-light district.
- BUTTOCK (see Anus) -- rump, bum, butt, bottom, fanny, hinder, behind, backside, satchel
- CANNIBALISM (see Werewolf, Vampire)
- CAFON -- desexualized male bird.
- CASTRATE -- cut, nut, de-stone, remove testicles, desexualize, emasculate, make effeminate (psychic castration), sterilize.
- CASTRATION COMPLEX -- 1. female: fantasy of the lost penis, penis envy, envy of masculine prerogatives.  
2. male: fantasy of threat to sexuality, fear of envy of father, voluntary effeminacy to escape rivalry with father or penis envy of mother.
- CHAMBER (see Pot) -- v, to practice ludeness, to shack up, to go under a blanket.
- CHANGE OF LIFE (see Menopause)
- CIRCUMCISION -- removal of the prepuce or foreskin; Jewish purification rite; token castration to appease the hostile father.
- CLANDESTINE -- stealthy, surreptitious actions, usually in connection with illicit sexual conduct.
- CLITORIS -- the "button," the female "penis."
- COITUS or COITION (see Copulation)
- CONDOM -- artificial membrane to prevent conception: merry widow, diaphragm, fish-skin.
- COPULATE -- v, to have sexual intercourse; to fuck; to frig, screw, shag, diddle, grease your balls, soak your pecker.
- COPULATION -- n, booty, moggan, ass, tail, pussy, nooky, cheese-cake, piece of ass (or tail).
- CORDEE (see Venereal Disease)
- CRIME (see Sin, Vice) a wrong committed against society or the State.
- CUNNILINGUS (see Perversion, Homosexuality)
- DEFECATE -- v, discharge, excrete, evacuate the bowels; to shit, stool, take a crap; to ride the throne, make chamber music, go into the woods (weeds, bushes).

**DEFECATION** -- body waste, product of an evacuation; feces, shit, crap, stool, dung, tirds, manure, "uckey," "nas-ty," "queedup" (Indian word).

**DEFLORATE** -- seduce, ravish, violate; rape; pick her cherry, crush her flower, bust her maidenhead.

**DESEXUALIZE** (see Castrate)

**DEUSCHE** (see Contraception)

**DYSENTERY** -- diarrhea; summer complaint, running off at the bowels; trots, skitters, running-shits.

**EMASCULATION** (see Castration)

**ENEURESIS** (see Anal Neurosis, Sphincter Control) bed-wetting.

**ERECTION** -- distended penis; hard-on, stiff prick, the "old stiff," "bone."

**EUNUCH** -- an emasculated man, one who has been castrated.

**EXCREMENT** -- sweat, urine, fecal matter.

**EXCRETION** -- defecation, urination (which see).

**EXHIBITIONISM** -- the perversion of indecently exposing the body or the sex organs for sexual gratification.

**FECES** (see Defecation)

**FEMINIST** -- suffragette, advocate of the rights of women; bat-tle axe, battle wagon, old dragon, man-hater; mas-culine woman; woman with masculine strivings, or penis envy, or a castration complex.

**FETISHISM** -- a perversion involving sexual gratification from a symbol or representation, such as picture, hair, or token, of the normal love-object, rather than from the love-object itself; a displacement of affect.

**FETUS** -- unhorn young.

**FLAGELLATION** -- whipping, scourging, punishing; psychologically, the punishing of the sex object, or the self, to reduce the tensions of guilt feelings; one type of sadistic behavior, or masochistic.

**FLATUS or FLATULENCE** - windiness, gas on stomach, or the relief of same: n, zephyr, "beans," odoriferous breeze. v, to fart, to blow off, to break wind, or to bust a button.

**FORESKIN** -- prepuce of the penis.

**FORNICATION** -- adultery, illicit sexual interest between unmar-ried persons, harlotry, incest.

**FREE LOVE** -- the practice, or cult, of cohabitation as husband and wife without marriage, with freedom to change to another partner at will.

**GELDING** -- a castrated horse.

**GIGOLO** -- a man who "entertains" women for pay; male coun-terpart of a mistress or prostitute.

**GIRL** (see Woman) -- female child, young woman; girl-friend; girl or girlie (a prostitute).

**GONADS** (see Testicles)

**GONORRHEA** (see Venereal Disease)

**HARLOT** -- bawd, whore, or lewd woman; prostitute; chippie, tough, "Madam," girlie, flusie, "woman," pick-up, push-over, bar-fly; loose woman, street-walker, good-time gal, lady of the red-light district.

**HOMOSEXUAL** -- a pervert who satisfies emotional needs through his own sex: Lesbian (female), Sodomist (male): queer, fruit, fairy, "Frenchie," cock-sucker, corn-holer, 69 clubber.

**HOMOSEXUALITY** -- Federasty, cunnilingus; Lesbianism, Sodomy.

## HOSTILITY

-- enmity, antagonism, hatred; psychologically, the resentment or aggression felt toward a person who is thought to be blocking, hence frustrating, the satisfaction or fulfillment of a strong racial (Freudian Id) impulse, egoistic or sexual, or who offers a threat to the defense system or to the safety or well-being of the individual; subconscious hostility is a generalized and usually misdirected hatred growing out of the maladjusted condition of existing complexes and conflicts.

## HYMEN

-- vaginal membrane of virginity; cherry, flower, glory, maiden-head.

## HUSBAND

-- the old man, dad, pop, father, the "provider," the head of the house, the guy who pays the bills, the "old tyrant," etc. Also "honey bunch," "lover boy," "sugar-daddy," etc., though the latter term usually applies to a rich "play-boy" supporting a gold-digging mistress.

## IMPOTENCE

-- sexual incapacity, mental or physical; a "flat tire," a "wilted bouquet," a "prick that bends in the middle" (that God damned middle inch!); psychic castration: 1. "Id - Super Ego" conflicts involving incest, father prerogative, and mother possessiveness guilts; and 2. self-emasculatation to placate the castration demands of the father and the penis envy of the mother; also 3. subconscious reluctance to yield up the semen, growing out of anal-retentive neurosis; and 4. subconscious fear or hostility toward the sex object, or a threat to defenses or to ego ideals.

## INCEST

-- sexual intercourse between close relatives, particularly within the family group.

## INFANTILITY

-- emotional immaturity; expectation of treatment from the world at large of a type shown to a much loved small child by doting parents -- undue coddling, praise, favoritism, with a dearth of discipline, criticism, or demand for conformity to social standards; unwillingness to face reality as an adult among his peers; wilfulness, selfishness, lack of consideration for others; lack of self-control through the absence of Super Ego or the introjected correcting, punishing parent; the basis, perhaps, for psychopathic personality, and some perversions and sex criminality, as well as juvenile delinquency and ordinary criminality.

## INFERIORITY COMPLEX

-- a character pattern built around feelings of inadequacy, due to childhood influences such as: glaring underprivilege, lack of opportunity for growth and self-improvement, parental coddling and over-protection (as a reaction formation to subconscious hostility), arrested emotional growth (infantility), the castration complex (growing out of parental hostility, belittlement, and desire to destroy), and other like factors.

## INHIBITION

-- the bottling up of Id impulses (anti-social attitudes, desires, and urges) within the Freudian subconscious mind; perhaps the most important of all defense mechanisms, or sharing place with introjection (growth of Super Ego) and reaction formation; very nearly synonymous with repression.

INTERCOURSE (see Copulation) i.e., sexual intercourse.

JISSEM (see Semen)

KIDNAP (see Rape, Sex Criminal)

KNOCKED UP (see Pregnancy)

LAVATORY (see Toilet)

LESBIAN (see Homosexual)

LEWD -- carnal, lecherous, licentious, lustful, lascivious; wicked, sinful, wanton; nasty, vulgar, sexy, over-sexed, excessively sensual.

LIBERTINE -- a seducer, one who does not restrain his desires.

LOVER (see Paramour) - love-bird, turtle-dove, sweet-heart; "cookie," "sugar candy," darling, etc.; friend, mistress.

LUKORRHEA (see Venereal Disease)

LUST -- inordinate desire for carnal pleasure.

MAIDENHEAD (see Hymen)

MAMMA -- breast, milk secreting organ; tit, dairy, nipple, "grape-fruit," boopie, milk-shake.

MAN -- guy, jake, fellow, blade, goon, bounder; prick, slink, little fucker, lover-boy; gay-blade, right guy, hail fellow well met, good-time Charlie; lady-killer, ladies' man, personality kid, package of goodies, cock-master; drip, droop, sad-sack; satchel ass or cheese-ass (fat man); old fart; old puke, clod-hopper, Rube, hick, old gander; boob, nut, simp, dumb-bell, dumb-gong.

MARRIAGE -- a legalized and socially approved union between man and woman for the purpose of forming a family unit.

MASOCHISM -- a sexual perversion in which pleasure is derived from domination or even cruel treatment; psychologically, it solves a conflict situation and hence serves as a defense mechanism by combining sexual excitation with a much needed punishment for sex-guilt; a placation of God, of angry and accusing father, and of the Super Ego, and thus an achieving of forgiveness and acceptance, by the deliberate seeking of punishment or of penance; a self-effacement to escape wrath, hostility, or envy by being beneath notice; humility, lack of conceit; "sack-cloth and ashes"; a primitive and basic attitude in many religions.

MASTURBATE -- v, to abuse self sexually, jack off, pull pud, flip dick, etc.

MASTURBATION -- n, self-abuse, auto-eroticism, or the practice thereof; jacking off, pulling your pud, playing with your hound, rolling your marbles, rattling your bottles, shaking your thing, jerking your dingus (string, hose, rope, cord, etc.), reaching in your pocket, petting your dog, pounding your meat, or simply playing with yourself, etc.

MENOPAUSE -- change of life, climacteric, cessation of menses (monthlys, periods of a woman).

MENSTRUATION -- periodic discharge of the menses; monthlys, the period; the red river, the red flag, pussy in full bloom, also: wearing a rag, riding a white horse, having the red flag out, etc.

MIDDLE SEX (see Sissy, Feminist, Homosexual) the man whose self-concept (characteristics, personality structure, and ego identifications), or, in Freudian terminology, Ego, is more like that usual to a typical woman, and vice versa; an area where, mentally and emotionally, the two sexes become almost indistinguishable, consisting of men who would prefer to be women and of women who would prefer to be men; notably, the creative world of artists and writers.

MISCARRIAGE (see Abortion)

MISTRESS

- sweetheart; a "kept" woman, or a woman "lived with"; a woman living with a man, though unmarried, for purposes of sex, companionship, and financial support.

NUDISM (see Exhibitionism) theory and practice of nakedness and primitivism, or the cult thereof, aiming, ostensibly, at improvement in mental and physical health through a return to the conditions of the Garden of Eden; symbolically, an attempted return to that infancy, innocence, and dependency antedating the weaning period and the Oedipus situation (Garden of Eden fantasy), and the final ejection, or rejection, bringing about enforced facing of reality and assumption of responsibility; likely also a movement partially motivated by the infantile drives of the Voyeur and the Exhibitionist; in addition, a kind of physical confessional, satisfying the very human urge to stand before one's fellows frankly revealed, without subterfuge, and to achieve a longed-for closeness and communion with people and the outside world, such as might be highly gratifying to the lonely or shut-in type of personality; the kind of thing, too, perhaps, which takes place on an emotional and intellectual level during a psychoanalysis -- a complete disrobing and revealing of the repressed, hidden, unconscious self to that other person, who, in a sense, represents a judging and evaluating God, and, by indication, helps the disrobing person better to see and understand himself; and, lastly, even a perversion, if you will, of sexual expression in the direction of merely seeing and being seen, instead of having actual intercourse; a motivation, too, in some individual cases, might be downright lust and the hope for unusual opportunity to satisfy it without inhibition and to the full.

NYMPHOMANIA

- a morbid and insane sexual desire in women; an ego identification with sexual prowess, a highly egoistic satisfaction with the sexual act itself and with insatiability; a subconscious envy of the male penis, a castration fantasy, and a hunger to regain the lost penis, which combine to produce a yearning which can only be satisfied so long as a penis actually lies within the vagina; also, perhaps, a fantasy of triumph in conquest of the father figure, and hence of God, and the complete defeat of the rivaling mother, involving owning the father and devouring him, via the vagina, by sucking him dry of the precious fertile seminal fluid, the life-giving fluid -- hence, a type of vampirism, only with semen replacing the blood-fluid on which the conventional vampire feeds; in a sense, symbolically, the male becomes God bestowing his gifts, and the female, the earth (earth-mother), receiving the gratifying bounty of God, and being fertilized, rejuvenated, and renewed.

OEDIPUS COMPLEX

- a Freudian concept; named for a Greek myth, involving the rivalry of a male child with his father for the love of the mother, with the ensuing hate and jealousy between the two, and the castration wishes of each directed toward the other; the dir-

ect cause, too, of normal Super Ego formation, such as the incest barrier, the conscience, and the ego ideal, and, if exaggerated, of such abnormal and neurotic formations as the castration complex and paranoid projection; the basis for growing up, for abandoning infancy, and facing reality as an adult, with his own Eve (consider the final ejection, father rejection, in the Garden of Eden fantasy, which is itself wholly Oedipus in nature, with God being the at first benevolent father of the oral and anal periods and later the outraged, vengeful, and castrating father of the pubic period, and with the whole garden, in general, and the tree of life or of knowledge of good and evil, in particular, being but lush dream symbolism for the mother, because incest-guilt has made his direct image impossible and repressed, and with the forbidden fruit being the weaning, denying breast, later the pubic region, of the mother, and the serpent tempter of Eve the erotic and possessive penis of the prerogative-exercising father, and, lastly, the flaming sword of the expelling angel being the incest enraged sexuality of the father terminating the situation by final rejection), for only by establishing his own family can Adam avoid the wrath of the father, by abandoning his mother for his sister (sister-substitute), and thus, in his own little nest, replacing the father by assuming his role fully and completely.\*

#### ORGASM

-- sexual climax; ejaculation of semen; discharge; gun going off, shooting your wad (or your load, charge, cream, juice, etc.). Symbolically, the orgasm represents and resembles death, for it brings an end (and comes in the end!) and a culmination (as of life itself), even though it actually plants the seed of life; and since, in dream symbolism, a body lying in a coffin (or Christ in the tomb), may represent penetration of vagina by penis, the highly repressed religious fanatic seeking martyrdom may, in his subconscious, actually be combining wish for orgasm with need for punishment for that wish through death (because they tasted the fruit Adam and Eve brought death upon themselves). Flood and water fantasies (the deluge) growing out of anal, or urination, memories of infancy, and lush landscape fantasies (Garden of Eden) growing out of breast-sucking and maternal pubic-hair memories, are later associated with sexuality, and, in dream symbolism, are probably equivalents of the orgasm.

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\*Problems involving culture and social conformity grow out of the relationship between mother and child. They have their roots in the oral (sucking and weaning) and the anal (diaper and toilet-training) periods. Later personality is there laid down as a pattern for further development as maturation proceeds. Problems involving authority, however, and political order and regimentation in a State, grow out of the relationship between father and child, and, particularly, out of the Oedipus or Electra situation, brought to a head in the pubic period. The real culmination of Super Ego growth, begun earlier, takes place in the adolescent conflict between father and child. Attitudes toward sex, God, and religion also ripen. The mother figure in religion, however, precedes that of the father, for her sensual and rewarding figure is in the Garden before God.



- PANDER or PANDERER** -- pimp, arranger; procurer of sexual partners for others, usually with an eye to financial gains or other advantage; the male business partner of a prostitute.
- PARAMOUR (see Lover)** -- one who unlawfully takes the place of husband or wife; moll, mistress, lover, concubine, quasi-wife, common-law wife.
- PASSION** -- amorous feeling, desire, sexual appetite.
- PASSIONATE** -- horny, hot, worked up, sexually aroused (see Titillated).
- PEDERASTY (see Homosexuality)**
- PENIS** -- copulating or seed-planting organ of the male animal; prong, dong, baloney, prick, cock, pecker, pud, jock; club, knob, hose, pencil; old stiff, sprinkler, stud-horse, Indian root, Adam's whip, tally-whacker; drip, spigot, faucet, gun, rod, staff, joy-stick (or the name of almost any object, or dream symbol, which somewhat resembles in size, shape, or use).
- PERVERSION** -- any abnormal or unnatural form of sexual interest or activity: masturbation, auto-eroticism; bestiality; fetishism (totem pole); homosexuality -- pederasty, cunnilingus, Lesbianism, Sodomy; rape, sex criminality, kleptomania, pyromania; masochism, sadism, flagellation; exhibitionism (sexual, not infantile egoistic, aspect); nudism; nymphomania.
- PENIS ENVY (see Castration Complex, Feminist, Oedipus Complex)**
1. Of woman (toward father, brother, son, or toward men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, rage, resentment, and sense of loss and deprivation because he has what she so obviously lacks, a penis, and growing out of the childhood fantasy of having once had one and having been deprived of it villainously; also, the envy growing out of masculine strivings and a feeling of rivalry with men, because she would prefer being one herself and thus enjoying the freedoms, privileges, and advantages of being a man, including that, if she is a repressed homosexual, of having intercourse with women. (Such a woman may be expected to be either frigid or oversexed and perhaps even to destroy, or emotionally castrate, her husband and sons.)
  2. Of men (toward father, son, or men in general): the complex of emotions, involving envy, hostility, fear, and desire to castrate the rival, because of the latter's recognized or suspected sexual superiority, or ability to outrival, and, in the case of the son, particularly, the sense of having been cheated out of his just dues and of being inferior to his father in sexual capacity, because of the latter's much larger, more mature organs, and his greater skill in dealing with women; this envy may, furthermore, be aggravated by a feeling of castration threat from the other, and a need to avoid that threat by a belittling, depreciating, or denying of one's own penis, or sexuality, in order to avoid giving offense and become the object of hostile attack (or, in other words, castration of self to avoid castration at the hands of the other, performing, through the Super Ego, the interjection of the castrating father, of the latter's expected function, resulting in impotence).

PIMP (see Pander)

PLACENTA

POT

POTENCY

PREGNANT

PROFLIGATE

PROSTITUTE (see Harlot)

PYROMANIAC

- membrane surrounding, nourishing, and keeping the fetus bathed in fluid; the afterbirth.
- chamber, bed-pan, receptacle for urine or feces; piss-pot, shit-pot; can, throne, stool, thunder-mug
- sexual prowess, capacity; ability to fertilize the female and produce pregnancy; prolific.
- knocked up, carrying, heavy with child, fertilized.
- insensible to decency, dissipated, abandoned to vice or evil-doing.
- a "fire bug," or one with the insane propensity of setting fire to things; a sex pervert who gains his excitement or orgasm only at the moment of witnessing a building, which he himself has fired, in the grip of raging flames (dream symbolism for intercourse and the orgasm, just as is levitation, flood-waters, or the exhotic landscape!), and who is thus, in psychotic fashion, substituting the symbolism of fantasy for reality. (Similar processes are also present in kleptomania, illegal entry, Voyeurism, sex murder, and like perversions, where, at the moment of consummation of the crime, the individual experiences sexual excitement and sometimes even orgasm, which he is incapable of achieving in any other way. The typical sex murderer, like Jack the Ripper, for instance, probably can experience orgasm only by stabbing, slicing, and destroying the sex object with a knife, which, by symbolic processes and a transference of affect, has become a substitute for the penis making penetration, and which satisfies thereby a double motive, that of gratifying the sexual hunger and at the same time destroying the sexual object, surrogate of the hated mother.)

RAPE

RECTUM (see Anus)

REPRESSION

- v. to seize, overcome, overpower, force, assault sexually; or to take by violence, as a theft, what normally is given as an act of love.
- end of alimentary canal.
- a Freudian term for the mental process of forcing down into the unconscious, and out of awareness, any urge or impulse of animal nature (Id impulse), and thereby conforming to social standards by preventing the consummation of an anti-social act or criminal behavior. The Id (devil) is thought of as being, thus, in a state of constant warfare with the Super Ego (God), and the Ego (enlightened man) exercises free-agency in the choice between good and evil. The modern revolt of institutionalized convicts, epitomizing Id impulses repressed into the unconscious, attempting to break through the barriers, or limen, but nevertheless held incarcerated by authority of the police and the courts, the Super Ego, represents but an objectifying, in Society at large, of these forces in the human mind.
- rake, rotter; one lost to sense of decency, abandoned to depravity.
- the process of reverting in behavior and emotional responses to a level in development antedating the obstacles which initiated the neurosis.

REPROBATE

REGRESSION

- SADISM** -- a sexual perversion in which gratification is derived from inflicting pain on the love-object, either physical or mental; thought to be based in the infant hostility of the anal period, when, through his fecal attacks, he combines his expressions of love and hate.
- SCAPE-GOAT** -- fall-guy, victim; that person, in a group, who affords peace among otherwise hostile elements, by becoming an object of attack and thus focalizing the undirected hostility and discharging it; also, the out-group, in society, as against the in-group.
- SEDUCE** -- to make, to lead astray, to entice into surrendering the chastity.
- SELF-ABUSE** (see Masturbation)
- SEMEN** -- the impregnating male fluid; cream, juice, sap, load, charge, jisse; powder (in bag), lead (in gun) or ammunition, also lead (in pencil).
- SEX-APPEAL** -- "oomph," "it," voluptuousness, ability to arouse desire in the opposite sex.
- SEX CRIME** (see Sadism) rape, sex murder, homosexuality, perversion.
- SEX WAR** (see Feminist, Sissy, Vampire, Werewolf).
- SHOPLIFTING** (see Perversion, Pyromaniac)
- SIN** (see Crime, Vice) a wrong committed against God or the tenets of religion.
- SISSY** -- effeminate man, "queer," woman-hater; tea-hound, cake-eater, lounge lizard; psychologically, a man with repressed masculinity, self-castrated, psychologically, to placate the hostility of the jealous father and the penis envy of the man-hating mother; also a man who, because of over-identification with women and absence of contact with men, has grown up with thoughts, emotions, attitudes, and behavior patterns resembling those of a woman, and has never been able to let go of his mother's apron strings and his emotional dependence on her.
- SODOMY** (see Perversion, Homosexuality)
- SPANISH FLY** -- a sexual excitant, the powdered body of a beetle, sometimes criminally used by men to break down the resistance of virtuous women to seduction.
- SPHINCTER CONTROL** -- ability to retain excrement, urine and feces, and hence conform to social standards of decency and cleanliness; established in infancy through toilet training, often at the cost of great conflict between mother and child.
- STEER** -- castrated bull.
- SYPHILIS** (see Venereal Disease)
- TESTICLES** -- male gonads; bolls, eggs, stones, nuts, bollicks, oysters (mountain oysters: sheep nuts eaten by shepherders).
- TITILLATE** -- to excite pleasurably, to arouse sexually.
- TOILET** -- privy, can, backhouse, outhouse; shithouse; pissery, urinal, lavatory, dispensary (beer dispensary); latrine, slit-trench (army).
- TOILET TRAINING** (see Sphincter Control) the process, or the fact, of housebreaking an infant, the basis for anal period neurosis (which see).
- TRIAL MARRIAGE** -- cohabitation on a temporary basis, pending the decision of the participants as to whether they are, or are not, sufficiently satisfied with each other to make it permanent, sanctifying it with marriage.

UMBILICAL CORD	-- the rope-like structure connecting the fetus with the placenta.
URINATE	-- void or pass urine; piss, make water, pass water, spring a leak, drain your tank, squeeze your lemon, shake your sprinkler, water your stud-horse, pick daisies (or flowers).
URINE	-- fluid secreted by the kidneys; piss, water, kidney wash.
VAGINA	-- female sex organ, receptacle for the penis; cunt; twat, twitch, twidget, snatch, thatch; hole, crack, slough, split, pussy, mound; hair poultice, "ball of yarn," "ring dang doo." (These names, instead of following lines of resemblance, seem to lean toward an unusual and suggestive sound.)
VAMPIRE	-- one who preys on persons of the opposite sex; a ghostly blood-sucking creature; a man-hating, cannibalistic woman, who castrates men psychically, by destroying their confidence in themselves; a ruthless gold-digger preying on the affections of men to enrich herself.
VENEREAL DISEASE	-- 1. Gonorrhea: dose, clapp, blue balls. 2. Syphilis: syph, pox, "shankers". 3. Also: lukorrhea (whites), chordee (an erection cramp), Chinese rot, etc.
VICE (see Crime, Sin)	an act committed against and to the detriment of the self, such as masturbation (self-abuse) or the use of narcotics, alcohol, or barbituates.
VIRGIN	-- a woman undefiled, unused, and still a maiden (usually possessing her maiden-head).
VOYEUR	-- one who obtains gratification from seeing sexual objects, acts, or scenes; a peeping-Tom.
VOMIT	-- throw up, puke, retch, spew, gag, belch forth; emesis, puke, regurgiation.
VULGAR	-- coarse and common, nasty, dirty-tongued, obscene in speech.
WANTON	-- unrestrained, running to excess; lewd, lascivious, lustful; horny, hot, loose, adulterous, on the make.
WEREWOLF	-- a person who, at will, changes into a wolf in order to practice cannibalism; a man who is a woman-hater; one who, fixated at the oral level (with the breast-eating fantasy), continued in an infantile dependency on the mother, mixed with helplessness and hate.
WETHER	-- castrated sheep.
WHITE SLAVERY	-- enforced prostitution.
WICKEDNESS	-- sinfulness, moral depravity.
WIFE (see Woman)	-- frau, missus, old woman, ball and chain, etc.
WOMAN	-- broad, bag, dame, package, skirt, petticoat; gal, miss, missie, girl, maiden; moll, jane, frill, frail, damsel; bunny, quail, doll, slick-chick; baby, chicken, cunt, pussy, split-tail, cock-teaser, pecker-bait, whistle-bait, jail-bait, love-flesh, moose-meat; cat, witch, hag, bitch, she-devil, shrew, termagent, battle-axe, battle-wagon.
WOLF	-- a man whose ego feeds on his conquests over women.

**PART TWO**

**TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE**

TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VULGAR FOLKLORE

From the  
Collection  
of

Gershon Legman  
858 Hornaday Place  
New York 60, N.Y.

Gershon Legman, by his own account, is Hungarian. He is 36, and describes himself, perhaps exaggeratedly, as "notably awful looking." He has been interested in the collecting of vulgar folklore since around 1936. He has published, among other things, a book titled LOVE AND DEATH (A Study in Censorship), 1949, and a magazine, NEUROTICA, 1950-52, banned by the courts as obscene since the ninth issue. Legman hopes to fight on against prejudice and opposition until he can publish his articles, if not his full collection, without fear of persecution by the "blue laws."

Typed by

Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
November 28, 1952

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MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!  
(Tune: "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean")

My father sells snow to the snowbirds;  
My mother makes synthetic gin;  
My sister makes love for a living;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a young missionary;  
He saves little girlies from sin;  
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My uncle's an artist and painter;  
He turns out a beautiful fin;  
He sells them ten cents on a dollar;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt is a boarding-house keeper;  
She takes little working girls in;  
They put a red light in the window;  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt runs a girl's seminary,  
To give girls a cultural in;  
Her callers address her as "Madam;"  
My God, how the money rolls in!

I tried selling snow to the snowbirds;  
I tried making synthetic gin;  
I tried making love for a living --  
My God, what a mess I am in!

A LETTER:

Was it you who, with your penis,  
Screwed my darling daughter, Venus,  
Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you who did the pushing,  
Who put stains upon the cushion?  
If it was, you'd better leave this town!

It was I who did the pushing,  
Who put stains upon the cushion,  
Who put footprints on the dashboard upside down!

Ever since I met your daughter,  
I've had trouble passing water,  
Gee, I wish I'd never seen this town.

Ever since I laid your Venus,  
I've had pimples on my penis,  
And now it's slowly turning brown!



## SNAPOO!

Oh, madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine!

Snapoo!

Oh, madam; oh, madam; your daughter's too fine

To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Chorus:

Tap o tap pater and van de go tater

And shaker snap peter snapoo!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; I'm not too fine

To sleep with a sailor from over the Rhine!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's teasing me!

He's tickling the hole I use to pee!

Oh, mother; oh, mother; he's on me yet,

And if he don't stop, I will certainly shit!

Eight months rolled by and the ninth did pass,

And a little Dutch soldier marched out of her ass!

The little Dutch soldier grew and grew,

And now he's chasing the chippies too!

## NO MORE A-ROVIN'

And then I touched her on the knee!

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the knee;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather free!"

Chorus:

A-rovin, a-rovin, since rovin's been my ru-eye-in,

I'll go no more a-rovin with you fair maid!

And then I touched her on the thigh!

Mark well what I do say!

And then I touched her on the thigh;

Says she: "Young man, you're rather high!"

And then I touched her on the thatch!

Says she: "Young man, that's my main hatch!"

And then I slipped it to the blocks!

Says she: "Young man, I've got the pox!"

## THE BUGLE CALL!

Ass hole, ass hole, a soldier I would be,

And piss, and piss, and pistols on my knee;

Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,

To fight for cunt, for cunt, for countrie!

## THE WHOREY CREW

There were three whores in Canada  
Sipping sherry wine;  
The object of the conversation was,  
"Is yours as big as mine?"

Oh, roly-poly, tickle my holey,  
Slin in my slimy slew,  
And drag your nuts across my cuts,  
For we're part of the whorey crew!

Oh, the first whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the sea,  
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,  
And never bother me."

The second whore got up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the air,  
The planes fly in, the planes fly out,  
And never touch the hair."

The third whore spoke up and said,  
"My cunt's as big as the moon;  
Three men went up in January,  
And didn't come back 'till June."

## THE MAID THAT WAS NOT SATISFIED (The Great Wheel)

A man told me just before he died --  
I'll never know if the bastard lied --  
About his wife who cried and cried  
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a fucking great wheel,  
Driven by steam, with a prick of steel,  
Two brass balls all filled with cream,  
And the whole friggin' riggin' was driven by steam.

Round and round went the fucking great wheel;  
In and out went the prick of steel;  
Till at last the maiden cried:  
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit:  
There was no way of stopping it;  
She was split from ass to tit;  
And the whole friggin' riggin was covered with shit!

## LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,  
A cunning little runt,  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little cunt.

Mary had a little lamb --  
It fed upon the grass --  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It showed its little ass.

Mary had a little lamb --  
Its fleece was white as snow --  
And every where that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to the barn one day;  
For eggs she was to hunt;  
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes  
And got a whiff of cunt.

Now, Mary was a naughty girl  
And didn't give a damn;  
She let him have another whiff,  
And killed the God damned lamb!

Mary had a little watch;  
She swallowed it one day;  
And now she's taking cascareds  
To pass the time away.

But as the time went on and on,  
The watch refused to pass;  
So if you want to know the time,  
Just look up Mary's ass!

## I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store;  
I worked in the candy department.  
I did, but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some candy;  
I asked, "What kind?" at the door.  
"Sucker," she said. Suck her I did.  
I did, but I don't any more!

2. Hat department -- hat -- felt.

3. Cake department -- cake -- layer.

4. Hardware department -- hardware --  
screw.

## ONE NIGHT IN MAY

One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping;  
One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping,  
Along came a corporal on his hands and knees a-creeping,  
With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
One month went by, and Mary was in clover;  
She wished that the corporal would come and do it over,  
With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping;  
She wished that the corporal had never come a-creeping,  
With his funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger;  
The neighbors all wondered just who the hell had frigged her,  
With his funny dingle-dongle way down to his knees!

Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder;  
And out jumped a corporal with a regimental number,  
And a funny dingle-dangle way down to his knees!

## GOODMAN

Now, I came home the other night  
As drunk as I could be;  
I saw a hat upon the rack  
Where my hat ought to be.

I asked my wife, my darling wife,  
"Whose hat is that I see?  
Whose hat is that upon the rack  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you drunken fool,  
Any son-of-a-bitch can see  
It's nothing but a pisspot  
That you have given to me!"

Now, I have traveled round this world  
Some forty years or more,  
But a pisspot with a sweatband  
I've never seen before!

2. Pants --- chair  
Curtain-sash --- pecker-tracks

3. Pole --- hole  
Rolling-pin --- circumcised

## RING DANG DOO

I went to town, and on the street  
I met a girl so very sweet;  
She said, "Hello!" I said, "How do!  
Will you let me play with your Ring Dang Doo?"

"A Ring Dang Doo, pray what is that?"  
"It's soft and sweet like a pussy cat,  
Covered with hair and cracked in two:  
That's what is called a Ring Dang Doo!"

She took me down her old man's cellar,  
Said I was a darned nice feller;  
She fed me wine and whiskey too  
And let me play with her Ring Dang Doo.

She laid me in her pappy's bed,  
Put two pillows beneath my head,  
Took my Johnny in her hand,  
And shoved it up her Promised Land.

"Naughty girl!" her mother said,  
"For letting him crack your maidenhead!  
Pack up your trunk and suitcase too,  
And go to hell with your Ring Dang Doo!"

The men they came, the men they went;  
The price went down to fifty cents;  
From sweet sixteen to sixty-two  
She let them play with her Ring Dang Doo!

## NO BALLS AT ALL!

Oh, come, all ye laddies and listen to me,  
And I'll tell you a tale that will fill you with glee  
Of a pretty young maiden so fair and so tall  
Who married a man with no balls at all!

No balls at all; no balls at all;  
She married a man who had no balls at all!

The night of the wedding she crept into bed  
(Her cheeks were so rosy, her ass was so red!);  
She reached for his penis, his penis was small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

"Oh, mother, oh, mother, oh what shall I do?  
I've married a man who's unable to screw.  
My troubles are many, my pleasures are small,  
For I've married a man who has no balls at all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, do not be so sad:  
The same thing happened to your dear old dad.  
There's always an iceman awaiting the call  
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!"

This daring young daughter took mother's advice  
And laid with the man that delivers the ice;  
A bouncing tough bastard was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

Nine months have elapsed since that memorable night;  
The boy that was born was a terrible sight;  
His head was too large, and his body too small,  
But the worst thing of all -- he had no balls at all!

#### EVEN AS YOU AND I

A fool there was, and he met a belle,  
Even as you and I!  
He took her to a swell hotel,  
Even as you and I!  
He thought himself a smart young gink  
As he wrote, "And Wife," with his pen and ink  
(And gave the desk clerk a nudge and wink)  
Even as you and I!!

He called her "Dear" and she called him "Pet":  
He smiled as he thought what he was to get;  
The Jane was Frisco's most beautiful belle,  
And Julius was set to give Jane hell,  
But when you're past fifty you never can tell!

They went up the hallway and into the room,  
Trying to look like a bride and groom;  
He gazed on her beautiful form divine,  
He put out the light and pulled down the blind,  
And thought he was in for a wonderful time!

She took off her waist and showed her white breast;  
He stripped right down to the hair on his chest;  
He jumped into bed with a yearning desire,  
His body was feverish, his brain was on fire,  
And then he discovered he had a flat tire!  
Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy! Oy, yoy!

The fool sat down, and he made a prayer,  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;  
For once in his life he prayed on the square;  
But the beautiful Jane gave up in despair,  
She called in a bellhop and gave Julius the air!  
This is between you and I!

## IN DERBY TOWN

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
The streets are made of glass;  
And every time you take a step,  
You fall right on your ass.

Inky-dinky bob-o-linky,  
Never tell a lie,  
Come to Darby Town  
And say the same as I!!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A teacher was teaching a class,  
And every time she'd turn her back  
They'd kick her in the ass.

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
There were two men who were rich;  
One was the son of a millionaire,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town,  
A lady was climbing a pole,  
And every time a man walked by  
He'd look right up her hole!

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
Two men were digging a ditch;  
One of them said to the other one,  
"You're a dirty son-of-a-bitch!"

In Derby Town, in Derby Town  
A man was driving a truck,  
And every time a girl walked by  
He'd ask her for a fuck!

## THE GAY CABALLERO

I once was a gay caballero  
Coming from Rio Janeiro,  
Bringing with me my lachambolees  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I met a gay senorita,  
An exceedingly gay senorita,  
I asked her to see my lachambolees  
And both of my lachamboleros.

She said she hadn't oughter,  
For she was a minister's daughter,  
But she wanted to see my lachambolees  
And both of my lachamboleros!

I laid her on the sofita,  
An exceedingly soft sofita,  
And inserted the tip of my lachambolees  
And both of my lachamboleros.

That son-of-a-bitch senorita,  
She gave me a case of clapita,  
Right on the tip of my lachamboleee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I went to see my medico,  
An exceedingly wise medico,  
He cut of the tip of my lachamboleee  
And both of my lachamboleros.

I now am a sad caballero  
Returning to Rio Janeiro,  
Without the tip of my lachamboleee  
And both of my lachamboleros!

### THE PIONEERS

The pioneers have hairy ears;  
They piss through leather britches;  
They wipe their ass on broken glass,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear  
(They knife him if he snitches);  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass  
From fairies or from witches;  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse  
And beat him if he twitches;  
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool  
He's beat with hickory switches;  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugging sheep  
In sundry bogs and ditches;  
Nor give a damn if he be a ram --  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,  
They take a shot of Fitches';  
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!



## RED WING

There once was an Indian Maid  
Who was very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would slip it up her slough  
As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Now she had an idea grand:  
She filled her slit with sand,  
So no buckaroo  
Would slip it up her slough  
As she lay sleeping in the shade.

Oh the moon shines down on pretty Redwing,  
As she lies sleeping,  
There comes a-creeeping,  
A pair of cowboy eyes a sneaking  
In search of the promised land.

Now this buckaroo was wise,  
He crept between her thighs,  
And with a gum-boot  
On the end of his root  
He started for the promised land.

Little Redwing came to life  
And drew her bowie knife;  
With one pass  
She cut his balls from his ass,  
And his sporting days were o'er.

Oh the sun shines down on pretty Redwing,  
As she lies snoring,  
There hangs a warning,  
A pair of cowboy rocks adorning  
The flap of her wigwam door.

## ONE BALL RILEY

As I was sittin' in O'Riley's bar  
Listenin' tales of blood and slaughter,  
Came a thought into my head,  
"Gonna go shag O'Riley's daughter."

Tiddle-i-ee, tiddle-i-ay,  
Give three cheers for the One Ball Riley!  
Rub-a-dub-dub, balls and all,  
Rig-aig-aig, shag on!

First I threw her on the floor;  
Then I threw my left leg over;  
Shagged and shagged till she yelled for more,  
Shagged until the fun was over.

Came a knocking at her door;  
Who should it be but her God-damned father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hands,  
Lookin' for the guy what shagged his daughter.

First I grabbed him by the neck,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water,  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
Farther than I shagged his daughter.

When I go walking down the street,  
The people stand on every corner:  
"There's that God-damned son-of-a-bitch,  
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter!"

### CONSERVE THE AMMUNITION

Save your ammunition, boys, don't waste a single shot,  
For some day you may need a little, just as like as not;  
Don't be a fool and blaze away at everything you see;  
Select the best, pass up the rest, and, take a tip from me,  
The game is fine and plentiful, the supply exceeds the demand,  
So use a little judgment -- keep a fair supply on hand;  
For when you run out of lead you might just as well be dead,  
And what good's the inclination when it's only in your head?  
I'm told each man starts out with three thousand rounds, about,  
And that he can neither borrow, beg, nor steal when he runs out;  
So it's up to you, old Top, and you'll find it out at last,  
That the mill can never grind with water that is passed;  
So conserve your ammunition while you are young and strong;  
Remember you are ageing, getting pretty well along,  
And should you meet a worthy foe, that foe would jeer and scoff  
If twere found you had an old gun that you couldn't fire off;  
I find when men grow old, with ammunition meagre,  
They lose enthusiasm, and are never quite so eager  
As when young and full of vigor, and it's tough to hear them say,  
"Had a good supply of lead, I did, but I shot it all away!"

Don't boast of what you used to do, way back long years ago,  
For that makes people tired, and what they want to know  
Is -- can you turn the trick today? If not, you're in the ranks  
With those who do no damage and fire only harmless blanks.

The successful athlete depends upon his strength and skill;  
The pugilist must have a punch that he can land at will;  
'Tis so in every walk of life. If you don't possess the stuff,  
You'll have to take a gambler's chance of winning out through  
bluff

To be entirely out of lead, you might as well be down in hades;  
You can fool a bunch of men, but you cannot fool the ladies,  
Who are keen and quite observing -- 'tis instinct makes them so --  
They're cool, calculating Missourians, whom you have got to show!

## ANOTHER PIECE

Now, Bill, she said, No more tonight,  
For three you've had already;  
She was indeed quite liberal,  
But then he was her steady.

But, Bill replied with great emotion,  
Can't you see, dear, that I crave it?  
And furthermore just what's the use  
Of endeavoring to save it?

Learn to control yourself, she said,  
For soon we will be married;  
Accomplish this, and we'll be happy.  
This was how she parried.

But it's ripe, my angel girl,  
And it will not last forever.  
She just smiled and taunted, laughing,  
Don't you think you're awfully clever?

Oh, dear, he said, just one more piece;  
I'll soon have it stripped, my dear;  
One more will not hurt, my darling;  
Banish your unfounded fear.

Well, she said, Here, you can have it;  
But you must strip it by yourself.  
He slowly stripped the herbacious fruit  
And ate the whole banana himself.

## A SEVENTY YEAR OLD FOLLOWER

An old sport lounged in a grandstand chair,  
Shit in his whiskers and hay in his hair,  
And his voice rang hoarse in the salty air:  
"He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"

Just wait till you see them turn him loose;  
He'll go through that field like shit through a goose;  
He'll do it as easy as ace takes a deuce -- etc.

His breeding is right; he can't run slow;  
He's out of Black Bitch, by Bollicky Joe;  
That bunch of crowbait won't even show -- etc.

I ain't got no money, but if I was rich,  
I'd go dead broke on that son-of-a-bitch;  
When he gets a-going he'll make 'em all itch -- etc.

The barrier's up, he got the worst kind of start;  
It don't make no difference -- he don't give a fart;  
The suckers are yellow -- he's game; what a heart -- etc.

From the nineteenth position way out in the grass,  
Where the weeds are so tall they tickle his ass,  
He's nosed into fourth place past Scotch Highland Lass -- etc.

They've swung down the stretch and the bastard is third;  
He's worked up to second -- he's slipped on a turd;  
He's down in the ditch, sweet son-of-a-bitch!  
He He wasn't in it, b'Jesus!

## LULU

Now, Lulu had a baby;  
She called him Sunny Jim;  
She put him in a pisspot  
To teach him how to swim.

He swam to the bottom;  
He swam to the top;  
Lulu got excited  
And grabbed him by the cock.

Now, bang away at Lulu;  
Bang it good and strong;  
What'll we do for banging  
When banging Lulu's gone?

I wish I were a diamond  
Upon fair Lulu's hand,  
And every time she'd wipe her ass  
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were a necklace  
Upon fair Lulu's breast,  
And every time she heaved a sigh  
I'd see the old crow's nest.

### 2.

I wish I was a diamond -  
Upon my Lulu's hand,  
And every time she wiped her ass,  
I'd see the promised land.

Bang away, my Lulu;  
Bang away good and strong;  
Oh, what will we do for a damned good screw  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

I wish I was a pee-pot  
Beneath my Lulu's bed;  
For every time she took a piss  
I'd see her maidenhead.

My Lulu had a baby;  
She named it Sunny Jim;  
She dropped it in the pisspot  
To see if it could swim.

First it went to the bottom,  
And then it came to the top;  
When my Lulu got excited  
And grabbed it by the cock.

I wish I was the candle  
Within my Lulu's room;  
And every night at nine o'clock  
I'd penetrate her womb.

My Lulu's tall and sprightly;  
My Lulu's tall and thin;  
I caught her by the railroad track,  
Jacking off with a coupling pin.

I took her to the Poodle Dog,  
Up on the seventh floor;  
And there I gave her seventeen raps,  
And still she called for more.

My Lulu was arrested;  
Ten dollars was the fine;  
She said to the judge:  
"Take it out of this ass of mine!"

3.

Now, Lulu was a pretty gal;  
Her eyes were snakeshit brown;  
Her cheeks were like a billygoat's ass;  
Her tits were big and round.

Bang my Lulu,  
Bang her good and strong;  
Who the hell am i gonna bang  
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Now, Lulu had a little boy,  
She called him Sunny Jim,  
She put him in a pisspot  
Just to see the bastard swim.

I wish I were a cake of soap  
Right in my Lulu's tub,  
And every time she took a bath  
Just think what I would rub!

I wish I were a little flea  
Right in my Lulu's thigh,  
And every time she spread her legs  
I'd bang her to the sky!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS  
(The Servant Maid's Lament!)

When I was but a serving girl  
Way down in New Orleans,  
I had a mysterious happening  
That brought me to my shame.

I met up with a sailor  
Who'd just come back from sea,  
And that was the beginning  
Of all my misery.

He asked me for a candle  
To light his way to bed;  
He asked me for a handkerchief  
To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,  
Not thinking it no harm,  
I jumped into that sailor's bed  
To keep him nice and warm.

He put his arm around me  
And kissed me there in bed;  
Then with his nine-inch Johnson bar,  
He broke my maidenhead.

Early in the morning,  
When that sailor boy awoke,  
He reached into his pocket  
And handed me a note.

"You take this, my darling,  
For the wrong that I have done;  
For in nine months you're going  
To have a daughter or a son!

"And if it is a little girl  
Just rock her on your knee;  
But if it is a little boy,  
Why, send him out to sea,

"With his bell-bottom trousers,  
And his jumpers made of blue,  
And let him climb the masthead  
Like his daddy used to do!"

Now, all you pretty maidens,  
A warning take from me:  
Never let a sailor put  
His hand above your knee.

For I did it once,  
And you can plainly see,  
He went away and left me  
With a baby on my knee!

2.

Oh, I was but a serving maid,  
 I lived in Drury Lane.  
 My master he was kind to me,  
 My mistress was the same.  
 Oh, along came a sailor lad  
 With heart so bold and free,  
 And he caused all the trouble  
 That ever came to me!

Wearing bell-bottom trousers  
And coat of navy blue,  
He'll climb up the rigging  
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle  
 To light him to his bed;  
 He asked me for a kerchief  
 To wrap around his head.  
 Oh, I was but a foolish maid,  
 And thinking it no harm,  
 I hopped into that sailor's bed  
 To keep the sailor warm!

Oh, early in the morning,  
 He was gone when I awoke;  
 A letter on the mantel  
 With a soggy five-pound note:  
 "Oh, this will help to pay for  
 The mischief I have done,  
 For you may have a daughter,  
 And you may have a son."

"If you have a daughter,  
 You may bounce her on your knee;  
 But if you have a son,  
 Send the bastard off to sea!"

3.

(As above except:)

Early in the morning,  
 At the break of day,  
 He handed me a fiver,  
 And he was on his way.  
 His hand had wandered idly,  
 In the course of which,  
 His finger crushed my glory --  
 The lousy son-of-a-bitch!

He said, "If you have a little girl,  
 Bounce her on your knee,  
 And when the bitch is seventeen,  
 Send her here to me.  
 And if you have a little boy,  
 Bounce him on your knee,  
 And when he is seventeen,  
 Send the bastard out to sea!"

The Rifleman

'Twas at a ball I met her,  
I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a rifleman  
By the way I wore my pants.

My shoes were neatly polished,  
My hair was neatly combed.  
And after the ball was over,  
I asked to take her home.

'Twas in her father's hallway  
That she was led astray.  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she first got her lay.

I promised her silks and satins,  
I promised her diamond rings.  
I promised her a golden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She never got silks or satins,  
She never got diamond rings.  
All she got was a wooden cradle  
To rock her bastard in.

Oh girls, oh girls, take warning,  
And listen to my plea.  
Don't ever trust a rifleman  
An inch above your knee.

He'll love you and caress you,  
And say that he'll be true.  
But when your cherry's busted,  
He'll say to hell with you!



## THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures;  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

She was just a parson's daughter,  
Pure, unstained was her fame,  
Till a country squire came courting,  
And the poor girl lost her name.

So she went away to London,  
Just to hide her guilty shame;  
There she met an army chaplain,  
Once again she lost her name.

Hear him as he jaws his tommies,  
Warning of Hell's bright flame;  
With all her heart she had trusted,  
But still she lost her name.

Now, he's in his riding britches,  
Hunting foxes in the chase,  
While the victim of his folly  
Makes her living in disgrace.

So she settled down in London,  
Sinking deeper in her shame;  
Then she met a labor leader --  
Once again she lost her name.

Now, he's in the House of Commons,  
Making laws and gaining fame,  
While the victim of his pleasures  
Walks the street each night in shame.

Then there came a bloated bishop,  
Marriage was the tale he told;  
There was no one else to take her,  
So she sold her soul for gold.

See her in her horse and carriage  
Riding daily through the park;  
Though she's made a wealthy marriage,  
Still she hides a breaking heart.

In a cottage down in Sussex  
Live her parents old and lame,  
And they drink the wine she sends them,  
But they never speak her name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame,  
While the rich have all the pleasures,  
Now, ain't that a blinking shame?

## POOR BUT HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,  
Victim of the squire's whim:  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,  
For to hide her grief and shame;  
There she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,  
In the park and all so gay;  
All the nibs and nobby persons  
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village  
Where her aged parents live,  
Drinking the champagne she sends them;  
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,  
Like a bird with broken wing:  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined,  
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his passions  
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She says: "Farewell, blighted love."  
There's a scream, a splash -- Good Heavens!  
What is she a-doing of?

Then they drag her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrang,  
For they thought that she was drowned;  
But the corpse got up and sang:

"It's the same the whole world over;  
It's the poor that gets the blame,  
It's the rich that gets the pleasure:  
Isn't it a blooming shame?"

SHE CAME ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

In the hills of West Virginny  
Lived a gal named Nancy Brown;  
She was the fairest maiden  
In city or in town.

One day there came a deacon,  
A-seekin for a thrill;  
He took our little Nancy Brown  
Away up in the hills!

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
rollin' down the mountain,  
rollin' down the mountain mighty wise;  
For she didn't give the deacon  
The thrill that he was seekin';  
She's as pure as West Virginia's bluest skies!

Then there came a western cowboy  
With all his chaps and frills;  
He also took our Nancy Brown  
A-way up in the hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb;  
For in spite of all his urgin'  
She still remained a virgin;  
She's as pure as West Virginia's home-smoked ham!

Then there came a city slicker  
With his hundred dollar bills;  
And he took our little Nancy Brown  
Away up in the hills.

Oh, she stayed up in the mountains,  
She stayed up in the mountains,  
She stayed up in the mountains all that night;  
She came down next mornin' early,  
More a woman than a girlie,  
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight!

Now she's livin' in the city,  
Livin' in the city,  
Livin' in the city mighty swell;  
For she's through with cookin' vittles  
And with washin' pots and kettles,  
And the West Virginia hills can go to hell!

LADY LIL  
(By: Eugene Field)

Lil was the best our camp produced,  
And of all the gents what Lilian goosed,  
None had such goosin', nor never will,  
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil.  
We had a bet in our town  
There warn't no geezer that could brown  
Lil to a finish, any style--  
And no bloke ever made the trial  
'Cept Short Pete, the halfbreed galoot,  
Who wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.  
His takin' it surprised us all,  
For Pete, he warn't so big nor tall,  
But when he yanked his tool out far  
And laid it out across the bar,  
We 'lowed our Lil had met her fate,  
But thar warn't no backin' out that late;  
And so we 'ranged to have the mill  
Behind the whorehouse on the hill,  
Where all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that halfbreed brown his meat.  
Lil's start was like a gentle breeze  
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees,  
But when het up, she screwed for keeps  
And laid her victims out in heaps.  
She tried her twists and double biffs  
And all such maneuvers known to quiffs,  
But Pete war thar with every tack  
And kept a-lettin' out more jack.  
It made us cocksmen fairly sick,  
To see that halfbreed shove his prick.  
She gave Short Pete a lively mill  
And wore the grass half off the hill,  
Till finally she missed her shot,  
And Short Pete had her on the pot;  
But she died game, just let me tell,  
And had her boots on when she fell.  
So what the hell, Bill, what the hell!

Lil, Poor Lil

She was the best our camp produced,  
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil  
Ain't had no goose or never will,  
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town  
That no one could screw her and clamp her down.  
For when Lil screwed, she screwed for keeps,  
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,  
Down from the land where the winters meet.  
When he laid his cock out on the bar,  
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

We all knew Lil had met her fate,  
But we couldn't back down that thar late.  
So it was arranged down by the mill  
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,  
Lil started out like an autumn breeze  
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

She tried the twist and double bunt  
And all the tricks what's known to cunt.  
But Pete was with her every lick  
And just kept reeling out more brick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop  
For Pete had nailed her on the spot.  
Her clothes were tattered and torn to shreds  
And scattered all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around  
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground;  
But she died game, I'm here to tell,  
Died with her boots on where she fell!  
So what the hell, boys, what the hell!

### Her Name Was Lil

Oh, her name was Lil, and she was a beauty.  
She lived in a house of ill repute.  
The men all came from far to see  
Lilian in her deshabelle.  
Oho, Lily in her deshabelle!

She was comely, she was fair,  
She had lovely yellow hair.  
But she drank too much of the demon rum,  
And she smoked hashish and opium.  
Oho, she smoked hashish and opium!

Now day by day her cheeks grew thinner  
Because of the lack of protein in her.  
She grew two hollows in her chest  
Till she had to go around completely dressed.  
Oho, she had to go around completely dressed!

She went to see the house physician  
To prescribe for her condition.  
"You have got," the doctor say,  
"Per-nish-i-us anem-i-a."  
Oho, per-nish-i-us anem-i-a!"

She took treatments in the sun,  
She even tried Scott's emul-si-on.  
Three times daily she took yeast,  
But still her clientele decreased.  
Oho, still her clientele decreased!

Now it may be said of her cli-en-tally,  
That it rested mainly on her belly.  
And when she covered her belly with cloth,  
Her clientele grew exceedingly wroth.  
Oho, her clientele grew exceedingly wroth!

Now clothes may make a girl go far,  
But they have no place on a fille de joie;  
And Lily's troubles they began  
When she concealed her abdomen.  
Oho, when she concealed her abdomen!

As she lay there in her dishonor  
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.  
She said, "Oh, Lord, I do repent,  
But that's gonna cost you thirty-five cent.  
Oho, that's gonna cost you thrity-five cent!"

### LYDIA PINKHAM

Have you ever heard of Lydia Pinkham  
And her compound so refined,  
It turned pricks to flowering fountains  
And made cunts grow on behind?

Then, we'll sing, we'll sing,  
We'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Savior of the human race,  
How she makes, she bottles,  
She sells her vegetable compound,  
And the papers publish her face!

Widow Brown she had no children  
Though she loved them very dear,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now she has them twice a year!

Willie Smith had peritonitis,  
And he couldn't piss at all,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now he's a human water-fall!

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys;  
Poor old lady couldn't pee;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they pipe her to the sea!

Geraldine she had no breastworks,  
And she couldn't fill her blouse;  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows!

Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled,  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now they hang all round his butt!

Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
And his pecker wouldn't peck,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
Some vegetable compound,  
And now it's as long as a gy-raffe's neck!

#### Lydia Pinkham's Compound

Oh, Mrs. Jones had a pregnant daughter,  
And oh, the pain was hard to bear.  
So she gave her a bottle of Compound,  
And she dropped her cargo right under the stair!

So we'll drink a drink a drink  
To Lydia Pinke Pinka Pink,  
The savior of the human race.  
She invented a legitinate compound,  
And now all the papers publish her face!

Oh, little Johnny, the little bastard,  
Through masturbation had lost his vim;  
So we gave him two bottles of Compound,  
And now the rabbits all envy him!

Oh, little Willy, the little fuck-up,  
Could pass no water -- oh, none at all.  
So we gave him three bottles of Compound,  
And now he clears a ten-foot wall.

#### THE LOVER'S ALPHABET

A for the Artful word he uses.  
B for the Blush as she gently refuses.  
C for the Creep of his hand up her legs.  
D for the "Don't" as she quietly begs.  
E for the Excitement when his hand gets higher.  
F for the Feeling of ticklish desire.  
G for the Gasp as her sweet spot he touches.  
H for her Helplessness fast in his clutches.  
I for the Itching which makes her feel hot.  
J for the Jumps as he touches her spot.  
K for the Kiss with which he rewards her.  
L for the Love he now has towards her.  
M for the Move they make into bed.  
N for the Neat way her legs are outspread.  
O for the Opening thereby revealed.  
P for the Pencil already peeled.  
Q for the Queer feeling she has when it's in.  
R for the Rapture even though it is sin.  
S for the Strokes which wax stronger and stronger.  
T for the Throbs which she wants to last longer.  
U for the Uction which comes with a rush.  
V for the Vim which attends a last push.  
W for the Wishes to do it again.  
X for the Ecstasy girls find in men.  
Y for the Yearning which comes from desire.  
Z for the Zeal which the pleasure inspires.

ANNE COOPER HEWITT

I'm only a sterilized heiress,  
A butt for the laughter of rubes,  
I'm comely and rich  
But a venomous bitch --  
My mother -- ran off with my tubes.

Oh, fie on you, mother, you dastard!  
Come back with my feminine toys.  
Restore my abdomen  
And make me a woman --  
I want to go out with the boys!

Imagine my stark consternation  
At feeling a surgeon's rude hands  
Exploring my person  
(Page Aimee McPherson)  
And then rudely snatching my glands.

Oh, fie on you, medical monsters!  
How could you so handle my charms?  
My bosom is sinking,  
My clitoris shrinking --  
I need a strong man in my arms!

The butler and second-man snub me,  
No more will they use my door key;  
The cook from Samoa  
Has spermatozoa --  
For others, but never for me.

Oh, fie on you, fickle men-servants!  
With your strong predilection to whore.  
Who cares for paternity?  
Forgive my infirmity --  
Can't a girl just be fun any more?

What ruling in court can repay me  
For losing my peas-in-the-pod?  
My joyous fecundity  
Turned to morbidity --  
Like Pickford, I'll have to try God.

Oh, fie on you, courthouse and rulings!  
I want my twin bubbles of jest.  
Take away my hot flashes  
And menopause rashes  
And let me feel weight on my chest!



## HOW I'VE SUFFERED

For forty years I've been buggared  
With all sorts of horrible pains;  
I've had every ailment, I reckon,  
From rupture to varicose veins.

Neuritis with me's quite a hobby,  
And I've bunions and corns on my feet,  
While I seem to breed stones in my bladder  
Like bloody great lumps of concrete.

I've spent a small fortune at chemists  
And lain monthly in hospital beds,  
But the stuff I have taken to shift me  
Has torn my poor arsehole to shreds!

I've a sciatic nerve that's a torture,  
And I'm told I've a valvular heart,  
While I strain like a bloody buck navvy  
Before I can squeeze out a fart!

The rheumatic gout in my fingers  
Has made them all sizes and shapes,  
Whilst the piles that I've got up my dirt-box,  
Just hang like a big bunch of grapes!

My digestion at times is quite stupid;  
If I have a square meal I feel sick;  
And I get an unpleasant sensation  
Like gnats gnawing holes in my prick!

uric acid, they say, is the trouble,  
And I don't mind telling you this:  
I've got to whistle The Last Rose of Summer  
To get my old doodle to piss.

And as far as a God damn erection,  
The idea is simply absurd;  
For my prick's like an undersized maggot  
And as soft as a young baby's tird.

Despite the advice I keep taking,  
There isn't a day I feel fit;  
And it takes half a pound of gunpowder  
Before I can possibly shit.

So you see, I spend hours in the crap-house,  
Or groaning and moaning in bed,  
And my pals simply mutter when passing,  
"Ain't it time the old bastard was dead?"

## THE STREET CLEANER'S DREAM

You can see me wid me little cart upon the street each day,  
Cleanin' after horses, for which Oi gets good pay;  
Oi likes to clean an' sweep an' dodge around the teams,  
But at night, whin Oi gits in me bed, Oi have such terrible dreams!

Oi sees horseshit on the ceilin' an' horseshit on the floor,  
Horseshit on the tate-a-tete an' horseshit by the door,  
Horseshit in the sugar-bowl, horseshit in the chair,  
Horseshit in me whiskers, an' horseshit every where!

The best friends sweepers have is the little English sparrer;  
Sure, they'd eat more horseshit in one day than could go in a wheelbarrer;  
But in spite of all the sparrers at, an' Oi cleans wid me broom,  
In me dreams there's loads of horseshit piled all around the room!

There's horseshit in the water-pail, an' horseshit in the sink,  
Horseshit in every bite I eat, an' every drop Oi drink;  
Horseshit on the pilly-shams an' horseshit in the bed;  
Sometimes Oi think there's nothin' but horseshit in me head!

Me woife says it's the noite-mare that makes me act so bad,  
For Oi tears up all the bed-clothes, an' screams an' yells like mad;  
This mornin' about half past thray, Oi nearly lost me head,  
For Oi thought the noite-mare'd been there an' shit all round me bed!

Oi saw horseshit on the dure-mat, an' horseshit in the hall,  
Horseshit in the kitchen stove an' horseshit on the wall,  
Horseshit in me poonkin pie an' on the windy-pane,  
An' the doctor told me woife that Oi have horseshit on the brain!

Now they're buildin' wagons to be run by steam, that never shits, begob,  
An' bye an' bye when they gets plinty, Oi suppose Oi'll lose me job,  
But all things happen for the best, and praps 'twill save me loife,  
Fer Oi'm crazy now from horseshit, and it's nearly kilt me woife!

## THE PATIENT WITH THE SILENT P

The staff of the hospital was getting quite vexed;  
The antics of a patient there had got them all perplexed;  
He'd had his operation now for pretty near a week,  
But hadn't shown an inclination yet to take a leak.

They filled him full of lemon juice and orange juice and tea,  
And yet he didn't seem to have the least desire to pee;  
They took him to the bathroom and turned the faucets on,  
'Cause running water's s'posed to bring the urine on.

The patient simply stood there like a person paralyzed;  
So they decided they would have to have him psycho-analyzed.  
They made him say the alphabet beginnin' A B C,  
But though he got to M N O, he couldn't get to P.

They tried to hypnotize him, and they got him in a trance,  
But the only thing that happened was a doctor wet his pants;  
They found that kindness, sympathy, and tact were no avail,  
And thought that sterner measures now might possibly prevail.

They raged and stormed and threatened him, each doctor getting madder,  
But the patient turned to each of them with unresponsive bladder;  
Then someone on the staff had a bright idee and said,  
"Suppose we try him with a glass of beer instead?"

The patient pricked his ears up and before he'd had a drop,  
He started urinating, and they couldn't make him stop;  
And that's the story, gentlemen, though it may sound rather queer,  
Of how a common fellow in a flash became a peer.

#### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

There's a homely old adage  
Among maidens forlorn,  
That the older the buck  
The stiffer the horn;  
But I've been around  
And I know, which is why  
I say it's a chestnut  
And all a damn lie.

From twenty to thirty,  
If a man lives right,  
It's once in the morning  
And twice every night;  
From thirty to forty,  
Without any warning,  
He misses a morning  
Or cuts out the night;  
From forty to fifty  
It's now and then;  
From fifty to sixty  
It's God knows when;  
From sixty on up,  
If he's still inclined. . .  
Don't let him kid you --  
It's all in his mind.

With women it's different;  
It's morning and night  
Regardless of whether  
They live wrong or right;  
Age makes no difference,  
They're always inclined:  
They have nothing to get ready,  
Except maybe their mind.

So after all  
Is said and done,  
A man of sixty has  
Finished his run;  
But a woman of sixty  
(And figures don't lie)  
Can take the old man  
Till her time comes to die.

SHOVE IT HOME  
(The Inches Song)

Main Speaker

Echoing Voice

I gave her inches one,  
Shove it home, shove it home;

(Inches one, inches one)

I gave her inches one,  
Shove it home;

(Inches one)

I gave her inches one:

She said, "Johnny, ain't it fun!"  
Put your belly close to mine  
And shove it home!"

So I gave her inches two,  
Shove it home, shove it home;

(Inches two, inches two)

So I gave her inches two,  
Shove it home;

(Inches two)

So I gave her inches two:

She said, "Johnny, I love you!"  
Put your belly close to mine  
And shove it home!"

3. She says, "Johnny, got to pee..."

4. She says, "Johnny, I want more..."

5. She says, "Johnny, look alive!..."

6. She says, "I've seen bigger pricks!..."

7. She says, "Golly, ain't it heaven!..."

8. She says, "Johnny, this is great!..."

9. She says, "Johnny, ain't it fine!..."

10. She says, "Can't you come again?..."

(Or: "I've seen better men!...")

(Inches ten, inches ten)

So I gave her inches twenty,  
Shove it home, shove it home;

(Inches twenty, inches twenty)

So I gave her inches twenty,  
Shove it home;

So I gave her inches twenty:

She said, "Johnny, that's a-plenty!"  
Put your pecker in your pants  
And shove off home!"

## KIND BETTY

I laid my hand on her toe;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Toe, tickle-toe -- come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her shin;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her knee;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her thigh ;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her cock;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her belly;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her breast;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

I laid my hand down on her mouth;

"What is this, kind Betty, my dear?"

"Mouth for to kiss, breast for to suck, belly for to fuck, coal black cock, thigh, thickle-thigh, knee, thickle-knee, shin, shickle-shack, toe, tickle-toe, come tickle up my toe once more!"

## VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon.  
Virgin sturgeon is a fish.  
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',  
That's why caviar's a very rare dish.

Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah,  
Oompah, oompah, oompah-pah-pah!

I fed caviar to my girl-friend.  
She was a virgin tried and true.  
Now my girl-friend needs no urgin';  
There ain't anything she won't do!

I fed caviar to my grandpa;  
He was a man of ninety-four (three).  
Screams and cries were heard from grandma,  
Grandpa had her on the floor (up a tree).

Class in astronomy, learning about stars.  
Teacher asked Willie, "Have you seen Mars?"  
Willie answered nice and cute,  
"I ain't seen ma's, but pa's got a beaut."

Postman called the first of May.  
Policeman came the very next day.  
Nine months later out came Jimmy;  
Who fired first the blue or the gray?

Three little girls, all powdered and painted,  
Met three little boys behind the school.  
Two of them laid and the other one fainted;  
Wasn't she a God-damned fool?

I put caviar in the soda.  
That livened up the party, sure.  
What am I doing, stripped down naked?  
Thought these girls were sweet and pure.

I fed caviar to my mistress;  
She always did it cheerfully.  
Now she does it with a vengeance --  
Oh, my God, it's killing me!

## THE JOLLY TINKER

### 1.

Now, there was a jolly tinker  
Who came over from France,  
Came over especially  
To learn to fuck and dance.

Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza  
Buzza-buzza boo,  
Sing a buzza-buzza buzza-buzza boo!

Well, the ship which he came over on  
The women were so few,  
First he fucked the captain,  
Then he fucked the crew.

Well, the ship which he came back in  
The women had the pox;  
So he shinnied up the mast,  
And he fucked the double blocks.

And he went in the cabin  
To get a glass of cider,  
And there he found a bed-bug  
A-jerkin' off a spider.

Now my song is ended;  
I can't sing any more;  
The apple's up my ass hole,  
And you can have the core!

### 2.

There was a jolly tinker,  
And he came from Dungaree,  
With a half a yard of fungus  
Hanging down below his knee.

With his long, long dilly-whacker,  
Over-grown kidney cracker,  
Looking for a scrimmage  
Around the belly whang.

The landlady's daughter,  
Coming from the ball,  
Saw the jolly tinker  
Lashing piss against the wall.

"Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
I'm in love with you!  
Oh, tinker, oh, tinker,  
Will half a dollar do?"

Oh, he screwed her in the parlor,  
He fucked her in the hall,  
And the servants said, "By Jesus,  
He'll be jumping on us all!"

"Oh, daughter, oh, daughter,  
You were a silly fool  
To get to fucking with a man  
Whose tool is like a mule!"

"Oh, mother, oh, mother,  
I thought that I was able;  
But he split me up the belly  
From the cunt up to the navel!"

SAM MCCALL'S SONG  
(By: Jim Tully)

My name is Sam McCall,  
And I come from Donegal,  
And I have no balls at all, balls at all.

Oh, my name is Sam McCall, Sam McCall,  
And I'm the greatest stud that ever had a stall,  
Had a stall.

Oh, I kicked the boards all out  
When the women came about;  
Now I have no balls at all, balls at all.

There can be no room for balls  
When your penis fills the stalls,  
Fills the stalls.

Oh, the girlies laugh and sing  
At the joy I always bring;  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all,  
Damn it all!

Oh, when I was just a lad,  
My mother and my dad  
Had to put me in a tent to hide it all, hide it all.

For they knew when girls discover  
A big penis in a lover,  
It would be the last of any lad from Donegal,  
Donegal.

And when Barnum came to Dublin,  
He my father kept a-broublin',  
To make a circus freak of Sam McCall, Sam McCall.

For he knew that all the women  
With passion would be swimmin'  
To get a private look at Sam McCall, Sam McCall.



## KAFOOZALUM

In olden days there lived a maid  
Who plied a very ancient trade;  
It was a trade of ill repute;  
In fact she was a prostitute.

Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem,  
Heigh ho Kafoozalum,  
The daughter of a rabbi!

She had a bush, 'twas very black,  
In fact the thing could quite contract  
To fit the tool of any fool  
That fucked in all Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived a bastard tall  
With prick so hard could break a wall;  
'Twas rumored he had ridden all  
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One day returning from a spree  
His customary hard had he,  
He spied beneath a nearby tree  
The harlot called Kafoozalum.

With many a nod and glancing look  
She led him to a nearby brook  
And from his bulging pants she took  
The pride of all Jerusalem.

She took his pride with aim to please,  
And rubbed it gently 'twixt her knees,  
The bastard showered all the trees  
And drowned out half Jerusalem.

The bastard he was underslung;  
He missed the cunt, and hit the bung;  
And didn't stop till he hit the dung  
In the asshole of Kafoozalum.

Kafoozalum she knew her art,  
She arched her back and blew a fart  
And sent the bastard like a dart  
Over all Jerusalem.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

In fourteen hundred and ninety two  
A Dago from itally  
Walked the streets of sunny Spain  
A-shouting, "Hot tamale!"

He knew the world was round-o;  
His balls hung to the ground-o;  
That Dago bastard with seven-year-itch,  
That syphilitic son-of-a-bitch,  
Was Christopher Columbo.

Columbo went unto the queen  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
And said, "I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago."

Columbo paced upon the deck;  
He knew it was his duty;  
He laid his whang into his hand  
And said, "Ain't that a beauty?"

A little girl walked up the deck  
And peeked in through the keyhole;  
He knocked her down upon her brown  
And shoved it in her pee-hole.

She sprang aloft; her pants fell off;  
The villain still pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg:  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

Each sailor on Columbo's ship  
Had each his private knothole;  
But Columbo was a superman,  
And he used a padded porthole!

Columbo had a cabin boy;  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night they went to bed  
And laid upon each other.

For forty days and forty nights  
They sailed in search of booty;  
They spied a whore upon the shore --  
My God, she was a beauty!

All the men jumped overboard,  
A-shedding coats and collars;  
In fifteen minutes by the clock  
She made ten thousand dollars:

Those were the days of no clap cure;  
The doctors were not many;  
The only doc' that he could find  
Was a son-of-a-bitch named Benny.

Columbo strode up to the doc';  
His smile serene and placid;  
The God-damned doc' burned off his cock  
With hydrochloric acid.

OUR GOODMAN  
(Child:274)

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a horse stand in the stable,  
Where his horse ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose horse is that there in the stall,  
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you damned fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the heifer calf  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But harness on a heifer calf  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a hat upon the rack,  
Where his hat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose hat is that upon the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's nothing but the chamber-pot  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But ear-flaps on a chamber-pot  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a coat upon the wall,  
Where his coat ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose coat is that upon the wall,  
Where my coat ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the new petticoat  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But sleeves upon a petticoat  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a head upon the bed,  
Where his head ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose head is that upon the bed,  
Where my head ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the cabbage-head  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But hair upon a cabbage-head  
I never before did see."

The old man came home the other night  
As drunk as he could be;  
He saw a thing up in her thing,  
Where his thing ought to be.

"My dearest wife, my darling wife,  
My own dear wife," said he;  
"Whose thing is that up in your thing,  
Where my thing ought to be?"

"You damned fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's the rolling pin  
Your mother sent to me."

"It's a long road I've traveled,  
And many a mile it used to be;  
But a rolling-pin with ballocks on  
I never before did see."

## THE BALL OF BALLYMORE

'Twas the gathering of the clansmen,  
And all the lads were there,  
A-lyin' with the lassies  
An' stroking silky hair.

The king was in his counting-house  
A-counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlor  
A-playin' with her bunny.

There was fuckin' in the parlor;  
There was fuckin' in the sticks.  
Ye kinna hear the music  
For the swishin' o' the pricks.

The farmer's daughter she was there,  
A-standin' out in front;  
A wreath o' roses in her hair  
An' a carrot in her cunt.

There are cunts wi' the syphilis,  
An' cunts wi' the piles,  
An' cunts wi' their assholes  
All wreathed up in smiles.

Under the spreading Chestnut tree  
The village idiot stands,  
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself  
An' catchin' the draps in his hands.

The preacher's wife she was there,  
Her back against the wall,  
A-callin' to the laddies,  
"Come ye one an' all!"

The bride was in the bridal suite  
Explainin' to the groom  
That the vagina, not the rectum,  
Is the entrance to the womb.

Old MacTavish, the rector, was there,  
And so surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads  
A-hanging from a tree.

The doctor was in the parlor  
Admonishing the maid,  
"You'd better stop your twitching  
If you're itching to be laid!"

And when the ball was over,  
They all lay down to rest,  
Saying the music was delightful  
But the fucking was the best!

## THE RAM OF DERBYSHIRE

Oh, I went down to Darby Town,  
All on a rainy day,  
And there I saw the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-Darby;  
Oh, ram-de-doodle-de-day;  
Now, wasn't that the finest sheep  
That ever was fed on hay!

Every tooth it had, Sir,  
Was hollow to the horn;  
Every tooth it had, boys,  
Held forty barrels of corn.

The wool on that ram's neck, boys,  
It grew most neat and fine,  
And spun two thousand bolts of cloth  
As fine as any twine.

The wool on that ram's belly grew  
Until it reached the ground;  
The owner trying to weigh the wool  
Broke his weigher down.

The wool on that ram's back grew  
until it reached the sky;  
And ravens built their nests in it,  
For I heard their young'uns cry.

Yes, the wool on that ram's back, boys,  
Actually grew up to the moon;  
The Devil went up in January,  
And never got back till June.

Such a sheep as this I've never seen  
Since the day that I was born;  
It took a buzzard forty years  
To fly from horn to horn.

The mutton this ram, when killed,  
Fed a million men and more;  
The blood it turned a water-mill  
That was never turned before.

It took all the boys in Darby Town  
To haul away his bones;  
It took all the girls in Darby Town  
To roll away his stones.

Now, the man that owned this mighty ram  
Was counted very rich;  
But the one that made this silly song  
Was a dirty son-of-a-bitch!

## DE SKONK I HUNT

I'm hunt de bear, I'm hunt bull moose,  
I'm sometimes hunt de rat;  
Las' week I take ma hax an' go  
For hunt a skonk polecat.

Ma fren' Beel say he's very fine fur  
An' sametam good to heat;  
I tell ma wife I get fur coat,  
Sametam I get some meat.

I walk 'bout two, three, five, seex mile;  
I feel one damn strong smell;  
Tink mebbe dat damn skonk she die,  
Fur coat she's gone to hell.

Forsoon bimeby I see dat skonk  
Close up by one beeg tree;  
I sneak up ver' ver' close behin',  
I teenk she no see me.

Bimeby I'm up there ver' ver' close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
Dat Goddam skonk she up an' plunk,  
Trow something in ma heyo.

Oh sacre bleu! I teenk I'm blin'  
Jees Chris! I no can see;  
I run all roun' an' roun' an' roun'  
And bunk in Goddam tree.

I drop my gun; by Gar, I run;  
I light out for de shack;  
I teenk 'bout hundred million skonk  
She clim' up on ma back.

Ma wife she meet me hat de door;  
She sick on me de dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here tonight;  
Go out an' sleep wit' hog."

I try to climb in dat pig-pen.  
Jees Chris! no what you teenk?  
Dat Goddam hog he up and goes  
On 'count of awful steenk.

So I'm no more go hunt de skonk  
For get his fur an' meat;  
Say if he pees he smell so bad,  
Jees Chris! What if he sheet!

# THE CAT-ASS-TROPHY

(As told by the French-Canadian Trapper)

I hunt ze bear, I hunt ze rat;  
Sometimes, by Gar, I hunt ze cat.  
Last wik I take my hax in hand:  
I go to hunt ze skunk pole-cat.

My fren' Bill he say  
Ver' good fur, same time good meat;  
So I tell my wife she get fur coat,  
Same time get good eat.

So I walk one, two, three, four, fi' mile,  
An' I feel one awful smell,  
An' I tink dat skunk she gone an' die,  
An' fur coat gone to hell.

Byme-by I get up pretty close;  
I raise my hax up high;  
An' God dam skunk, she up an' trow  
Something -- plunk! -- right in my eye.

Sacre bleu! I tink I blind!  
Jees Chrise! I no can see!  
I run aroun' an' roun' an' roun'  
An' bump in God dam tree!

I curse, I swear, I tear out hair!  
Byme-by I light out for ze shack;  
I tink one million pole-cat skunks  
Clime right up on my back!

My wife she meet me at ze door;  
She sic on me ze dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here wi' me;  
You go sleep wiz ze hog!"

So I go out by pig-pen,  
An' say! What do you sink?  
Zat God dam hog get up an' leave  
On 'count of awful stink.

So I no hunt ze skunk no more  
For to get his fur an' meat,  
For if his pee she smell so bad,  
Jees Chrise! what if he sheet!



## THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Oh, I'm tired picking cotton  
And I'm poor as a snail;  
So I'm going punching cattle  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

Come a ti vi yippy!  
Come a ti vi yay!  
Come a ti vi vinny vinny yay!

I hit Butte, Montana,  
On July the third;  
By the Fourth of July  
I couldn't shit a dry tird!

I was there six weeks  
Before I set sail  
A-pulling for Texas  
On the old Chisholm Trail.

They fed us on sow belly  
And the work was mighty hard,  
And for sixteen weeks  
I shit pure lard.

They called me one morning  
To go on guard;  
It was cold as hell  
And raining mighty hard.

It was cold as hell  
And coming on to rain,  
And my damned old slicker's  
In the wagon again!

With my feet in the stirrups  
And my ass in the saddle,  
I swore and I wrestled  
With them long horned cattle.

Says I, "Old boss,  
I may look like a fool,  
But really this weather  
Is too damn cool!"

Heifer went loco,  
And the boss said, "Kill it!"  
Shot him in the arse  
With a long-handled skillet.

I went to the foreman  
To figure out my roll;  
He figured me out  
Twenty dollars in the hole.

I jumped on my pony,  
And I let out a yell;  
Says I, "Old boss,  
You can go to hell!"

"You can go to hell!"  
Says I to the boss;  
"I'm the best damn cowboy  
That ever rode a hoss!"

I'm going to town  
To see my honey;  
I'm going to town  
To spend my money.

I'm on my pony,  
And a-coming on the run:  
The best damn cowboy  
That ever pulled a gun!

I hit Fort Worth, Texas,  
With two hundred plunks,  
And I went on a bunt  
With a damn swell cunt!

Now, Miss Sal Johnson  
Is a mighty nice squaw,  
And she lives on the banks  
Of the great Mushataw.

The hair on her head  
Was a piss-burnt color,  
And the crabs on her ass  
Kept a-fucking one another!

She had bubbies on her breast  
Like a four-leaf table,  
And her cunt it was stretched  
From her ass to her navel.

Asked her to fuck her,  
And I offered her a quarter;  
Says she, "Mister Man,  
I'm a decent man's daughter."

When Sal Johnson died,  
I shed no tears;  
I said, "Bartender,  
Give me forty-nine beers!"

It was damn fine doings,  
But I ran it too close;  
And I wound up  
With a hell of a dose!

I went to the doctor;  
He said I had the clapp;  
Gave me a little bag  
So my dincus wouldn't flap!

I went to a surgeon;  
He said I had the siph:  
A hell of a dose  
For a damned old stiff!

I was there six weeks  
Before they turned me loose  
And I had to soak my cock  
In tobacco juice.

With my feet in the saddle,  
And my ass in the sky,  
I'll quit punching cattle  
In the sweet by and by!

## FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers;  
Oh, my God! how they could love!  
They swore to be true to each other,  
True as the stars up above.  
He is her man; he wouldn't do her no wrong:

Frankie goes down to the bar-room,  
Just to get a bucket of beer;  
She says to the big fat bartender,  
"Is my lover, Johnny, been here?"  
"He is my man; he wouldn't do me no wrong!"

"I wouldn't tell you no story,  
I wouldn't tell you no lie;  
I saw your man about an hour ago  
With a whore named Nellie Bly;  
He is your man, but he's doing you wrong."

Frankie goes down to the whorehouse,  
Peeks in at the window so high;  
There she sees her lover, Johnnie,  
Finger-fuckin' Nellie Bly:  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went down to the pawnshop,  
She didn't go there for fun;  
She pawned her blue-silk kimono  
For a shiny blue-steel gun.  
He is her man, but he's doing her wrong!

Frankie went back to the whorehouse;  
She rang the old whorehouse bell:  
"Stand back, y ou whores and bitches,  
Or I'll blow you all to hell!"  
"He is my man, but he's doing me wrong!"

Frankie shot Johnnie once,  
Frankie shot Johnnie twice;  
The third time Frankie shot Johnnie,  
He hollered, "Jesus Christ!"  
"I was your man, but I done you wrong!"

"Roll me over so slowly;  
Hold me tight, little Nell;  
Roll me over very gently,  
For these bullets hurt like hell!  
I was her man, but I done her wrong!"

Bring out the rubber-tired carriages,  
Bring out the rubber-tired hacks;  
Ten men going to the graveyard,  
Nine men coming back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong!

Last time I saw Frankie,  
She was riding on an east-bound train,  
Wearing diamonds big as hoss-tirds,  
And going under a different name.  
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong!

NEVERMORE  
(Parody on Poet's The Raven)

Once upon a midnight dreary, when of smoking I was weary,  
And had drunk my pint of whiskey and was wishing there was more,  
Suddenly there came a tapping, sounded like some female rapping,  
Rapping like the very devil, just outside my chamber door;  
'Tis some chippy seeking entrance, just as they have done before --  
Only this and nothing more!

And the smoke-rings now more certain drifting up above the curtain  
Warned me, told me with fantastic curling, words I'd heard before;  
As I sat there, still delaying, in my heart I kept on saving:  
"Naughty female, thus assaying entrance at my chamber door;  
I'll arouse and let her enter, even though she be a whore --  
Let her enter, nothing more."

Open wide I threw the portal, and before me stood a mortal  
That in wildest dreams of fancy I had never seen before;  
While each pelpitating bubbly seemed so fine and smooth and chubby  
That my spirits rose within me, just my spirits, nothing more;  
Then I suddenly grew bolder just inside my chamber door,  
Bolder, yes, but nothing more!

Oh, how well I do remember, on that fourteenth of December!  
And the fifteenth that she left me, then our little dream was o'er;  
'Twas a dream without a sleeping, and with sad, reproachful weeping --  
For she showed me red spots -- red spots caused, she said, by hymen's  
gore --  
Told me this all as she stood there just inside my chamber door,  
Told me this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas the fifteenth of December;  
Better still do I remember, sequel of nine days before!  
Now my penis, never skipping, still is dripping, ever dripping,  
Every morning, every evening, dripping on the bath-room floor;  
For my painful, dripping penis certain surcease I implore --  
Penitent and very sore!

Deep into the darkness peering, every night I lie here hearing  
Words so softly spoken in the silence by that winsome whore;  
But with vows not soon forgotten, every time I change the cotton,  
Loud I cuss that gentle tapping once outside my chamber door:  
Damn the chippy, damn the dripping, painful, on my bath-room floor!  
For your uncle -- Nevermore!

## THE SCULPTOR FROM TENNESSEE

O say, my friends, and have you heard  
The tale that is told in Weatherford,  
Of the deed that was done in an art musee  
By a modern sculptor from Tennessee?  
There are other tales that are somewhat gory,  
And celebrated in song and story;  
But the three blind mice and the farmer's wife  
Who cut their tails with a carving knife,  
Could not compare with statues three,  
Who met with the selfsame cruelty.

This modern sculptor was fresh and green,  
And he evidently had never seen,  
Since he left the scenes of his native heather,  
A statue posed in the altogether.  
So he called for a chisel and hammer and tong,  
To handle the thing that didn't belong  
In the realm of art; and with one swift blow  
He removed the cause of old Adam's woe,  
And left the poor statues standing there,  
The pictures of impotent, wild despair.

That night as he slept in his trundle-bed  
The spooks came floating around his head.  
They pointed their fingers at him in scorn,  
And made him wish he had never been born;  
There were doctors there, and sculptors, too,  
And they raised a regular hullabaloo;  
The doctors shrieked, "You measly skate!  
Who gave you license to amputate?"  
And the sculptors screamed, "You infernal quack!  
You'd better get busy and put them back;  
For if you don't, we'll cut -- ahem!  
We'll do unto you as you did unto them!"  
They flourished their knives in fiendish glee,  
While the old man begged on his banded knee,  
And told them they mustn't emasculate  
A man so essential to church and state;  
"This world," said he, "will go straight to perdition,  
Unless I can issue a second edition."  
At this his inquisitors formed a ring,  
And danced a regular Highland fling;  
They rode him around from Beersheba to Dan,  
Till he woke, a sadder and wiser man.

That day the illustrious president  
Bought him a bottle of good cement,  
And returned to the school with a single thought:  
To repair the damage that he had wrought.  
But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip --  
And the boys hadn't left him a single chip;  
Those innocent cherubs of tender years  
Had carried them off for souvenirs.  
There was naught remaining for him to do  
But to manufacture a thing or two.  
So he worked with a chisel, with might and main,  
Till his mind gave way with the horrible strain;  
For the only model he had, alas!  
Was the one he saw in the looking-glass.  
Imagine the stalwart Hercules  
With pygmy attachments, if you please,

And I think you will then be prepared to say,  
No wonder the old man's mind gave way.

Now the modern sculptor is running rife,  
With pincers and saw and carving knife;  
And if you linger around the gate,  
You'll be a eunuch, as sure as fate!  
He never stops for bone or gristle,  
But whittles them off as slick as a whistle;  
For he hopes to find, when he looks them over,  
An appendage to fit on the Disdus Thrower,  
A match for Apollo (the Belvedere),  
And another for Hercules, too, I hear.  
But you never can find in a little town  
A very good fit in a hand-me-down;  
Good models are scarce in these latter days --  
For average men look more like jays;  
And that is the reason, I apprehend,  
That no one can tell where the trouble will end.

The moral to this isn't hard to find:  
The nastiness is all in your mind;  
So, unless for sculpture you have a knack,  
Don't take things off that you can't put back.

--Mrs. Nell A. Snider, 1910.

#### SUZANNE WAS A LADY

Suzanne was a girl with plenty of class  
Who knocked them all dead when she wiggled her  
Eyes at the fellows, as girls sometimes do,  
To make quite plain she wanted to  
Take in a movie, or go for a sail,  
And then hurry home for a piece of  
Cake or ice cream or a slice of roast duck,  
And after each meal she was ready to  
Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock  
With any young man with a sizeable  
Roll of big bills and a pretty good front,  
And if he talked fast, she would show him her  
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,  
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her  
Little white hands, then with a movement so quick,  
Why, she'd reach right over and tickle his  
Chin while she showed a trick she learned in France,  
And ask the poor fellow to take off his  
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shore,  
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no BORE!

## THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

(By: Rudyard Kipling)

Oh, the bards they sing of an English king  
Who lived long years ago;  
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low.  
He was used to hunt the royal stag  
Within his royal wood,  
But 'twas none but knew his greatest sport  
Was pulling his royal pud.

And his nether garb was a woolen shirt  
Which used to hide his hide;  
But this undershirt couldn't hide the dirt  
That no one could abide.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
That humans ne'er could stand;  
And his terrible dong to his knees hung down --  
The Bastard King of England!

Now, the queen of Spain was an amorous dame,  
A sprightly dame was she,  
And she longed to fool with his Majesty's tool  
So far across the sea.  
So she sent a note to the dirty king  
By her royal messenger,  
And requested his Majesty's sailing to Spain  
To spend a month with her.

But when Philip of France got the news one day,  
He turned to all his court,  
And he said: "My fair queen prefers this clown  
Because my tool is short."  
So he sent abroad Marquis Siphylissap,  
Who smacked of fairyland,  
To supply the queen with a dose of clap  
To trap our Dear Old England.

Then the news of this filthy deed was heard  
In Windsor's merry halls,  
And the king did swear he would have anon  
The Frenchman's greasy balls.  
So he offered the half of all his lands,  
And the whole of Queen Hortense,  
To the trusty lord of his English court  
Who'd nut the King of France.

So the loyal Duke of Essexshire  
Betook himself to France;  
Then he swore he was a fruitier the king  
Took down his royal pants:  
Then around his prong he tied a thong  
And gaily galloped along,  
Till at last in Windsor's merry halls,  
Was the Frenchman and his dong.

And the king threw up and he shit his pants;  
For in the lengthy ride  
The thbng had stretched by a yard or more  
The fucking Frenchman's pride.  
And then all the ladies of London town  
Who saw the mighty stand  
Cried aloud, "To hell with the English crown!"  
And made Philip King of England.

## THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an English king who many long years ago  
Ruled his land with an iron hand, and his mind was weak and low.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag within the royal wood;  
But his favorite occupation was to pull the royal pud!

Hail to the bastard King of England!

His only undergarment was a dirty undershirt  
Which half concealed the royal hide but failed to hide the dirt.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.

Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she.  
She loved to fool with the royal tool of the king across the sea.  
She sent a special message by a royal messenger  
To ask the King of England if he wouldn't sleep with her.

Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of France heard the news and summoned the royal court.  
He told them how he had lost because his tool was short.  
He summoned the Count of Ziggidysap, to give the queen a dose of clap  
By which to bitch the bastard King of England.

Hail to the bastard King of England!

The King of England heard the news outside the castle walls.  
He swore upon his testicles he'd have the Frenchie's balls.  
He offered half his kingdom and a piece of Queen Hortense  
To any loyal subject who would down the King of France.

Hail to the bastard King of England!

The Earl of Sussex mounted his horse and betook himself to France.  
He swore he was a fairy, and the King took down his pants.  
He knotted a thong around his dong, and mounted his horse and rode  
along,

And brought him to the bastard King of England.

Hail to the Bastard King of England!

The King of England shot his load and fainted on the floor,  
For during the ride his rival's pride had stretched three yards or  
more;

The merry maids of England came down to London town  
And shouted round the castle's walls:

"To hell with the English crown!"

The king usurped the royal throne;  
His sceptre was the royal bone  
By which he bitched the bastard King of England.

Hail to the bastard King of England!

## THE BALLAD OF KING FARUK AND QUEEN FARIDA

O we're all black bastards, but we do love our king.  
Every night at the flicks you can hear us fuckin' sing:

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farinda if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just fuckin' wags, but we do love him so,  
And we all do without just to keep him on the go;

From Sollum to Solluch,

Tel el Kebir to Tobruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just damnad niggers that a bugger brouth to birth,  
But when we have a bint, then we want our money's worth.

You may have a tarboosh,

A gamel, a gamoos,

But you can't fuck Farida if you ain't got filoos.

O it's no use to say, if you want to have it in,  
"Be a sport, King Faruk!" He would only fuckin' grin.

You may beg on your knees,

He would just say "Mafeesh."

Oh, you won't get Farida if you don't give baksheesh.

O his subjects all tell of the fame of King Faruk  
From Gezira to Turf, from Helwan to Bab-el-Louk.

They can tell what a sell,

Hang their balls on a hook,

For they can't fuck Farida if they don't fuck Faruk!

If her boudoir you pass 'tween the hours of ten and two,  
You will see all the Wafd standing waiting in a queue.

Though Nahas ain't an ass,

Though Nahas is a crook,

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

O it's not hard to see poor Delilah's up a tree,  
For the "She" wears the horns in the Lampson familee.

Old Sir Miles with his wiles

In advance tries to book --

Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

If you feel like a grind when you've had a pint of beer,  
To the Berka wend your way, where it ain't too fuckin' dear.

Quais ketir, mangariyeh,

Quas ketir gonorrhoea.

Shufty kus. Got filoos? Shove it up -- from the rear!

Queen Farida's very gay when Faruk has got his pay,  
but she ain't so bleedin' glad when she's in the family way.

Stanna shwaya! O desire!

Stanna shwaya! Pull your wire.

Pull your oud. Does it good. Send it higher! Send it higher!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Hang your ballocks on a hook!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Let the swaddies have a look.

Quais ketir Abassia!

Bags o' beer. Shit and fear!

Up your pipe! Take a swipe! Quais ketir! Quais ketir!



O this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if we made old Nahas king.

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Oh, we won't mind your morals if you hand out the cash.

And this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos sing,  
And they'd sing just the same if they'd Rommel for a king.

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Oh, we're glad you've won the battle and we're so bucked  
you're here!

Then sing Sieg Heil for Egypt's King  
And to his feet your tributes bring.

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Oh, you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

---

Tune: Salam el Malik (Egyptian National Anthem).

The version as sung (1942) in the First South African Division,  
Seventh Armored Division, Ninth Australian Division, Second New  
Zealand Division, and Fifty First Highland Division.

#### Glossary (Arabic)

Quais ketir -- plenty good; bint -- woman; tarboosh -- fez; gamel  
-- camel; gamoos -- water buffalo; filoos -- money; mafeesh --  
"there ain't none"; Bab-el-Louk -- Cairene railway terminus; stan-  
na shwaya -- take it easy (Lit. stay a little).

"Sung by the troops in all the civilian cinemas, when the Egyptian  
national anthem was played." -- Cecil Woolf, London, 1951.

#### Additional Glossary

Abassia -- a suburb of Cairo; Wog -- an Arab; Nahas Pasha -- lead-  
er of the Wafdist Party; Up a tree -- pregnant; Berka -- Arab  
quarter; mangariyeh -- food; cus -- female pudendum; Swaddies --  
British troops; Gippos -- Egyptians.

Last verse, p. 21 (actually the 8th verse), refers to Faruk's pro-  
Axis sympathy.

SOCRATIC LOVE  
(By: Eugene Field)

The story goes that Socrates, that wise Athenian codger,  
Carried concealed about his clothes a rara avis dodger,  
Wherewith he used, whenas he felt particularly nippy  
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.  
Young Alcibiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion  
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion,  
Which spurred him not Xantippewards to coddle and to hug her,  
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts 'twas not considered nasty  
For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pederasty.  
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times, the Master,  
Did know a tergo, as they say, a pretty boy, high Aster.  
The old Diogenes who thrived by raising of the Dickens  
Was wont to occupy all bums from pupils down to chickens;  
While that revered and austere man, the great and pious Solon,  
Did penetrate a Thracian youth unto his transverse colon.  
In short it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle  
This gummy vent instead of that with which the ladies piddle.

Now Alcibiades was tall, and straight as any arrow;  
His buttox thrilled old Socrates unto his very marrow.  
No hairs as yet profaned the vale that cleft those globes asunder,  
No hairs to stay the fetid breath of bogorygmal thunder,  
No hairs to interrupt the course of his diurnal ordure  
And gather from that excrement a rank dilberrie bordure.  
His sphincter was as fair a band, so Socrates protested,  
As ever kept one's victuals in or passed them undigested.

No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous beauty,  
And on its virgin fords no prick had spent its pleasing duty;  
Like some sweet bud it nested there; the winds blew gently through it  
Scenting the breeze; Old Socrates more madly longed to do it.  
But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection  
When Socrates proposed the scheme of forming a connection.  
The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was nasty,  
That his prodex was for voiding dung, and not for pederasty,  
And kept the horny old philosopher from being hasty.  
And so he grew from day to day; his bum waxed hourly fatter,  
And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter.

It so befell that on a day in sweaty summer weather  
They walked into the Acropolis quite casually together;  
And as they walked the youth bent down to tie his sandal laces --  
They always come unlaced, you know, at meanest times and places --  
And as he stooped he lifted high and left without protection  
The lower tract of his virgin gut from pod to sigmoid flexion.  
For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapism;  
His ponderous ods, a sight for Gods, were both surcharged with gism.  
Seeing that bum, and his first chance, he made up his mind to spot 'em,  
So he hit 'em a lick with his attic prick and occupied Alcy's bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian boy begged, bellowed, pissed, and farted;  
Full twenty minutes passed before his friend and he had parted.  
And while old Socrates explored the tantalizing glories  
Of rugae and plicae and quivering levatories,  
The victim of his lust cried out: "Ehue, that all in vain I  
Should to this hour have kep t intact my rosy sphincter ani!  
Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old odger,  
With his three-cornered velper and his greasy balls to roger.

Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's embraces?  
As I have had the chance to do at divers times and places?  
Why not have given up my wealth of callipygous treasure  
To handsome Cimon's burning lust or pious Pluto's pleasure?  
How would the men have gloried in my coy and virgin rectum,  
With nary a thought of vagrant dung, or cundoms to protect 'em;  
But now, ye gods, this lecherous goat with sardonic sculduggery  
Doth rive my arse in twain with his incarnate god of buggery,  
And when he rulls the pintle out, with which just now he shuts in  
The sigh my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts in?"  
Thus railed the youth against the fate that threatened to undo him;  
But Soc, all heedless of his cries, right briskly socked it to him.  
He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow  
That when thereafter Alcy pooped, the poop was mostly tallow.

(Written by Field for the Papyrus Club of Boston in 1888.)

## THE FRENCH STENOGRAPHER

I am a young stenographer,  
My age is just sixteen,  
And I will frankly tell you  
The things I've done and seen.

The men have always called me  
A very pretty girl;  
They say my form is perfect;  
And my mother named me Pearl.

My first job was in a garden,  
And I was greatly pleased;  
I left it on the second day  
Because my tits were squeezed.

I then worked for a lawyer,  
And this job was a cinch;  
I liked it very well until  
He gave my ass a pinch.

I slapped a fresh old geezer  
Who dealt in eggs and cheese,  
Because his hands were working  
Too far above my knees.

A doctor then employed me,  
Who had not much to do,  
But spent his time in flirting  
And asking me to screw.

A boy, working in his office,  
Teased me till I cried,  
And boldly took his prick out  
And jerked off by my side.

A smart professor told me  
I was a shapely lass;  
I quit because he wanted  
To goose me in the ass.

I tried a certain doctor  
Who came up from the South,  
Who always tried to coax me  
To take it in my mouth.

I felt the insult greatly,  
It gave me such a shock;  
I had to quit again because  
I wouldn't suck his cock.

I next worked for a preacher,  
A hairy little runt;  
I left because he begged me  
To let him lick my cunt.

At last, I decided  
To take things as they came,  
And if I lost another job  
I'd have myself to blame.

I saw an advertisement  
For a confidential clerk;  
I found a handsome bachelor  
Who offered pleasant work.

I came on Monday morning,  
And knew where I was at;  
He settled in a rocker,  
Taking off his hat.

The boss got down to business:  
He said he'd treat me right;  
He pulled me down upon his lap,  
And there he held me tight.

Along my lace-trimmed panties  
His cunning fingers stole;  
I shyly spread my legs apart  
To help him reach his goal.

In just about a second  
He found my pussy there;  
I felt his fingers working  
There in my curly hair.

He placed a cunning finger  
Into my burning slot;  
He pushed it in and out  
Until my hole got hot.

Responding to such treatment,  
My cunt grew moist and soft;  
Love's strolling way lost no  
delay,  
But wanted to go off.

He knew a little trick of nature  
To fill my tender quiff  
Quite full of juicy lubricant  
To help his gallant stiff.

In answer to this dallying  
Each part sent forth a stream,  
Until my dainty love-nest  
Was filled with slippery cream.

His other hand was plucking  
My shirt-waist clean and new,  
And in another moment  
My breasts came into view.

He disengaged my chemise  
From round my shoulders white,  
And as it fell below my knees  
I knew he'd seen a sight.

My snow-white tits h-aved up and  
down,  
As soft and deep he pressed;  
They filled right out with zeal;  
The nipples stood erect.

Between his burning lips he took  
The tempting nipple on the left  
And while engaged in sucking it,  
He stroked the other tit.

I felt his body quiver,  
And I looked down to see  
The cause of this commotion,  
And saw his cock was free.

Its head had formed an opening  
Like a knife so sharp and keen;  
The boss then let my nipple go,  
And ripped the buttons clean.

His noble staff stood stiff and  
firm;  
It quivered and it danced;  
The boss jumped up in frantic  
haste,  
And struggled with his pants.

Within a moment he was stripped,  
And said please do the same;  
I too disrobed completely then,  
With disregard for shame.

We both stood there naked,  
Like kids when they were born;  
His cock was stiff and husky,  
Just like an ear of corn.

He made me pull his pecker,  
Which made it larger still;  
I raised his balls upon my hand  
And got an awful thrill.

I squeezed it hard below the head  
And jerked it in and out;  
And when the thing began to throb,  
I thought I held a trout.

And as I pulled his majesty,  
He rubbed my throbbing nest;  
It took but just a moment  
To make him do the rest.

"My dear," he said politely,  
You've got it good and stiff;  
Now come and let me put it  
Into your pretty quiff."

He laid me on the sofa  
And spread my legs apart;  
He kissed my dimpled belly  
And mounted for the start.

He placed my hand upon my tit,  
Which I pushed up to his lips;  
He settled down to do his bit,  
And started his prick into my  
slit.

Its husky head now quivering  
Was buried in my crush;  
He put his hand around my back  
And gave a dandy push.

Each time he sent it deeper  
His tool would gain an inch;  
My surging cunt was stretching  
But he couldn't make me flinch.

I wrapped my legs around  
His strong and brawny back;  
My ass I shoved up quickly  
To meet his fierce attack.

This motion soon grew faster --  
Oh, boy, how he could screw! --  
I knew I had him going,  
So I worked faster too.

I nearly swooned with rapture,  
Because I loved it so;  
And his knob was discharging  
To meet my maiden flow.

We both went off together,  
And bliss was in that room;  
And hot emotion mingled  
Within my burning womb.

For some time we lay panting,  
Locked in each other's arms,  
Until I felt the drippings  
Of that wand of magic charms.

About an hour later,  
As the clock was striking one,  
The boss set me on his lap  
And sucked my tits for fun.

I grasped his lily-white penis,  
Because I couldn't resist;  
With rapid motions up and down,  
I jerked it off with my fist.

His belly squirmed with each  
stroke,  
He wiggled with delight;  
I placed my other hand on it  
And worked with all my might.

This time I got above him;  
Inside my quiff I tucked  
The head of his enchanting cock;  
Then on top of him I fucked.

This quickly did the business,  
And made his pecker swell;  
The boss was lying on his back,  
And I was hot as hell.

At first I moved quite slowly  
To make the pleasure last,  
But gradually increased my speed  
And then we both worked fast.

I held my body higher  
To make him close to me;  
He raised his buttocks quickly  
And drove it straight to me.

His greasy back was sliding  
Between my shapely lips;  
They opened up to smother it,  
And round its head they  
slipped.

It roused up all my passion;  
My ass, I made it whirl  
With short and happy circles  
Like any happy girl.

The boss suddenly turned over;  
To him it was a joke;  
With his arms around my belly  
He gave my ass a poke.

Then cigarettes were lighted,  
And he played a little joke:  
He stuck one in my monkey  
To teach it how to smoke.

Before the day was over  
I tried another trick:  
Between my snow-white boobies  
I squeezed his swelling prick.

I kept on squeezing harder  
Until it had to spit,  
And then the sticky fluid  
Went trickling down my tits.

I made up my mind quickly  
To make his pecker stiff;  
I swore I'd have it spitting  
Until he hollered quits.

He stretched upon the sofa;  
His pecker was standing  
straight;  
He closed his eyes with rapture,  
And I just took the bait.

I twirled his prick in circles,  
I shot it to and fro,  
I jerked it up and jerked it  
down  
To make the dew-drops flow.

I glanced down at his belly;  
It was a sight to see;  
It was heaving up and down  
Just like a rolling sea.

I placed my fingers on his balls,  
His breathing soon got faster;  
His belly rose and fell;  
I thought that he would yell.

I tickled here, I tickled there,  
I dallied with delight;  
His dangling balls I stroked  
with glee;  
His prick, I squeezed it  
tight.

I gripped his pecker firmly,  
I shook his balls once more;  
He shot into the air  
As I held his dripping oar.

The juicy stream rolled down my  
hand,  
And oh, but it was hot!  
The shining head was dripping  
white;  
I thought it would never stop.

I still continued jerking  
Upon his great big gun;  
I swore I'd make him holler,  
For I had just begun.

The juicy stream quit coming out;  
His prick was shrinking fast;  
It doubled up and quivered  
Just like a broken mast.

The boss rolled over on his side;  
He really wished to rest;  
I took his jaded pecker  
And stuck it on my nest.

This time I didn't put it  
Into my vaginal swell,  
But kept it lying lengthwise  
Outside my dripping well.

It lay there in the opening  
Of love, sweet and fair;  
His balls were resting on my ass;  
The head was in my hair.

The widening lips enfolded it  
And kissed its head so neat;  
I threw my legs around his hips  
And gave the boss a treat.

This spread my swelling cunt;  
It gave me lots of room  
To slide my love way up and down  
Against his noble spoon.

His prick began to tremble  
There in its favorite spot;  
Its size was enormous  
As it moved within my slot.

He threw his arms around me  
In a wild and frenzied embrace,  
And I moved my cunt slowly,  
For I knew there was no haste.

The pleasure was unparalleled;  
My body thrilled with joy;  
This time I knew that I could  
clean  
The cock of that old boy.

His prick was now gigantic  
And pounded like a boom;  
It sought to find that juicy hole  
That led into my womb.

Stalling and delaying,  
I played the game of love;  
I slid my nest up quickly,  
And he gave my ass a shove.

I raised my cunt a little,  
And then I let it slip  
Right down upon his prick:  
This surely did the trick.

A cock eight inches long he  
plunged  
Into my throbbing womb;  
I never hoped to find such joy  
As I did right in that room.

It was sometime later  
That I released my cunt;  
The boss was really weary,  
For he let out a grunt.

"You've given my cock a lesson;  
You made it spit with glee;  
You played it out completely;  
A rest is now my plea!"

At nine o'clock next morning  
I went to work, it's true;  
I felt a little giddy  
And itching for a screw.

The gay young spark was waiting;  
He called me his darling kid,  
While he hugged me up so closely,  
And some other things he did.

He locked the doors and windows  
And opened a bottle of booze;  
We drank and raised the devil  
And did just what we choose.

Of course, it made me giddy;  
My head began to sing;  
But I stripped myself skin-naked  
And the boss stripped off every-  
thing.

Reclining on a sofa,  
I puffed a cigarette  
And spread my legs widely,  
And my box felt hot and wet.

My knees were elevated;  
On the sofa I did lay;  
The boss looked at my beauty,  
And then I heard him say:

"Your ass is fair and round;  
Your thighs are shapely built;  
Your cunt is well-developed;  
Your hair is soft as silk."

He bent his head still lower  
To gaze with sparkling eyes;  
And then his face he buried  
Between my shapely thighs.

The boss before me kneeling  
Now braced himself in front  
And gave a little shiver  
As his tongue went in my cunt.

My heart was beating faster;  
His nose was flatly pressed;  
His lips went to it hotly  
As he kissed my cuckoo's nest.

His hands were on my boobies;  
I shook them to and fro  
To keep time with his sucking  
And my excited nerves below.

Around his neck was huzzing  
My shapely legs were hung;  
My blushing cunt with rapture  
Was licking at his tongue.

A burst of smothered laughter  
From my lips shrilly pealed;  
My belly twitched and wiggled,  
But nature had to yield.

The lapper was rewarded  
With a stream of juicy cream;  
Right in his mouth I fed it;  
He had me about to scream.

At length my head was resting,  
And here I must confess,  
While it was quite depressing,  
I liked the French way best.

His tired tongue burned madly  
And did a slippery stunt;  
His lips drained all the juice  
That filled my dripping cunt.

At length the boss rose slowly  
And sat upon a chair;  
I saw his pecker standing;  
Its size was something rare.

I've heard of girls who practice  
The French unnatural way;  
I too made up my mind  
To see if it were gay.

The boss leaned back and waited;  
The new desire I felt;  
And so without delay  
Between his knees I knelt.

In a moment I was busy  
Within those office walls;  
In a most adoring manner  
I kissed his prick and balls.

My fair white arms were clasping  
Around his naked hips;  
I took the head of his pecker  
Between my ruby lips.

My pretty lips just fitted  
Around his noble shaft;  
I drew out all I could get,  
For it was very fast.

My moist lips were slipping  
On flesh erect and firm,  
And every time that I'd recoil,  
The boss would panting squirm.

I varied the operation  
And, using my tongue to lick,  
The throbbing sensitive part  
Of his enormous prick.

My mouth was overflowing,  
But that didn't make me stop;  
I always liked the taste of cream,  
So I swallowed every drop,

Until his balls were resting  
Upon my dimpled chin,  
And still I sucked upon his cock,  
Which was all the way in.

Before the day was over,  
We both got down again;  
I tried a double-header,  
This time making it ten.

The boss lay on the sofa;  
His legs were widely spread;  
Reversed to his nakedness,  
I stretched over his head.

His tongue at once got busy;  
My box was fondly tapped;  
My boobies rose and fell,  
The way my cunt was lapped.

He had a nice big hard-on,  
The kind that I adore;  
I took its tempting throbbing  
head  
Between my lips once more.

I sucked his cock with greediness,  
And licked till I was sick;  
The boss was pressing in my ass  
And lapping my juicy quiff.

I had his big stick writhing,  
And my cunt began to spout;  
His cock was also spitting,  
And I sucked in every drop.

It was a great sensation  
Of wild and delicious bliss;  
The most fabulous fucking  
Can't thrill the nerves like  
this!

When both of us were satisfied,  
He pinched my ass to rise;  
I had nearly smothered him  
Between my perfumed thighs.

His cock is growing larger;  
My cunt is growing too;  
We spend much time together,  
Because we love to screw.

I like to pull his pecker  
And feel it growing stiff,  
And watch the spouting love-juice  
Shoot forth from his big prick.

So my diary is finished;  
I hope you have been pleased;  
And if you too were lying here,  
I'd give your cock a squeeze.

I'd demonstrate each lesson  
So you'd know what to do  
Then some nice girl is waiting  
To have you teach her how to  
screw.

But read this little diary;  
The points are very plain;  
And when you meet your sweetie,  
Just let her do the same.

She will just love to have you  
Strip her to the skin  
And kiss her little cuntie  
Before your prick goes in.



Rub her snow-white boobies  
And shake them to and fro;  
Let her pull upon your prick  
Until it begins to grow.

Lay her on the sofa;  
Spread her legs apart;  
Let her hold onto your prick  
Till you are ready to start.

Let her make her motions,  
As she will quickly do;  
Hold your ass up in the air:  
That is the way to screw.

When the pleasure is all over,  
Kiss her juicy box;  
Let her hold your limber prick  
Until it again gets hot.

She will love you for it  
And let you have your way,  
To give her pleasant lessons  
And fuck her every day!

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JINGLES FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1. MARY MOTHER (1946)

Mary, Mother, I believe  
Without sin thou didst conceive;  
Mary, Mother, still believing,  
Let me sin without conceiving!

2. HERE'S TO THE MAID (1946)

Here's to the maid who's not afraid  
Her lover's dick to handle;  
To hell with the maid who sits in the  
shade  
And fucks herself with a candle!

3. IF THE SKIRTS (1928)

If the skirts grow any shorter,  
Said the flapper with a sob,  
I'll have two more cheeks to powder  
And another place to bob!

4. HICKORY (1928)

Hickory is the hardest wood;  
Jazzing does the ladies good;  
It brightens their eyes and widens  
their thighs,  
And gives their asses good exercise!

5. SAM MCGUIRE (1946)

This is the story of Sam McGuire,  
Ran through the town with his pants on  
fire,  
Got to the doctor's and fainted with  
fright,  
For the doctor told him his end was in  
sight!

6. FARMER BROWN (1946)

Farmer Brown had an awful scare,  
Was chased ten miles by a grizzly bear;  
Everyone thought he had lost his mind,  
Running ten miles with a bare behind!

7. THE JAYBIRD (1946)

Oh, a jaybird flew in a country store,  
And he shit on the counter and shit on  
the floor;  
He wiped his ass on a piece of ham,  
And didn't give a damn for the grocery  
man!

8. THE SCORPION (1928)

The scorpion climbed the tarantula's  
neck  
And chortled with fiendish glee!!  
I'll fuck this poisonous son-of-a-bitch  
Or it's a cinch that he'll fuck me!

9. GALAHAD (1946)

My cock has been in many cunts,  
But never in more than one at once!

10. BOGGY-WOGGY (1952)

St. Louis woman,  
She had a yen for men;  
She went to bed  
With a rubber fountain pen.  
The rubber broke  
And the ink went wild,  
And now she's nursing  
A boggy-woggy child!

11. A TOAST (Undated)

Here's to the men!  
When I meet 'em, I like 'em;  
When I like 'em, I kiss 'em;  
When I kiss 'em, I love 'em;  
When I love 'em, I let 'em;  
When I let 'em, I lose 'em.  
God damn 'em!

12. VIOLET TIME (1943)

Violate me in violet time  
In the vilest way you know --  
Ruin me, ravage me,  
Brutally, savagely,  
On me no mercy bestow!  
To the man who is gentle and kind I'm  
oblivious;  
Give me a man who is lewd and lasciv-  
ious!  
Violate me in violet time,  
In the vilest way you know!

13. THE FOOL (1928)

A fool there was and he made his prayer,  
Even as you and I,  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;  
Then he put the bone up against the  
hair,  
And the damned fool found that the rag  
was there!

#### 14. WHORE HOUSE KEEPER (?)

He that will a whore-house keep  
Must have three things in store:  
A chamber-pot, a feather-bed,  
A chimbley and a whore!

#### 15. THE LAST DOLLAR (?)

Cards and booze and dice;  
Blueballs, crabs, and lice;  
I've had 'em all,  
But Jesus Christ,  
I've got another dollar  
So I'll have another slice.

#### 16. BELLY TO BELLY (1930's)

It's belly to belly  
And tongue to tongue;  
I made a grab for Lil's left lung;  
I missed her lung and grabbed her gall,  
And out came bag, shit, guts, and all!  
Stink? A Godddddd-damn!

#### 17. SATISFIED WITH LIFE (1927)

All I want is fifty thousand women  
Earning lots of money just for me;  
And then I want a harem of good-lookers  
Naked cunt and honey, just for me;  
If I only had a hundred tons of yen-she,  
And the nerve to kill my bull-bitch of  
a wife;  
And if I never had to take the honcure,  
Then I think that I'd be satisfied with  
life!

#### 18. LOST (1920's)

I lost my arm in the army;  
I lost my leg in the navy;  
I lost my balls  
Over Niagara Falls;  
And I lost my cock in a lady.

#### 19. A MAN'S TOAST (?)

Tobacco when you're tired,  
And whiskey when you're blue;  
Cunt-hole when your cock stands,  
And Heaven when you're through.

#### 20. OSCAR (?)

Oscar was a Wilde man,  
He threw the boy a fritter;  
And when the boy stooped over,  
He shoved it in his shitter.

#### 21. HIZZEN AND HERN (1946)

Drifting down the stream of izzen,  
They were seated in the stern,  
And she had her hand on hizzen,  
And he had his hand on hern.

#### 22. QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

O Cunt, O Cunt, thou slimy slit,  
Besmeared with hair, besmirched with  
shit;  
Like a polocat's ass, thou smelliest  
bad,  
But O thou Cunt, thou must be had!

#### 23. OLD KING COLE (1930)

Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,  
With a buckskin belly and a rubber  
ass-hole.  
Old King Cole was a bugger for the  
hole,  
And a bugger for the hole was he;  
He called for his wife  
And stuck her with a knife,  
And out jumped a K-I-D  
(And out jumped four kids three)!

#### 24. JOYS OF COPULATION (1952)

Do you know John Peel?  
Yes, I know him very weel;  
He sleeps with his wife,  
But he never gets a feel;  
He sleeps by her side,  
But he never gets a ride,  
And he wakes up with a hard-on in the  
morning  
(And he revels in the throes of mas-  
turbation)!

#### 25. WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD (?)

When a man grows old  
And his balls grow cold,  
And the head of his dick turns blue;  
When he goes to diddle  
And it bends in the middle --  
Did that ever happen to you?

#### 26. THE BASS (1946)

Of all the fish that swim the seas  
I love the best the bass:  
It climbs up into seaweed trees,  
And slides down on its ass!

SHORT POEMS FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1.

In Your Boyhood Days

First you knock at the door, and then you ask for Annie,  
Then you put in a nickel in the old pianny;  
And down comes Annie in her dirty silk kimonie,  
All dolled up with perfume and cologne;  
Then you pay your dollar for a bottle of beerie;  
Another dollar goes for the music you hearie,  
Three dollars more, and up you go with dearie,  
And then you've got nine days of doubt and fearie!

2.

Daydreams

Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;  
I'd live in a house with a little red light,  
And I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night;  
I'd take a rest about once a month  
To drive my customers wild --  
Oh, I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
Instead of a legitimate child!

3.

The Woodpecker

A woodpecker flew in a schoolhouse yard,  
And he started to peck, for his pecker was hard;  
So he flew on the sill just over the door,  
And he pecked and he pecked till his pecker was sore!  
He looked at his pecker, and his countenance fell:  
No more could he peck till his pecker got well;  
So there he sits on the schoolhouse yard,  
And his head gets red and his pecker gets hard!

4.

Pussy Is Peculiar

Now, pussy is peculiar,  
It makes a man a fool,  
It takes away his worries,  
But wears away his tool.  
When he climbs upon a woman,  
He hasn't long to stay,  
For his head is full of nonsense,  
And his ass is full of play.  
Though he climbs on like a lion,  
He rolls off like a lamb,  
And when he buttons up his pants,  
He isn't worth a damn.  
His sporting days are over soon,  
His lights are burning out.  
What used to be his sex appeal  
Is now his water spout!

5.

That My Wife Wants Tonight

I wonder what my wife will want tonight;  
I wonder if the wife will fuss and fight?  
I wonder can she tell  
That I've been raising hell,  
Wonder if she'll know that I've been tight?  
My wife is just as nice as nice can be;  
I hope she doesn't feel too nice toward me!  
For an afternoon of joy,  
Is hell on the old boy!  
I wonder what the wife will want tonight?

6.

Best Wishes

May the bleeding piles possess you,  
And the corns claim both your feet,  
And crabs as big as cockroaches  
Crawl around on your balls and eat,  
And the whole world turn against you  
Till you're a total wreck  
And you fall right through your ass-hole  
And break your God damned neck!

7.

Two Irishmen

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen, were digging in a ditch;  
One called the other one a dirty son-of-a---  
Peter Murphy had a dog, a very fine dog was he;  
He lent it to his lady-friend to keep her company;  
She led him, she fed him, she kept him on the jump;  
One day he ran up her petticoat and grabbed her by the---  
Country boy from Germany was sitting on a rock;  
Along came a bumble-bee and stung him on the---  
Cocktails and ginger-ale, five cents a glass!  
If you don't like this story, you can stick it up your---  
Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies;  
If you ever get hit with a bucket of shit,  
Be sure to close your eyes!

8.

The Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Stroking his whiskers and shaking his fist  
At a young maiden who sat by the creek  
Watching the little boys play with their  
Marbles and tarbles and all things of yore,  
When along came a lady; they called her a  
Decent young lady, who sat in the grass,  
And when she turned over, you could see up her  
Ruffles and tuffles and sometimes a tuck;  
You knew by her actions she knew how to  
Bring up her children and teach them to knit;  
The boys in the barnyard were shoveling out  
Apples and corncobs and all by the peck;  
And that is the end of my story, by heck!

9.

Sonny Jim  
(Extended from "Lulu")

I had a little brother,  
His name was Sonny Jim;  
We put him in the pisspot  
To learn him how to swim.  
He floated to the bottom;  
He floated to the top;  
My sister got excited  
And grabbed him by the cock-  
Tails, ginger-ales,  
Five cents a glass,  
And if you don't like it,  
Shove it up your --  
Ask me no questions,  
I'll tell you no lies;  
But a man got hit  
With a bag of shit,  
Right between his eyes!

10.

Mary's Cat  
(In "Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," -- 1928)

Mary had a litttle cat  
With curly short black hair,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That puss was always there.  
Now, there are many naughty boys,  
But Mary knew the brats  
Who, with their little squirt-guns,  
Are always shooting cats.  
But Mary kept her cat well hid  
Beneath her underskirt,  
And so it did escape the boys  
And seldom got a squirt.  
Now, Mary had a nice young beaux,  
Who, like all other beaux,  
Has one of these same squirt-guns  
Concealed beneath his clothes.  
As he was courting her one night,  
And she beside him sat,  
He reached beneath her petticoat  
And caught her by the cat.  
Did Mary faint or say, "Please don't!"  
Or yell, or scream, or holler?  
Not she! She let him play with it  
And charged him half a dollar!

STANZARD POEMS FROM G. LEGMAN  
(New York City)

1.

Miss Malone

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the graveyard,  
And I laid Miss Malone on a stone;  
And when I socked each stroke to her,  
You could hear all the dead people moan!

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the barnyard,  
And she was all covered with mud;  
And when I asked what had happened,  
She said she'd been climbed by a stud!

2.

Alice Blue Gown

In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown,  
The first time she was ever laid down,  
She was bashful and shy  
When he opened his fly;  
Then he loosened his shirt and took off his tie.

Then he turned her around to the front,  
And he took a good look at her cunt.  
Then she screamed all the louder,  
As he pushed it in farther,  
In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown.

3.

Sailor's Hornpipe

Tiddly-winks, young man,  
Get a whore if you can!  
If you can't get a whore,  
Get a clean young man!  
From the sunny shores of Malta  
To the rock of old Gibraltar,  
Carry your balls in an old tin can.

Do your balls hang low?  
Do they swing to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Do they make a rusty clamor  
When you hit them with a hammer?  
Do your balls hang low?

4.

Humoresque

My occupation after dark  
Is goosing statues in the park;  
If Sherman's horse can take it,  
Why can't you?

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is in the station.  
I love you!



While the train is in the station,  
We encourage constipation.  
And I hope you love me too!

5.

Home, Sweet Home

Home presents a dismal picture;  
All is silent as the tomb;  
Uncle Willie has a stricture;  
Maw has falling of the womb!

Brother Jack has got a chancre--  
Caught it from the butcher's wife--  
Sister's mouth is full of canker--  
Grandma's having change of life!

Home presents a dismal picture;  
Gone are all my youthful smiles!  
All my time is spent in chopping  
Ice for Grandpa's bleeding piles!

6.

A Sad Story

Here's to Bill, my pal of old,  
Companion of my pipe and bowl;  
I guess he's with the angels now,  
God bless his dear old soul!

I had a little the best of Bill  
When it came to drinking booze,  
But the man that could out-fuck old Bill  
Never stood in a pair of shoes!

It wasn't the clap that killed poor Bill,  
Nor was it the want of breath;  
But a little fly crawled up Bill's ass  
And tickled poor Bill to death!

7.

The Old Whore House

You're going to leave the old whore-house,  
Tonight you're going away,  
You're going among those Frisco cunts to dwell.  
Thus spoke a tall blonde whore  
To her pimp one summer's day.  
If your mind's made up that way, I wish you well!

But when syphilis overtakes you,  
When them God damned whores forsake you,  
When the bottoms of your shoes are shot to hell,  
When of money you haven't any,  
But of crumbs you have a-plenty,  
Remember, there's a tall blonde whore awaiting you  
At home, sweet home!

8.

I wish I Were

Of all the fish, I wish I were,  
I wish I were a bass:  
I'd climb up on the slippery rocks  
And slide down on my hands and knees!

Of all the birds, I wish I were,  
I wish I were a duck:  
I'd stick my head beneath the wave  
And watch the fishes misbehave!

9.

Stark Naked

("Poems, Ballads, and Parodies," 1928)

Stark naked on the bed she lay,  
So fat and fair and chubby;  
Stark naked by her side I lay  
And in each hand I clasped a bubby!

"Oh!" she cried, with anxious smile,  
"Must I take that root and have a child?"  
The root she took, the child she had,  
And now she's looking for its dad!

10.

Jesus Christ Almighty

(The Girl I Left Behind Me)

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;  
She was young and flighty;  
Her hair was brown as buffalo shit.  
Jesus Christ Almighty!

The moonlight lit on the nipple of her tit;  
She was young and flighty;  
Her snatch was rich with the seven-year itch.  
Jesus Christ Almighty!

11.

Carrie Moore

The minister's wife was there,  
Her arse against the wall;  
"Put your money on the table, boys;  
I'm going to ferk 'em all!"

The groom was in the kitchen  
Oiling up his tool;  
The bride was in the icebox  
Her private parts to cool.

The queen was in the parlor  
Eatin' bread and honey;  
The king was in the chambermaid,  
And she was in the money.

12.

The Saltpeter Song  
(My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

They say we get milk in our coffee,  
They say we get milk in our tea,  
They say we get milk in our oatmeal,  
But it tastes like saltpeter to me!

Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my manhood to me, to me;  
Bring baak, bring back,  
Oh bring back my manhood to me!

The colonel says he always drinks it,  
The sarge says he's glad that it's free,  
The cook swears there ain't nothing in it,  
But it tastes like saltpeter to me!

13.

Arrah Wanna

On the wild and wooly prairie  
Lived an Indian lass;  
All the braves for miles around  
Said, "Heap fine piece of ass!"  
Then there came an Injun warrior;  
Big Cock was his name;  
What he did to Arrah Wanna  
Was a dirty, fucking shame!

Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
On a feather bed:  
He broke her maiden-head;  
She was kissed and squeezed and screwed  
Until her ass was black and blue;  
But all the braves they say:  
"Well, Arrah Wanna lost her honor  
In a business way!"

14.

The Good Ship Venus

The captain's daughter Mabel  
She laïd while she was able;  
The sons of bitches  
Took her tits  
And nailed them to the table.

The first mate's name was Randy,  
And boy, he had a dandy!  
They crushed his cock  
Between two rocks  
For shooting in the brandy!

The second mate's name was Grogan,  
And boy, he had a gorgon!  
And all night long  
He played a song  
On his reproductive organ!

15.

The Sergeant Major  
(Joys of Copulation)

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,  
Cats with their ass-holes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of copulation!

Alligators, so it seems,  
Very seldom have wet-dreams;  
But when they do, it comes in streams,  
And they revel in the joys of copulation!

The sergeant-major has a hell of a life;  
He doesn't have a woman and he can't afford a wife,  
And so he simply sticks it up the regimental fife,  
And revels in the joys of copulation!

16.

A Little Song  
("Immortalia," 1927)

Listen to me and my little song,  
And I'll tell you how a guy went wrong;  
I used to live with my aunty who was old and wealthy;  
She had a servant girl who was fat and healthy.

I tried my best to get her to lay the leg,  
Or take her in the woodshed on my peg;  
No matter how I tried I didn't seem to figure,  
So I think to this day she was a gold-digger:

I sneaked 'round the back one night going to bed,  
And caught her with her head in a barrel getting bread;  
A chance like that, of course, I couldn't pass:  
So I hoisted up her skirts and oozed it in her ass!

To think of worse luck, My God, I know I can't,  
For when she turned around, Great Guns, it was my aunt!

17.

The Portion of a Woman

There once was a weaver and he lived all alone,  
And he worked at the weaver's trade (boom, boom),  
And the only, only thing that he ever did wrong  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, one dark night, to his surprise,  
When he lay fast asleep,  
A maiden crept to his bedside,  
And there began to weep.  
She wept, she cried, she damn near died;  
So hell, what could he do?  
"Just jump in bed, my pretty maid!" he said,  
"And I'll shield you from the foggy, foggy dew."

Now the old weaver lives with his son,  
And they work at the weaver's trade (boom, boom),  
And every, every time that he looks into his eyes,  
He's reminded of the shy little maid.

He's reminded of the summer time,  
And of the winter too;  
But the only, only thing that he ever did wrong,  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

18.

The Foggy Foggy Dew

That portion of a woman which appeals to men's depravity  
is fashioned with considerable care;  
And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity,  
is really an elaborate affair.

Physicians who have troubled to examine the phenomena,  
In numbers of experimental games,  
Have made a list of things they find in feminine abdomena,  
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly perinaeum,  
And the hymen in the case of virgin brides;  
There are lots of other gadgets, and you'd love 'em if  
you see 'em:  
The clitoris, and God knows what besides.

So isn't it a pity when we common people chatter,  
Of the organ to which I have referred,  
That we use for such a delicate and complicated matter  
Such a short and very unattractive word?

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8. 1946. 10. 1944. 11. 1952. 12. (?) 13. 1928, F.B.&P.  
14. 1952. 15. 1951. 16. "Immortalia," 1927. 17. "Songs to  
be Sung at a Smoker," 1949. 18. 1920's, A.P. Herbert.

MEMORABILIA: IN GOOD HUMOR  
(Legman: ca.1900)

A man was walking along in front of a hotel one evening when a full condom fell on the sidewalk in front of him. So he entered the hotel and said to the clerk:

"Say, Bud, who is in the third story front room?"

"My daughter," was the reply.

"Well, is she alone?"

"No, my intended son-in-law is with her. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I thought I ought to tell you that your intended grandson has just had a bad fall!"

Two young women each bought a fat banana. They took them home and after preparing for bed one of the girls said in a disappointed way:

"Why, this one is soft."

"Well, we'll eat that one," her companion quickly remarked.

"Why did you assault this man?" asked the magistrate of a woman who was brought before him.

"He said I looked like a streetcar."

"Well, that's not an insult. You had no reason to strike him."

"It was too insulting. I will not allow any man to think he can get on and off me for five cents!"

A man went to a beach resort to take a swim. Being late getting there, he was forced to take the last bathing suit in the place. It was too small, but he managed to squeeze into it. However, he could not get his balls in, so he peeked out, and seeing nobody near but a small boy, started to run for the water, holding his balls in his hand. The boy discovered him at once and cried out:

"Mister, if you're going to drown them puppies, give me one of them!"

A gentleman after buying a large bill of goods went to the cashier's desk and, throwing down a hundred dollar bill, asked:

"How much do you take off for cash?"

The girl blushed and said, "Everything but my stockings!"

A party of young blades ran across an old darky who was sunning himself in front of his cabin.

"We'll give you a dollar," they said, "if you will take down your pants and show us Uncle Tom."

The old man was highly insulted and went into the house to tell his wife what had happened. She was indignant that he had not accepted the offer, especially as there was not a cent in the house. Running after the fellows she cried:

"If you uns will put a quarter on that there dollar, I'll show you Uncle Tom's cabin."

A young couple were traveling in a railroad coach in which the only other person was apparently blind. The fellow promptly got to work and soon had his hands under the girl's dress between her legs.

"Now you stop," she said; "That man over there is watching us."

"No, he isn't," was her companion's reply. "I'll show you he's blind. So he reached across the aisle and slowly passed his hand in front of the man's face, saying: "Can you see, old man?"

The old fellow sniffed a couple of times and replied energetically:

"No, I'm blind, but lead me to it!"

A man afflicted with a chronic "hard-on" went to the doctor to see what could be done about it. The doctor looked at his cock with admiration, and when the man asked what he would give him for it, he replied with enthusiasm:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

A Scotchman with a battered head was met by a friend who asked what had happened.

"Sandy McPherson hit me with a shovel."

"Well, didn't you hit him back? Didn't you have anything in your hand?"

"Yes. I had Mrs. McPherson's cunt in my hand. But what good was that against a shovel?"

An Irishman and his wife were asleep. She woke up and said: "Pat, is that your knee against my back?"

No answer.

She continued: "If it is your knee, you turn over; if it isn't your knee, I'll turn over."

A man on a streetcar saw another man with his trousers unbuttoned. So he reached across the aisle and, touching the fellow on the knee, whispered:

"Say, your pants are unbuttoned."

"That's all right," was the reply. "I did that on purpose. I left my collar off last night and got a stiff neck!"

A little girl who objected to the long prayers she had been taught, asked her mother why she could not say the short prayers that she overheard her and papa say.

"Why, what prayers do you mean?" asked the mother. "What did we say?"

"Last night I heard you say, 'Oh, God, I'm coming.' And Papa said: 'Jesus Christ, wait for me!'"

Two scrub-women in the city hall were in the family way. They were one morning discussing whether it would be boy or girl.

Just then Casey, the fat janitor, appeared, with his big belly sticking out in front of him.

"That are you going to have, Mr. Casey?" one of the women asked.

"Oi tink it will be an elephant!" he replied. "Put your hand in me pants and feel its trunk!"

Uncle Josh was uneasy. He stretched himself several times, looked out the window, and finally said:

"Wal, I guess I'll take a peck of them sweet taters over to the Widder Wilson."

His old black wife, Jemima, said quietly: "You jus' go out O' doors, Josh, and take a good piss; then you won't be so charitable!"

A tired looking woman appeared before Judge Powers and asked for a divorce on grounds of cruelty. Her husband compelled her to submit to him when, as a matter of fact, his member was so large that it pained her exceedingly. Judge Powers granted a decree.

About a year later another divorce case came before Judge Powers. He looked at the woman in surprise, for she was the one he had divorced before on account of her husband's cruelty.

"Why do you ask for separation this time?" the judge asked.

"On grounds of impotence, your honor. My present husband is incompetent to perform the marriage function."

"Case dismissed," the judge replied tartly. "This court has other business besides fitting pricks to your cunt, Madame."

SUPPLEMENT

MY LETTERS TO GERSHON LEGMAN



168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah  
November 19, 1952

Mr. G. Logman  
858 Hornaday Place  
New York 60, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Logman:

I have been pleased mightily by all your sendings but have been too busy preparing materials for you, till now, to attempt a very thorough answer.

Today, finally, having finished the job of typing and reorganizing everything (I was dissatisfied with the way many stanzas were out of their proper place, etc.), I am finally mailing out a big packet to you. And you will note that (in addition to returning that part of your copy which I have already transcribed) I have included a directory of contributors and an index each for ballads, jingles, and dirty jokes. You mentioned recently that information concerning time and place were important in your work.

I shall, if you wish, continue to keep an ear cocked for more materials. I haven't been active in collecting for several years, but I can get back into the thing again very easily. There is a rich field for that sort of thing in this region, if one is interested and cares to go to the trouble. But it requires effort. One must contact and win the confidence of those who carry on the tradition. As for the dirty jokes, they are constantly coming to my attention, and I can easily record them from day to day.

I see, in looking over your material (though I haven't yet been able to go over it thoroughly), that you frequently have versions of the same things as I. This is all very worth-while. I thank you sincerely. I shall, of course, be most happy to have anything further that you care to send, and the three-to-one ratio pleases me! So far, in actual wordage, you have about evenly matched my total material.

I have no way of putting all this to use. Actually, long ago, I found myself stymied! You, where you are, can probably find application for it. The best that I can hope for, however, is to add to my collection for my own personal satisfaction and for the entertainment of friends.

Yes, I see what you mean about the jokes! The incest and mother-in-law themes are definitely there! You will grow aware, no doubt, from my outlines, that it was a very special hired man, Rufus Torrance, who indoctrinated me with my early sexual training. I was then in my early teens and very impressionable, and no doubt that is why so many of his jokes stayed with me. This fellow demonstrated, for my benefit and that of others, the fine arts of masturbation and bestiality. I remember very clearly how, in the winter of 1918, when the schools were closed because of Spanish influenza, he stood on a chair behind an old mare and showed us boys how it was done! The joke about the father up in the tree, which impressed you, was one of his. It recalls to mind that Rufus once told how, in the bedroom, he was trying sexual intercourse with his sister, when, suddenly, his father burst in, jerked down the covers, and spanned him mightily on the bare behind, then, rolling the two over, still attached, did likewise on the backside of the girl. Did this represent outrage at incest or at having the son do what the old man would perhaps have liked to do himself?

I have a little understanding of the symbolism of dream and fantasy. (You see, I have been twice analyzed!) V.E. Fisher, brother of Vardis, the famous Idaho novelist, was my first analyst. He was formerly the head of the Abnormal Psychology Department at New York University, in Greenwich Village, but came west about 1936 to go into private practice. I was at that time working under Vardis, on the Historical Records Survey, at Boise, Idaho, and hence fell under the sway of Vivien. The services of the second, a true psychiatrist, not a Ph.D., were required later to undo the damage left by the first, who, in many respects, was treading on unfamiliar ground and inclined to do a lot of fumbling and bungling. Pardon me if I am talking too much about myself! I wished to prepare for a word about the incest fantasy of the father up in the tree!

I believe, in that joke, we have much evidence of the Oedipus situation. If the tree represents the mother, under whose skirts the children take refuge from that ogre, the vengeful father, and under whose skirts the young boy would also like to play, thereby replacing the father, then we certainly see incest symbolized. But, since the mother is forbidden fruit (the so-called apple of the Garden of Eden was but the round breast of the mother which the son wished to devour in a cannibalistic fantasy!), the boy has substituted his little sister (as Eve was substituted for Adam, all memory of the mother being absent, hence repressed!), who very nicely represents the mother. But the teacher, another mother-substitute or mother-figure, has reported the truancy to the father. This function the mother customarily performs, passing on to the more threatening, terrifying father-figure the actual responsibility of reprimand and punishment. In other words, there is incest-guilt, and, symbolically, the mother has told, or let the cat out of the bag! So the father, who is symbol, also, of the Super-Ego with its introjected guilt and self-accusation, is seen up in the tree. This father-figure is also a symbol of God up in heaven watching the guilty child commit his sin and there passing judgment. (It is characteristic, I believe, for small children, because the superior experience of the parents makes them seem all-knowing, to think of them as a kind of all-seeing eye which no sin can escape undetected.) But the father, in that position, up in the tree, also represents the ownership and possession of the mother, sexually, since the tree represents the mother in dream symbolism. The boy cannot have the mother, is therefore, in his emotions, denied all sex, because that field belongs to the father, who envies and hates the penis of his son and would have him castrated and like his little sister. In fact, the only escape he can have, perhaps, from the wrath of his outraged father, is to emasculate himself and become like his little sister. For he cannot escape God, even though he can, by physical removal, escape his father. Oddly enough, there is a trace of the anal period showing through, also, in the reference to defecation. Another escape from the wrath of the father, perhaps, is to return to the anal period, to infancy, a time before sexuality made father and son deadly rivals. Also, can the defecation not be regarded as a masked attack on the father, as well as a defense from the father. Or can it be regarded as a voluntary gift (gift of the Mami!), an attempt, by a bribe (fecal matter is originally regarded by the infant, they say, as very valuable, and as an outpouring of love toward the parent!), intended to placate the father? Many such immature, babyish attitudes are tied up in the symbolism of the anal period.

I have a word to say, too, in this connection, concerning the probable subconscious motivation of the collector of vulgar songs and jokes, such as you and I. This material, I believe, is but a representation, or an extension, if you will, of the focal material of infancy!

Just as the premature frustration of the infantile sucking instinct (weaning problem!) may be the later basis for cigar-smoking, alcoholism, and even the sexual practice of sucking one another off, and also the cannibalistic fantasy of eating the mother; so, likewise, the premature frustration of the anal pleasures (toilet training!), both of defecation and of interest in fecal matter, may be the basis for later fascination with vulgar jokes, rhymes, and ballads. They represent feces! They represent forbidden dirt which still seems very attractive! Only, in this instance, the original interest, frustrated, has been turned to a new and substitute object! It may be regarded, perhaps, (this interest), as a partial fixation at the anal level. Such subject-matter, therefore, might be expected to contain, quite prominently though not to the exclusion of psychic material at other levels, all the mechanisms, fantasies, and complexes in anal level interest and maladjustment. These mechanisms include hoarding, using fecal matter as the means of hostile attack or of loving reward and an outpouring of the heart, and preoccupation with filth as something of great emotional value. In short, the fecal matter may be regarded, and likewise the vulgar material which substitutes for it, as values going back to infancy, or the first year of life. The modern clinical method, therefore, of using clay-molding and finger-painting therapeutically, for the relief of too intense a preoccupation with anal problems, might also be effective in dealing with the collectors (!) of vulgar folk-lore. The actual collecting, of course, satisfies the subconscious need to play around in the feces with the bare hands. This, mind you, is my own evaluation of the problem, and has not been actually derived from the clinic.

Well, I have been sorting through your materials, again. And I must repeat that I am very pleased with them. They give me an intense satisfaction! When I get into them further, I may have additional comments to make.

By the way, I have heard rumors of the following items, but have not been able to find them. Are you familiar with them?

1. ADVENTURES OF A STENOGRAPHER (1920?)
2. OUR BACK YARD LAST NIGHT (1920?)
3. "The hair on her pisser hung down to her knees!" (1900?)
4. "And then she said, "Kind Sir, (1900?)

I hope you are not done;  
For I see more ammunition  
In that bag behind your gun!"

In conclusion, I would like to point out that I have been enjoying our correspondence and the exchange of materials. This sort of thing, of course, goes on and on. There is no stopping point. And so, may the future be rich with many new finds!

As I get around to it, I shall transcribe your copy and return the originals. You need not do likewise, however, for I made the copy I sent you especially for you.

Best regards,

P.S. I enclose a snapshot of myself to satisfy any curiosity you may have regarding me. Naturally, I would like to know a bit more about you also. Come out of the shadows! Isn't that what the soap ads say on television these days?  
K.L.

November 28, 1952

Dear Legman:

Thank you for the few remarks about yourself, which were, I must say, rather sketchy and non-informative!

I am ten years older than you but became interested in my collecting only four years ahead of you. My parents too were foreign-born. My mother's family, who were English, came from South Africa in 1861. My father's people came from Denmark in the early 1850's. They were all originally Mormon converts, though my paternal side is now strong for the opposition!

I could perhaps write up a few psychological interpretations of various of the jokes and ballads. (Incidentally, you are quite welcome to quote me on anything, so long as you don't plant a trail to my door!)

For example, "The Maid Who Was Not Satisfied," as well as "Poor Lil," and some of my own jokes, also, particularly #66, "Don't Get Discouraged," tie in together in expressing one oft recurring theme in vulgar folklore. I think we have penis envy, on the part of the female, as well as perhaps the castration complex, here indicated. The woman is full of rage because she is not a man and therefore does not enjoy the sex organs, the freedoms, and the privileges of the male. In her subconscious frenzy to achieve a penis for herself, she can only feel success and satisfaction as long as a penis, any penis, is actually lying in her own vagina. So she sucks the man dry, so to speak. She thereby defeats him, castrates him, by out-sexing him and destroying his masculine conceit in his prowess. (This pattern, incidentally, may be one explanation of nymphomania, this subconscious hunger to own and possess a penis. Another, I imagine, is an ego identification with sexual prowess, a highly egoistic satisfaction in the sexual act and in insatiability itself. It becomes just as much a career as being the world's champion prize-fighter!) The man, on his part, to defend himself against the bitter envy and the very hostile attack of the female (her sexuality itself is an attack on his sexuality), and perhaps also to satisfy certain subconscious sadistic tendencies of his own (a compromise satisfaction of the contradictory desires to enjoy the delights of sex and to destroy the sex object because the female is the surrogate of the hostile and frustrating mother of yore), must punish as part of his triumph. And his conquest over the female, in sex, is just that -- a triumph of domination! To enjoy satisfaction he must defeat her and degrade and debase her. So, in the joke or ballad, he either overwhelms her with his huge (exaggeration of sexual interest) penis. Or he calls on some outside agency, such as man or ruthless machine, to do the job for him, which nothing can stop once it is put in motion. Or, as in my joke #66, he gladly enlists the help of other men, for all men are his allies in the fight to the death between the sexes. "If the two of us can't keep her satisfied, we'll get another man!" All these attitudes may grow directly out of the anal-sadistic type of sexual adjustment, or maladjustment, as it could be better termed. Frigidity, impotence, etc., may likewise result from the anal-retentive type of adjustment, and pederasty may grow out of homosexual adjustment at the anal level. In some of these jokes and songs we have clear indication of the anal period, for, at the final defeat of the woman (and we must remember that these are male fantasies, not female!), her fecal matter, in greatest abundance, is scattered far and wide. This discharge seemingly is substituted for the usual and to be expected orgasmic climax!

Under separate cover, some days ago, I mailed you a couple of pages of the kind of material you last requested: the pithy sayings. I may be able to get many more. My father is a veritable treasure-house of these things. But I would have to be around him for awhile to pick them up again, as I have forgotten many of them in the 30 years, nearly, that I have been away from home. The speech of the old-time rowdy, happy-go-lucky Westerner was full of such sayings.

Today, under separate cover, I am returning the last of your copy, which you sent me for exchange. I enclose also a few sheets too many of Chisholm Trail, your own version, which you may be able to use.

I would like to have further songs and ballads from you but there is no great hurry. Whenever you can get around to it. I see, by the way, as you will too from the Table of Contents herewith enclosed, that your material supplied to me amounted to a total, when typed off, of 40 pages. That I sent you came to 64, not counting indexes, etc.

Well, this will have to be enough for now, if I am to get my letter off in today's mail.

Best wishes,

December 13, 1952

Dear Gershon:

I hope you don't mind my thus addressing you familiarly. I like the name. It is unusual, interesting, and distinguished. It should be a real asset in presenting your manuscripts to editors.

No, the idioms and synonyms are not current for Utah. (They may be in use here but not to my knowledge.) I learned them in Southeastern Idaho when a young boy living at home. A good round date would be about 1920, though actually, it would be anywhere between 1915 and 1936. I have since been out of contact with farmers and laborers who use such expressions. Most of it, actually, I learned from my father.

Incidentally, I hope I do not, by virtue of being somewhat older than you, become a father-figure deserving of castration at your hands! I am definitely not the father type!

My so-called "Glossary" is suggestive but by no means exhaustive. I know I have overlooked many expressions. Some of those you mentioned, like dildos and merkins, were entirely new to me, but I had heard of the wimous and the false breast. The latter is called a "Falsie" out here. As for the dildos, any local boy who can't get a girl -- and he would have to be damned slow nowadays -- may resort to a can of lard or axle-grease, left in the can, or, as the joke goes, to a knothole in the fence! I've even heard of men who soak in a bathtub, with just the head of an erection floating above water, and tantalize themselves into an orgasm by allowing a fly, minus its wings, to stroll around on the "island." I have heard, too, of Mexicans who use a kind of vacuum pump, similar to a breast-pump, to masturbate themselves with. Incidentally, in my terminology list, I overlooked such a simple contraceptive as the douchie!

As for the word "chamber," I believe it is correctly used as a verb, meaning, literally, to take into a bedroom (a chamber), or to take to bed. Leastwise, my old dictionary (1928 edition) shows the word in that sense. It is not a Western usage, however. I use it merely as the polite key word, under which to hang the not-so-polite synonyms, which, for their part, are thoroughly idiomatic and provincial.

Thanks again for the batch of poems and ballads. They are the "real thing." I prize each and every one like a rare pearl.

I have scrapped the old table of Contents and done a thorough job of re-organizing. But still I am dissatisfied. It is hard to put all those items in one unending series and have them graded from one thing to another and all of them inter-related.

I enclose a few little scraps. Not much. Actually, I am scraping the bottom of the barrel, till such time as I can find more sources.

Sincerely,

P.S.

I have been very much interested in your psychological comments. I have noted your remarks on fantasies of the infinitesimal (masochist tone) and of bigness (exaggerated sexual interest). I refer to your LOLU (it's a Lulu!) and THE WHOREY CAEN.

I am, at the moment, however, thinking particularly of what you said about the close tie-up (identification) between death and sexuality. I quite agree with you. I believe, though, that the explanation lies in dream symbolism, which is quite universal. A body in a grave, for instance, may denote a penis buried in a vagina, the true meaning being hidden from the dreamer by the screening out process of the Super Ego. Guilt is indicated, too, in that death is thought of as being punishment for sin. (See GENESIS.) Sin is consummated and punishment achieved, all in one symbolism, therefore. Might we not even say, with conviction, that sin and death are associated in our minds because Adam became deserving of death, and brought death into the world, through his misbehavior with Eve? (Was not the snake which tempted Eve the penis of the Father, and was not the fruit which Adam plucked, Eve's cherry?) It was that old sin which made us all subject to death. And it is that sin, too, for which we ourselves must pay by dying. It is blood atonement, so to speak. And blood can be a symbol, in dreams, also in fantasy, of the semen of an orgasm, also. You chop off a hand, and out comes blood gushing. Maybe that chopping symbolizes intercourse, or masturbation, also the feeling of guilt and the desire for atonement, and even a castration of the offending organ, the hand, or, symbolically, the penis. (Does the BIBLE not say, "If thy hand offend thee, cast (or cut) it off," etc.?) Here, again, we have sin, guilt, and atonement all achieved in one fantasy, in highly condensed form. The atonement, through self-castration, is made to God himself, who represents the father, introjected, and who also represents the Super Ego, projected. That it all boils down to, then, is self-castration to appease the wrath of the jealous father. How else can one come back into favor, except by destroying that which is objectionable to the father, one's own competing manhood? Maybe that is why so much of religion seems to have an effeminizing effect on its membership. Christianity, most certainly, extolls the virtues of femininity. (Witness, the adoration of the Virgin, and the doctrine of turning the other cheek.)

I would like to call attention, also, to the obvious relationship between excrement (and the processes of excretion) and sexual intercourse (sexuality). I mentioned in an earlier letter, in connection with "The Great Wheel," that a discharge of feces might displace the expected orgasm and be its equivalent. Both feces and urine can, I believe, be used as dream symbols for semen. They come from the same general region. They give pleasurable sensations. And, in early childhood, they are believed to be the same. Hence, we have the flood fantasy (Noah's deluge), a kind of bed-wetting fantasy, which may represent a welling up of ecstasy -- in short, an orgasm. One may also dream of defecating on a woman. The woman, in that case, is probably a mother-figure, whom the person (a child in fantasy) is dirtying in a hostile attack, or on whom he is bestowing a gift of love. It can be either, for, in the anal period, feces is used both to express love and hostility. Therein, I believe, lies the explanation for sadism, which so frequently comes out in our folk materials, often in connection with defecation. Psychologists indicate that in the anal period are laid down at least three distinct personality patterns: (1) the anal-retentive, involving original holding, but spreading out to include hoarding, miserliness, and the propensity for collecting things (eg., vulgar ballads!); (2) anal-sadistic, involving original hostility toward the mother, later extending to cruelty toward any sex object; and (3) anal-compulsive, growing out of guilt concerning defecation, and spreading over to include sexuality, and often producing the impotent or frigid person, very nice, very clean and particular. I believe, though, a fourth type should be added: a kind of anal-giving type, beneficent, generous, loving his fellow-man (similar to Christ).

I think we can find traces of all these things (like assaying for minerals) when we analyze our vulgar folk materials. Like the Greek myths, they are rich in Freudian symbolism and fantasy.

ARCHIVE OF FOLK SONGS

**COUNTRYSIDE FOLKLORE**  
**(Songs and Ballads of Bygone Times)**

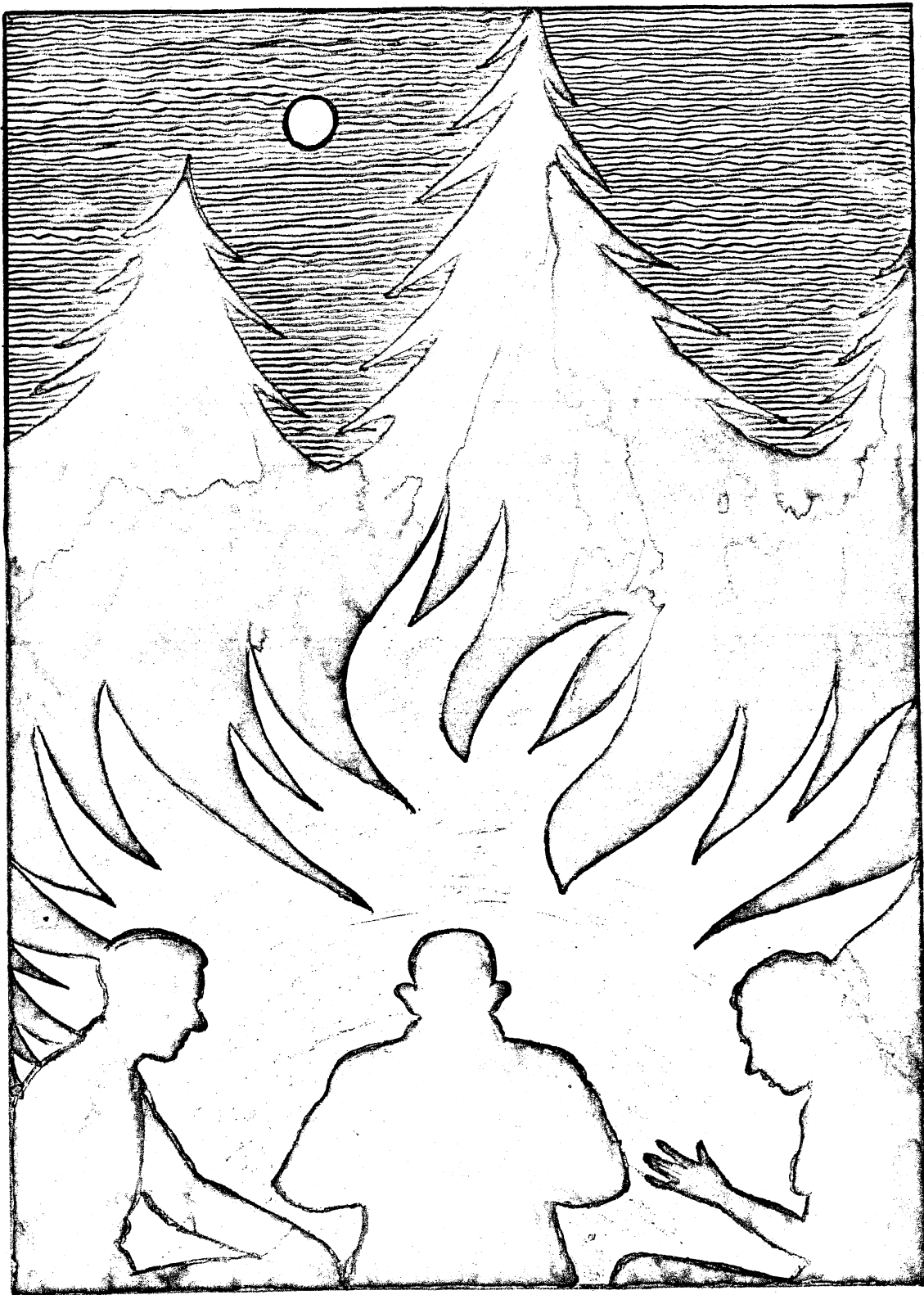
By  
**Kenneth Larson**

I did most of the work on this book while teaching at McCammon High School in 1930-33. My intention, never realized, was to present it, later, to George Morey Miller, Head of the English Department at the University of Idaho, at Moscow, Idaho, as a Master's Thesis. (I gave up the idea because of the extreme vulgarity of the materials!) I had graduated, there, in 1930, with a major in English, under Dr. Miller, and had been fired with his enthusiasm for the Popular Ballad. And I had returned to Southern Idaho, to a teaching job, with the determination to gather and record the old songs, ballads, and childhood jingles that had been so familiar a part of my growing up period. Many of these had been transmitted to me by my parents. Some were no doubt just popular songs of the early days, but others seem to have been brought West by the Pioneers. As for the very vulgar materials, they, too, probably originated elsewhere and were carried to Malad Valley, in the early days, by the in-pouring settlers. Some, however, are of more recent vintage, and seem to have been widespread over the United States, for I ran into versions of them, years later, in my wanderings, particularly during my service in the Armed Forces during World War II. I had them sung to me by fellow Service Men from widely scattered regions within the United States.

This material has already been used by such folklore collectors as Gershon Legman, Wayland D. Hand, and Austin E. Fife. A copy has also been placed on file with the Kinsey Foundation for psychological study. I have consistently maintained complete ownership, however, of my manuscript as a whole, and I shall continue to do so during my lifetime. For I have never given up the hope of having it published as a book under my own name. And ownership of any unpublished manuscript is assured to the author under the unwritten Common Law wholly at his own pleasure.

Reorganized on Sept. 5, 1972  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah





OLD RILEY'S CAMPFIRE

## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

JAMES KENNETH LARSON, son of Charles Lafayette Larson and Josephine Ruth Talbot of St. John, Malad Valley, Idaho, a farming community.

### Early Life

Nov. 30, 1905, born at St. John, Idaho -- midwife, Mrs. Adams.  
May, 1921, graduated, St. John Public School, under Iris Jones and Cy Price.  
Summer, 1924, electrical course, National Automotive, Los Angeles, Calif.  
May 19, 1925, graduated, Malad High School, under Supt. L.A. Thomas.  
June, 1928, graduated, U. of I., Southern Branch, Pocatello, Idaho.  
July 15, 1928, married, Twin Falls, Idaho, to Ruth Mellie Varnes, daughter of Albert G. and Carrie B. Varnes of Eden, Idaho.  
June 9, 1930, graduated, B.A., Let. & Sci., University of Idaho, Moscow.

### Pre-War Experience

Sept., 1930, to June, 1933, English teacher, McCammon High School.  
1933-1936, farmed with father-in-law, A.G. Varnes, at Eden, Idaho.  
Sept., 1936, to July, 1939, Supervisor, first at Pocatello, later at Boise, of Historical Records Survey, under Vardis Fisher, novelist.  
1938-1939, surveyed county records at Malad, Rexburg, Driggs, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, Dubois, Arco, Challis, Soda Springs, Paris, American Falls, and Burley.  
Fall of 1938, divorced, Jerome, Idaho, from Ruth Mellie Varnes of Eden, Idaho.  
Fall of 1939, worked at Whitehall Hotel, Salt Lake City, later at Auerbachs, and roomed with V.E. Fisher, psychologist, brother of Vardis Fisher.  
Jan.-Aug., 1940, psychology student at University of Utah.  
June 1, 1940, married, Salt Lake City, to Edna Mae Nye, daughter of L.W. and Effie Sake Nye of Boise, Idaho.  
Summer, 1940, moved to Berkeley, California, intending to enroll there.  
Winter, 1940-41, worked as a carpenter at Oakland, California.  
April, 1941, upholstery student, Central Trade School, Oakland, California.  
May-Aug., 1941, upholsterer, shop of A.H. Virzi, Berkeley, California.  
Sept., 1941, to April, 1942, psych student, University of Oregon, Eugene.  
Summer, 1942, teacher, Aeroplane Fabric Work, Eugene Vocational School.  
Sept, 1942, to March, 1943, time-keeper, Kaiser Shipyards, Swan Island, near Portland, Oregon, under Mickey O'Conner.  
July-Aug., 1943, shipping clerk, Paramount Studios, Inc., Salt Lake City.

### Military Service

Sept. 8, 1943, entered Army at Salt Lake City by voluntary induction, and went to Fort Douglas for assignment.  
Nov., 1943, to Dec., 1944, clerk-typist, Adjutant General's Office, Headquarters 63rd Infantry Division, Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi.  
Dec. 22, 1944, transferred to Air Corps because of age, made Tech Order Clerk, Keesler Field, near Biloxi, Mississippi.  
Feb. 3, 1945, at Amarillo, Texas, for mechanical training at Amarillo Army Air Field, but held instead for reassignment.  
April 8 to Sept. 29, 1945, file-clerk in Classification Office, Camp Headquarters, Fort Worth AAF, Fort Worth, Texas.  
Oct. 4, 1945, discharged from Separation Center, Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho.

### Post-War Ventures

Nov., 1945, joined wife in Washington, D.C., who had worked at Pentagon.  
Jan. 3 to March, 1946, file-clerk at Veterans' Information Center there.  
March, 1946, returned to Idaho to farm for V.E. Fisher at Ririe.  
Oct. 23, 1946, to June 1, 1949, ran Larson's Candyland at Idaho Falls, Idaho, but farmed summers, 1948-49, with father, on the St. John Bench.  
1948-49, continued research on Oneida County History at Malad Courthouse.  
Sept. 1, 1949, joined wife in Salt Lake City, in home at 168 L Street.  
Sept., 1949, to June, 1952, graduate psych student at University of Utah.  
1952-1960, worked exhaustively on the Talbot Book and the Talbot Album.  
Aug., 1960, to Dec., 1972, with wife, Wes Budd, running the Beau Monde, a Ladies Dress Shop, Broadway, Salt Lake City, acting as book-keeper.  
January, 1973, retired, to farm at St. John and to write at Salt Lake.

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INTRODUCTORY MATERIAL  
(Motivation and Obligation)

## PREFACE

Victor Hugo, discussing Argot in the pages of Les Miserables, tells us that nothing which exists is unworthy of study. As any reader of Hugo is aware, Argot is the harsh, cruel bastard language of hardened Paris criminals, developed by them for greater ease in talking over their villainous plans without being detected by eavesdroppers. In this book, though not condoning the filthy language of the underworld, Hugo turns a scientific eye on this form of speech and tries to tell us why and how it originated.

My purpose is similar in making the present collection of ballads. They are not all vulgar; in fact, about half of them are very respectable songs, at one time popular but now nearly forgotten. I have used no sources other than those of oral tradition, by which all folk literature is necessarily secured; I have scorned referring to song-books or to the columns of newspapers capitalizing on the modern fad of collecting and reviving old songs. I do not maintain, of course, that all the songs in the collection are true ballads, meeting all the qualifications; some of them may be genuine; others are only songs. But to get back to my subject--many of the selections herein presented are so extremely vulgar as to call for a word of explanation, and to that purpose I devote the remainder of this preface.

I have, if I may say so, gone to considerable trouble to drag out into the light of day those vulgar poems and songs which germinate and grow under cover of darkness. They exist.

They have a very important place in contemporary life. They are known and cherished in secret by every schoolchild, by every person of the laboring classes, and by every marriageable youth in the United States, with perhaps very rare exceptions. Only the so-called sissies are immune to such interest, and their aversion is often doubtful. Every normal and honest-minded person passes through a period, at some time or other in his early years--which he may never outgrow--of fondness for, and interest in, the vulgar and concealed things in life. It is human nature to be intrigued by life's mysteries.

Vulgar poetry and crude jokes about sex are youth's method of teaching itself the things it wants to know and which it has a right to know. The narrowmindedness of older generations in suppressing natural instincts and concealing facts that should be dealt with fairly and in the open is largely responsible for the growth and continued existence of the large body of filth--it can hardly be called literature--which corrupts the minds of our youth.

For many centuries medical science was ignorant and often deadly to its patients merely because of a false modesty which forbade dissection, discussion, or even a simple study of the human body. The thoughts of men are directly related to their bodies, since they arise out of the functions of the body--the natural passions and activities that go to make up life. Yet many current thoughts and expressions have been tabooed because of their apparent vulgarity.

Like Hugo I have little sympathy for prudery, for narrow-minded bigotry, for the kind of attitude which taboos a subject and makes it unspeakable. To me it seems that all things are natural, that they have a legitimate place in the world, that they grow out of definite causes and fill a definite need. It is only the artificial standards created by society that makes one thing vulgar and another thing polite. The weed along the roadside is no less natural than the blooming rose. We cannot shut our eyes and by so doing force it out of existence. If we wish to exterminate because it offends--being none the less natural, we having merely developed artificial tastes and an aesthetic sense not in accordance with nature--we must look at it, seize it firmly, and pull it up by the roots with our own hands.

If the youth of the country is to get proper perspective and wholesome attitudes, the so-called vulgar ballad must be dragged out into the open and have the light of day thrown upon it. If its evil effects are to be eliminated, something more healthful must be found to take its place. A wholesome substitution can be made easily, but an eradication is quite out of the question, perhaps not even desirable. The fundamental point to be considered, undoubtedly, is that vulgar ballads we have and vulgar ballads we shall always have. Although not a respected place, they should at least be given a place in our consciousness and in our recognition as the literature of the underworld.

## FOREWORD

Enough has already been said of ballads and ballad style by experts in the field to make any long-winded introduction by the author of this work unnecessary. Of the old songs included in the collection, I shall say nothing. It is of the true ballads that I wish to speak.

My work and experience as a collector seem to indicate that ballads have three ways, and only three ways, of originating. At least the first two of these, and perhaps all of them, have already been pointed out by previous commentators.

A ballad may be the work of a definite author, and yet may have later undergone certain changes toward conventionalization of phrase and situation by passing through the mouths of the multitude. Many examples seem to indicate this origin, and to show that in the beginning the poem has had an individual composer whose work has undergone change. It is certain that many poems actually disintegrate through this transmission; and vulgar rimes or nonsense verses, the traditional property of children, are the final stages in the ballad's history.

Again the process may be reversed, and a simple stanza, the product of some unknown individual, taking fire in the imagination of the hearers, expands to great length, growing constantly in its transmission through the mouths of its eager progenitors. This is the growth idea or, to put it in



more scientific terms, the evolution theory. It is subscribed to by most of the leading authorities on the ballad. I have actually heard of, and even myself taken part in, this process of ballad-building, as I shall demonstrate in certain commentaries at the end of this manuscript.

There is still a third process of ballad growth or origin, and it can probably best be designated as the parody method. Certain poems and songs lend themselves in a peculiar manner to the clownish parodist, who manipulates them to suit the occasion or to please a group of eager listeners. The person who can take a popular but simple song-hit and find new, clever words for an occasion receives clamorous applause. This is especially true in localities where the population is mostly male and where some outlet for overflowing energy and animal sensuality is necessary. This type of ballad is nearly always vulgar. I am firmly of the opinion that most of my collection has originated in this way, to pass later through the mouths of the multitude for conventionalization.

There is no good reason, however, as far as I can see, for believing that any one method of ballad origin predominates in the field. the three types may be summarized as: ballads from definite authors, corrupted by contact with the multitudes; ballads of spontaneous origin and growth arising from the multitudes; and ballads having their beginnings as clever parodies, being immediately taken up and made to conform by the multitudes. Whatever be the truth, it is probable and natural that every reader should take his own choice, and form his own opinion, of the three theories.

## LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

1. Blasdell, Alden
2. Blasdell, Verrell
3. Bullock, Claude
4. Bush, Lester
5. Colton, Roscoe
6. Davis, Niah
7. Deschamps, John
8. Deschamps, Nello
9. Deschamps, Phenoi
10. Edwards, Ben
11. Edwards, Dave
12. Ehrnfelt, Melba
13. Goodnough, George
14. Grant, Bobbie
15. Grant, Clara S.
16. Grant, Frank
17. Hale, Murray
18. Hall, Lucille
19. Hanson, Abraham Stephen
20. Harkness, Jack
21. Haskell, Lon
22. Henson, Kenneth
23. Heward, Leigh
24. Illum, Carl
25. Illum, Gilbert
26. Infanger, Ben
27. Jolley, Virgil
28. Kyselka, Carl
29. Larsen, LaVon
30. Larson, Josephine T.
31. Larson, Leff
32. Larson, Ruth V.
33. Lewis, Ellis
34. Lish, Roderick
35. Terrell, Lish
36. Lords, Spencer
37. Madsen, Leonard
38. Marley, Elmer
39. Mellor, Lawrence
40. Martin, Lawrence
41. Nelson, Donald
42. Palfreyman, Richard
43. Peterson, Ivan
44. Peterson, Vernon
45. Smith, Timmie
46. Talbot, Audie
47. Talbot, Miriam M.
48. Talbot, Stephen Barton
49. Toponce, Rufus
50. Turner, Lawrence
51. Varnes, A. G.
52. Weeks, Harold

COLLECTIONS FROM ORAL TRADITION  
(The Body of the Text in True Folklore)

**RESPECTABLE SONGS**

## RESPECTABLE SONGS

MARY JANE  
A PAIR OF B.V.D.'S  
STYLES  
GUM  
CHARLIE'S FATE  
MY OWN TRUE LOVE  
OLD MOTHER BOGUE  
THE PREACHER AND THE BEAR  
THE TWO CROWS  
CLEMENTINE  
FAIR CHARLOTTE  
CHARMING KATE  
THE DAMSEL FROM CHASHAW  
DONDERBECK  
THE OLD APPLE PIE  
BRYAN O'LYNN  
THE WEDDING PARTY  
OH, HOW HE LIED  
I LONG TO BE SINGLE AGAIN  
ALIMONY  
THE PARROT SONG  
THREE MEN  
THE OREGON GYPSY GIRL  
YOUNG JOHNNIE DOYLE  
ANDY BARDEEN  
THE LOW LAND LOW  
HASN'T DONE ANYTHING  
OUR BACK YARD  
SING ANYTHING  
TWO GOATS  
SORRY  
WHEN I WAS SINGLE  
OLEY OLESON  
WITH A LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN  
WINDING ON THE TRAIN  
A PISTOL PACKING PAPA  
THE MAN WHO RODE THE MULE  
THE BUM SONG  
THE BOSTON BURGLAR  
THE LITTLE BROWN JUG  
WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD

MARY JANE  
(Learned at St. John)

---

She told me she'd meet me when the  
clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just eight  
miles out of town,  
Where the pig's eyes and the pig's ears  
and the tough old Texas steers  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents  
a pound.

She's my honey; she's my daisy;  
She's knockneed; she's crazy;  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and  
blind.

And they say her teeth are foamy  
From eating Swiss bologna.

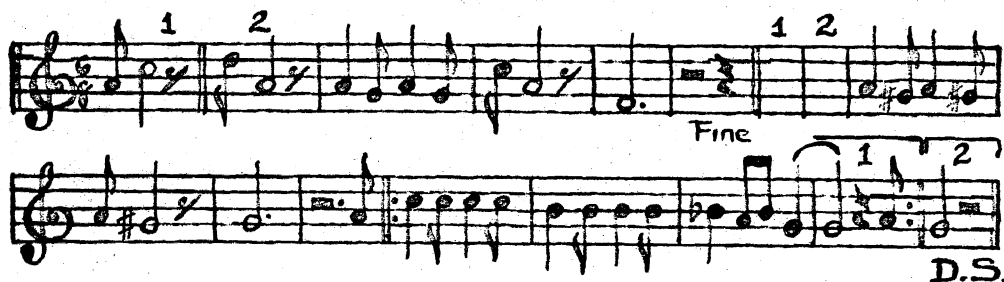
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive  
Mary Jane!



A PAIR OF B.V.D.'S  
(Mrs. Kenneth Larson)

--

She had a -- she had a --  
She had a pair of B.V.D.'s;  
She had a -- she had a --  
She had a pair of B.V.D.'s;  
She wore them in the summer,  
And she wore them in the fall;  
But the last time I saw her,  
She didn't wear them at all;  
She had a -- she had a --  
She had a pair of B.V.D.'s!



STYLES  
(Mrs. Kenneth Larson)

--

There are styles that show the ankles;  
There are styles that show the knee;  
There are styles that make the old  
men wonder  
Just how much the women want the men  
to see;  
There are styles that have a naughty  
meaning,  
Which the eyes of men alone can see;  
But the styles that Eve wore in the  
garden  
Are the ones that appeal to me!



GUM  
(Frank Grant, Eden)

---

When I was only twenty,  
I was wild and full of fun;  
I flirted with every girl I met--  
Unless she was chewing gum!

I met a fair young maiden--  
She seemed a perfect chum;  
But I tell you now I didn't know then  
She was fond of chewing gum!

I took her to a ball one night;  
They all thought she was dumb,  
For she stopped right in the middle of  
a dance  
And took a chew of gum!

One day I kissed her big red lips,  
Just to see if she would run;  
But I got my little black mustache  
All tangled up in her gum!

I proposed and she accepted,  
The wedding day to come;  
The priest was there to tie the knot,  
But her mouth was full of gum!

I finally got disgusted  
And went off on the bum;  
I swore I'd never marry a girl  
That was fond of chewing gum!



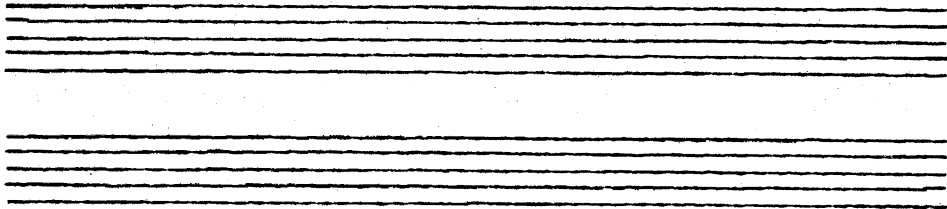
CHARLIE'S FATE  
(LaVon Larsen, McCammon)

--

Charlie went down in the bucket;  
The bucket went down in the well;  
His wife cut the rope on the bucket,  
And Charlie went down into---  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come  
from afar!  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la,  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!

When Charlie got down into hades,  
He met with a terrible hap;  
He stepped on a red-hot shovel,  
And uttered the word, "I'll be--!!!"  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come  
from afar!  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la,  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!

When Satan heard Charlie a-cussing,  
He locked him right up in a cell;  
"I'm a jolly good old fellow,  
But no cussing will I have in--!!!"  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la!  
How sweet are the voices that come  
from afar!  
Ting-a-ling-ling--tra-la-la-la,  
As I play on my Spanish guitar!



MY OWN TRUE LOVE

(Probably brought from England by the Talbots)

--

Oh, Father dear, what deed have I done,  
What deed have I done this very day?  
Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee!

She said that she would never be mine,  
That her true heart would ever be  
Where the murmuring waters flow--  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee.

I took her by her lily-white hand  
And whirled her round and round and  
round;  
I whirled her round and round and round,  
And watched her body drown!

Oh, Father dear, what deed have I done,  
What deed have I done this very day?  
Oh, I have murdered my own true love  
On the banks of the bonnie Dee!



OLD MOTHER BOGUE  
(Sung many years ago  
by Grandfather Talbot)

--

Old Mother Bogue took a ride in a shay  
On the morning of a very, of a very cold day;  
The shay broke down, and the horse went blind,  
And he had no hair on his tail behind!  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do, come do;"  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do!"

She sent little Johnnie that just came in  
For a bottle of the very, of the very best gin;  
She poured the gin right down her old goggle  
And rubbed her left leg well with the bottle!  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do, come do;"  
Singing, "Old Mother Bogue, come do!"

(I think it very probable that there is a stanza  
or more missing, in which the account is given  
of her injury and of the trip home.)



THE PREACHER AND THE BEAR  
(Learned at Malad in 1910.)

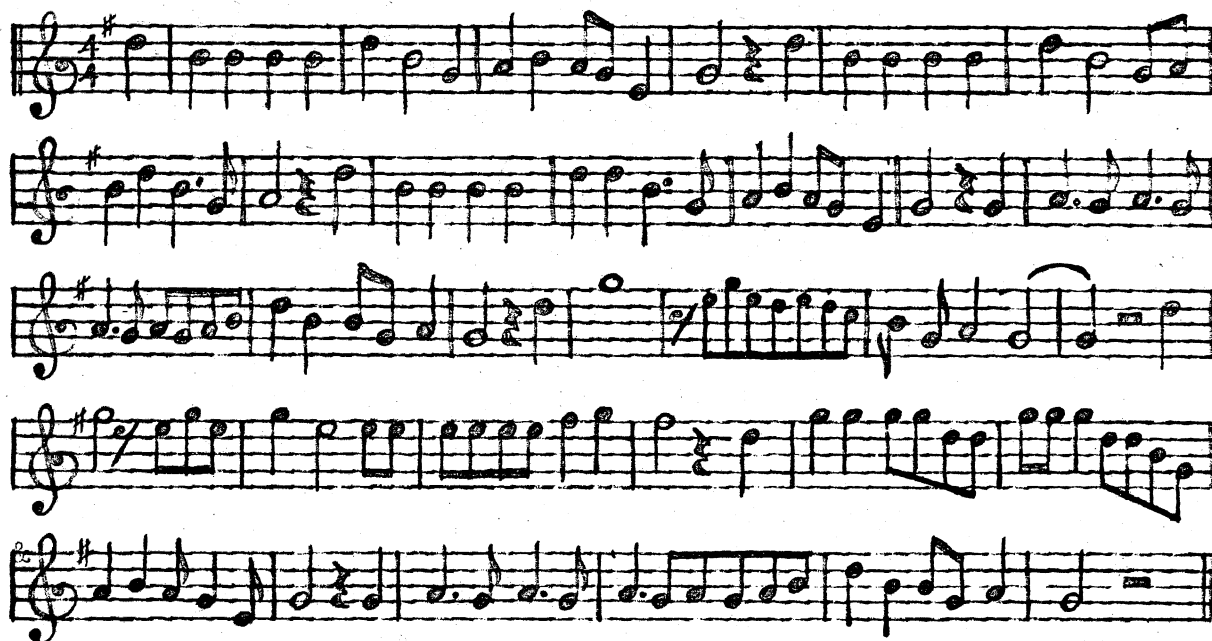
--

A preacher went out hunting;  
'Twas on a Sunday morn.  
Of course, it was against his religion,  
But he took his gun along.  
He shot himself some very fine quail,  
And one lone, measly hare,  
And on his way returning home  
He met a great big grizzley bear.

Chorus:

Oh, Lord, delivered Daniel from the lion's den,  
And so delivered Jonah from the belly of the  
whale, and then  
The Hebrew children from the fiery furnace--  
So the Good Books do declare.  
Oh, Lord, if you can't help me,  
For heaven's sake, don't you help that bear!

The bear walked out in the middle of the road,  
And he looked at the Coon, you see;  
The Coon got so excited  
That he climbed a percimmon tree.  
The bear sat down upon the ground,  
And the Coon climbed out on a limb.  
He cast his eyes to the Lord in the skies,  
And these words he said to him:



THE TWO CROWS  
(A South-Idaho version)

---

There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree;  
There were two crows sat in a tree,  
In a tree,  
As black as any crows could be,  
Crows could be.

The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate;  
The one crow whispered to his mate,  
To his mate,  
"Have you seen anything to eat,  
Thing to eat?"

"There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
There lies a horse in yonder field,  
Yonder field;  
And there we'll have a merry meal,  
Merry meal!"

"We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone;  
We'll perch upon his old backbone,  
Old backbone,  
And peck his eyes out one by one,  
One by one!"



# CLEMENTINE

(Learned at Eden, Idaho, 1932)

--

In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,  
And his daughter Clementine.

## Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,  
Oh, my darling Clementine!  
You are lost and gone forever;  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine;  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine;  
Tripped her foot against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

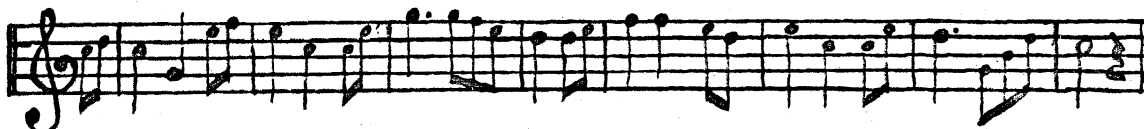
Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;  
But alas! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine!

In a churchyard near the canyon,  
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies  
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine;  
Thought he oughter jine his daughter--  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Dressed in garments soaked in brine;  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her,  
How I missed my Clementine!  
But I kissed her little sister,  
And forgot my Clementine!



## FAIR CHARLOTTE

Fair Charlotte lived on a mountainside,  
In a wild and lonely spot;  
There were no dwellings for three miles wide,  
Except her father's cot;  
And yet on many a winter night  
Young swains were gathered there,  
For her father kept a social board--  
And she was very fair!

On New Year's eve, as the sun went down,  
Far looked her wistful eye  
Out from the frosty window pane  
As the merry sleighs dashed by;  
At the village, fifteen miles away,  
Was to be held a ball that night;  
And, though the air was piercing cold,  
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eye  
As a well-known voice she heard,  
And dashing up to the cottage door  
Her lover's sleigh appeared.  
"Oh, daughter dear!" her mother cried,  
"This blanket round you fold;  
For it is a dreadful night abroad--  
You will get your death of cold!"

"Oh, nay!! Oh, nay!!" fair Charlotte cried,  
As she laughed like a Gypsy queen;  
"To ride in blankets muffled up  
I never would be seen.  
My silken coat is quite enough,  
You know it is lined throughout;  
And there is my silken scarf to twine  
My head and neck about!"

Her bonnet and her gloves were on;  
She jumped into the sleigh,  
And swiftly they sped down the mountainside  
And over the hills away.  
With muffled beat, so violently,  
Five miles at length were passed,  
When Charles, with few and shivering words,  
The silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;  
My reins I scarce can hold!"  
Fair Charlotte faintly then replied,  
"I am exceedingly cold!"  
He cracked his whip; he urged his steed  
Much faster than before,  
And thus five other dreary miles  
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles, "How fast the freezing ice  
Is gathering on my brow."  
And Charlotte still more faintly said,  
"I'm growing warmer now."  
Thus on they rode through the frosty air  
And the glittering cold starlight  
Until at last the village lamps  
And the ballroom came in sight.

They reached the door and Charles sprang out  
And held his hand to her;  
"Why sit you like a monument  
That hath no power to stir?"  
He called her once; he called her twice;  
She answered not a word.  
He asked her for her hand again,  
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his; 'twas cold  
And hard as any stone.  
He tore the mantle from her face  
And the cold stars over it shone.  
Then quickly to the lighted hall  
Her lifeless form he bore.  
Fair Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye;  
Her voice was heard no more.

He sat himself down by her side,  
And bitter tears did flow;  
And he said, "My young intended bride  
I never more shall know!"  
He threw his arms around her neck  
And kissed her marble brow,  
And his thoughts went back to where she said,  
"I am growing warmer now."

He bore her out into the sleigh,  
And with her he drove home;  
And when he reached the cottage door,  
Oh! how her parents mourned.  
They mourned the loss of their daughter dear,  
While Charles mourned o'er their gloom--  
Until his heart with grief did break,  
And they slumber in one tomb.





## CHARMING KATE

---

As I walked out the other day,  
I met my charming Kate.  
I asked her where she was going,  
And she said she was going to skate.  
I jogged along close by her side  
Until we came to the gate:  
They charged us fifty cents apiece  
To let us in to skate!

### Chorus:

Lots of fun on the ice, boys;  
Plenty of nice young girls.  
Goodness, how they glide along,  
Dressed in their belle-mareilles!

She started out and said she'd kiss  
The first one that could catch her.  
Of all the boys upon the ice,  
I knew not one could match her.  
I started out: my foot did slip,  
And on the ice I fell;  
And ever since that I faint away  
At the sight of a belle-mareille!

When I got up, my nose did bleed;  
I was in such a plight!  
I turned around to look for Kate,  
But Kate was out of sight.  
The boys did laugh, and all did say  
She'd caught some other swell;  
And ever since that I faint away  
At the sight of a belle-mareille!



### THE DAMSEL FROM CHASHAW

(Learned in Malad about 1915:  
Probably brought from England or Africa  
by my Talbot ancestors)

---

There lived a fair damsel in Chashaw,  
Who often to market would go,  
Thinking no one would harm or molest her  
As she traveled the road to and fro.

She met with a lofty highwayman;  
Two pistols he held at her breast,  
Saying, "Stand and deliver your money,  
Or else you will die, I confess!"

He stripped this poor damsel most naked,  
And took from her wallet her gold;  
And as he sat counting her money,  
He gave her the bridle to hold.

She put her foot into the stirrup,  
And into the saddle she sprang;  
And away she dashed over the prairie,  
Crying, "Catch me, bold rogue, if you can!"

She dashed over hills and high mountains  
Till she came to her father's farm-side;  
And then with a tear and a whisper,  
Her father he then did arrive.

"Oh, daughter, oh, what's been the matter,  
That's kept you so long from the farm?"  
"Oh, enough, oh, enough's been the matter;  
But the rogue he has done me no harm!"

This fair damsel she still lives in Chashaw,  
And her husband along with her dwells;  
And the little ones they all sit and listen,  
While the story of the robber she tells.



# DONDERBECK

(Sung years ago by Dad.)

--

There was a jolly Dutchman,  
And his name was Donderbeck.  
He was very fond of sausages,  
Sauerkraut, and speck.  
He owned a great big butchershop,  
The finest ever seen;  
So he took him out a patent  
To make sausages by steam.

## Chorus:

Oh, Mr. Donderbeck,  
How could you be so mean?  
Aren't you sorry you ever invented  
Such a terrible machine?  
The long-tailed rats and pussycats  
Will never more be seen,  
For they've all been ground to sausages  
In Donderbeck's machine.

The dogs and cats were missing  
From all around the town.  
They searched the city over;  
They searched it all around.  
A little boy went behind the shop,  
For he heard an awful noise;  
It was Donderbeck skinning dogs and cats  
To make sausage for his boys!

Something got the matter;  
The machine it wouldn't go;  
So Donderbeck he crawled inside  
To find it out, you know.  
His wife she got the nightmare  
And went walking in her sleep;  
She gave the crank an awful yank,  
And Donderbeck was meat!



# THE OLD APPLE PIE

(Learned from Lester Bush at Pocatello in 1927)

---

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a hair  
That the cook has left there,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a nail  
Or a pussycat's tail,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a fly  
That has come there to die,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a tear  
Or a puppydog's ear,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a worm  
That has made its last turn,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!

In the crust of the old apple pie  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a louse  
Or a little gray mouse,  
In the crust of the old apple pie!



BRYAN O'LYNN  
(Mrs. Frank Grant, Eden, Idaho)

--

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife, and her mother,  
They all went over  
A bridge together;  
The bridge broke down--  
They all fell in:  
"There's ground at the bottom!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife, and her mother,  
They all slept  
In one bed together;  
The night was cold,  
And the blankets were thin:  
"I'll sleep in the middle!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no breeches to wear;  
He bought him a sheepskin  
And made him a pair--  
The fleshy side out  
And the wooly side in:  
"It's warm in the summer!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn,  
His wife and her mother,  
They all sat down  
At the table together;  
Two plates and a platter,  
But nothing for him:  
"I'll eat from the platter!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn  
Had no watch to wear;  
So he got him a turnip  
And scooped it out fair;  
He planted a cricket  
Right under the skin:  
"They'll think it's a-ticking!"  
Said Bryan O'Lynn.

### THE WEDDING PARTY

(Sung many years ago by Grandfather Talbot;  
obtained at Malad from Uncle Andy.)

---

Old lady mouse came a-rattling down,  
Haw-haw;  
Old lady mouse came a-rattling down,  
Dressed in silk and a satin gown,  
Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he took her on his knee,  
Haw-haw;  
The old bullfrog he took her on his knee;  
He said to her, "Will you marry me?"  
Haw-haw!

"Where is the wedding supper going to be?  
Haw-haw;  
Where is the wedding supper going to be?"  
"Way down yonder in a hollow tree!"  
Haw-haw!

"What's the wedding supper going to be?  
Haw-haw;  
What's the wedding supper going to be?"  
"A chunk of cabbage and a cup of tea!"  
Haw-haw!

The first come in was a big black snake,  
Haw-haw;  
The first come in was a big black snake;  
He swallowed up all the jelly cake,  
Haw-haw!

The next come in was a little bitta bee,  
Haw-haw;  
The next come in was a little bitta bee.  
He carried a fiddle on his knee,  
Haw-haw!

The last come in was a bumblebee,  
Haw-haw;  
The last come in was a bumblebee--  
He danced a jig for the little bitta bee,  
Haw-haw!

The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
Haw-haw;  
The old bullfrog he jumped in the lake,  
And he got bit with a big black snake,  
Haw-haw!

The big black snake he swum to land,  
Haw-haw;  
The big black snake he swum to land,  
And he got killed by a Niggero man,  
Haw-haw!

The Niggero man he ran to the war,  
Haw-haw;  
The Niggero man he ran to the war,  
And he got killed with a big snowball,  
Haw-haw!

The big snowball it lay on the ground,  
Haw-haw;  
The big snowball it lay on the ground  
Till it got melted with the sun,  
Haw-haw!

Lay my book upon the shelf,  
Haw-haw;  
Lay my book upon the shelf.  
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself,  
Haw-haw!



OH, HOW HE LIED!

(Grade School at Malad, R. 1, in 1918)

--

He told her he loved her,  
And oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied;  
He told her he loved her,  
And oh! how he lied,  
Oh! how he lied!

He left her unhappy,  
And oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried.  
He left her unhappy,  
And oh! how she cried,  
Oh! how she cried.

She got the pneumonia,  
And she up and died,  
She up and died,  
She up and died;  
She got the pneumonia,  
And she up and died,  
She up and died.

He went to her funeral,  
But just for the ride,  
Just for the ride,  
Just for the ride;  
He went to her funeral,  
But just for the ride,  
Just for the ride!

Her soul went to heaven,  
And flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied;  
Her soul went to heaven,  
And flip-flop it flied,  
Flip-flop it flied.

He got the pneumonia,  
And he up and died,  
He up and died,  
He up and died;  
He got the pneumonia,  
And he up and died,  
He up and died.

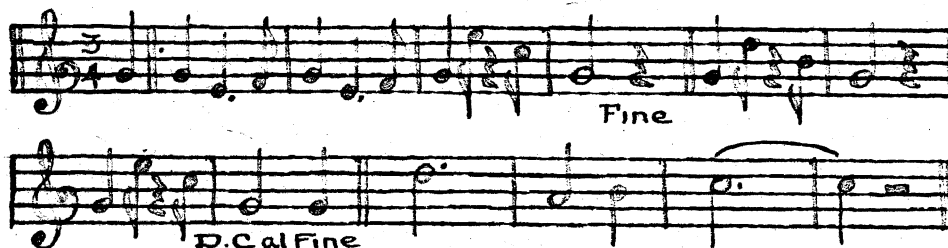
They gave him a funeral,  
But nobody cried,



Nobody cried,  
Nobody cried;  
They gave him a funeral,  
But nobody cried,  
Nobody cried.

His soul went to hell  
And sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried;  
His soul went to hell  
And sizzled and fried,  
Sizzled and fried!

Now, learn, you fair damsels,  
And don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride;  
Now, learn, you fair damsels,  
And don't be a bride,  
Don't be a bride!



B.  
Lover's Life  
(A version of Oh, How he Lied)  
--

She sat on her hammock and played her guitar,  
Played her guitar, played her guitar;  
She sat on her hammock and played her guitar,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He sat down beside her and smoked a cigar,  
Smoked a cigar, smoked a cigar;  
He sat down beside her and smoked a cigar,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He told her he loved her, but Oh! how he  
lied,  
Oh! how he lied, Oh! how he lied;  
He told her he loved her, but Oh! how he  
lied,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

She got the pneumonia, and she up and died,  
She up and died, she up and died;  
She got the pneumonia, and she up and died,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

Her soul went to heaven, and flip-flop it  
flied,  
Flip-flop it flied, flip-flop it flied;  
Her soul went to heaven, and flip-flop it  
flied,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

He went to the funeral, but just for the  
ride,  
Just for the ride, just for the ride;  
He went to the funeral, but just for the  
ride,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

Long years have gone by, and he's old and  
blind,  
He's old and blind, he's old and blind;  
Long years have gone by, and he's old and  
blind,  
Singing, "Tra-la-la-la!"

## I LONG TO BE SINGLE AGAIN

---

Oh, when I was single,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
Oh, when I was single,  
Oh, then;  
Oh, when I was single,  
My pockets would jingle,  
And I long to be single again!

My wife got a fever,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
My wife got a fever,  
Oh, then;  
My wife got a fever,  
And I hope it don't leave her,  
For I long to be single again!

My wife she died,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
My wife she died,  
Oh, then;  
My wife she died,  
And I laughed till I cried,  
Because I was single again!

I looked in her coffin,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
I looked in her coffin,  
Oh, then;  
I looked in her coffin,  
And I couldn't stop laughin'  
Because I was single again!

I went to her funeral,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
I went to her funeral,  
Oh, then;  
I heaved and I sighed,  
And I laughed till I cried,  
And I started off courting again!

I married another,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
I married another,  
Oh, then;  
I married another,  
The Devil's grandmother,  
And I long to be single again!

Be good to the first,  
Oh, then, oh, then;  
Be good to the first,  
Oh, then;  
Be good to the first,  
For the second is worse,  
And you'll long to be single again!



## ALIMONY

(Learned from Lester Bush in 1927  
at U.of I., S. B., Pocatello)

---

Oh, Adam was the first guy that ever was invented;  
He wandered all around and he never was contented;  
They made him out of clay in the days gone by,  
And they hung him out in the sun to dry!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Eve, and they had an awful battle;  
She chased Adam up a tree to get an apple!  
Adam ate two, and he gave Eve one--  
And that is how all the trouble begun!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Cain, and Eve was his mother;  
He stumbled all around till he found himself a brother.  
The Good Book says that Cain killed Abel--  
He hit him in the head with the leg of a table!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Noah a-stumbling in the dark;  
He found a saw and hatchet, and he built himself an ark.  
Then came the animals two by two,  
The hippo-hippopotamus and kangaroo!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

Then it rained for forty days and forty nights without  
a-stopping;  
The damned old boat began a-leaking and a-rocking;  
The ocean got rude and the waves got rank,  
And the whale threw Jonah on the sandy bank!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

And then came Roosevelt a-looking for a bear;  
He searched the Mississippi, and he couldn't find him  
there.  
He went to South Africa, so I've heard,  
And killed them with a fountain pen at forty cents a word!  
Oh, alimoney, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I once knew a doctor by the name of Peck.  
He fell into a well, and he broke his damned neck!  
It served him right--he should have stayed at home,  
Tended to the sick, and left the well alone!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I bought myself a pair of combination underwear  
Just to keep out the cold and the damp and chilly air;  
I wore them six months, without exaggeration--  
And when I went to take them off I found I'd lost  
the combination!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

I went down town for to see my gal Bess.  
She said, "My Honey, I am all undressed!"  
"Then slip on something and come down here!"  
So she slipped on a cake of soap and came  
down on her ear!  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!

A horse and a flea and three blind mice  
Were out in the barnyard a-playing dice;  
The horse he slipped and he fell on the flea,  
And the flea said, "Golly, that's a horse on me!"  
Oh, alimony, I wanta live, anyway, till I die!



B.

WALKING

Called THE CREATION Alternately  
(David S. Thomas, of St. John, Idaho)\*

Adam was the first man;  
Eve was the tother;  
Cain he walked the tread-mill  
Because he killed his brother!

Chorus:

Oh, it's walking, then it's walking,  
Walking, I say;  
Walking through the parlor  
For to hear the banjo play;  
Walking through the parlor  
For to hear the banjo ring,  
And to watch the Darkie's fingers  
As he plays upon the strings!

The world was made in six days,  
And then they made the sky;  
Then they hung it overhead  
And left it there to dry!

Repeat Chorus.

All the other animals  
Were made one by one  
And set up against the fence to dry  
As fast as they were done!

Repeat Chorus.

Old Mother Eve couldn't  
Sleep without a pillow;  
And the greatest man that ever lived  
Was Jack the Giant Killer!

---

\*Mr. Thomas, my Uncle by marriage, came to Malad Valley in his youth, with his widowed mother, as a Mormon convert from Wales. As one of the first pioneers in St. John, in the late 1860's, he was familiar with the country entertainment, and with the songs current before the turn of the century, THE CREATION was one of them. He did not remember when he learned it but said it was current in the early days. It must have been much longer in its original form. ALIMONY, from Lester Bush, in 1927, at the then Southern Branch, is seemingly a much altered version of THE CREATION. I have an idea he might have learned it from a form popularized as a phonograph record, but of this I have no proof, only a conviction. I got these few verses of THE CREATION from my Uncle about 1935 when actively engaged in collecting old ballads.

### THE PARROT SONG

(Sung many years ago by Grandfather Talbot;  
obtained from Uncle Andy at Malad.)

---

As I lingered by a cottage door,  
With a kind of silly grin,  
Listening to a maiden's song,  
The parrot said, "Come in, come in!"  
The parrot said, "come in!"

I walked inside the cottage room,  
And I saw standing there  
A maiden with a dimpled chin,  
A-combing her black hair, black hair,  
A-combing her black hair!

Great surprise was in her eyes,  
And yet she did not frown;  
And as I smiled at that dear child,  
The parrot said, "Sit down, sit down!"  
The parrot said, "Sit down!"

I sat down in the cottage chair,  
Beside her little sister;  
And as she combed her long black hair,  
The parrot said, "Kiss her, kiss her!"  
The parrot said, "Kiss her!"

The maiden smiled, and so did I--  
She was pretty enough to kill;  
And as the girl made no reply,  
Said I, "By Jove, I will, I will!"  
Said I, "By Jove, I will!"

But as in haste I grabbed her waist,  
She cried out, "Oh, no, no!"  
It was so nice I kissed her twice--  
Then the parrot said, "Let go, let go!"  
Then the parrot said, "Let go!"

Her father then came rushing in  
With a very angry shout;  
I took my arms from around her waist  
When the parrot said, "Sneak out,  
sneak out!"  
When the parrot said, "Sneak out!"

The maiden moaned and dropped her comb  
As through the door I ran;  
But at the gate I knew my fate,  
For I felt the grip of an honest man,  
Of an honest, honest man!



He gave me two blows upon the nose  
That I feel to this very day;  
And out I flew--he kicked me too!  
And the parrot said, "Good day,  
good day!"  
And the parrot said, "Good day!"



N.B. I secured this poem originally in a very incomplete form, and since that time have been unable to find anyone familiar with it. In order to give it sequence I have added the missing parts from my own imagination. For the sake of authenticity, I shall enumerate the lines that are not of my own composing; they are: 1, 4, 5; 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; 16, 19, 20; 23, 24, 25; 26, 27, 28, 29, 30; 31, 34, 35; 39, 40; 41, 42, 43, 44, 45.

Kenneth Larson

THREE MEN  
(Ben Infanger)

---

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a windmill--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Windmill";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Tis a mighty fine thing  
To keep the birds away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a bull-frog--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Bull-frog";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Looks like a turtle-  
dove  
With his feathers all blown away!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a porcupine--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Porcupine";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Looks like a pin-cushion  
With the pins stuck in the wrong way!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to a jackass--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Jackass";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "It's Franklin D.  
Roosevelt;  
I can tell him by his bray!"

Three men went out a-hunting,  
And nothing did they find  
Until they came to Idaho--  
And that they left behind.  
The Irishman says, "Idaho";  
The Scotchman he says, "Nay";  
The Dutchman says, "Tis a mighty fine place  
To keep the bums away!"



THE OREGON GYPSY GIRL  
(Melba Ehrnfelt, McCammon)

---

As I was a-walking up through fair  
London Street,  
A handsome young squire I chanced for  
to meet.  
He looked at my brown eyes, and he  
liked them so well,  
Says he, "My Oregon Gypsy girl, can  
you my fortune tell; can you my  
fortune tell?"  
Says he, "My Oregon Gypsy girl, can  
you my fortune tell?"

"Oh, yes, kind sir," I answered; "Just  
give to me your hand.  
You are to live a long life, I fully  
comprehend!  
Your ladies and your fair maids you'll  
put them all aside,  
For I'm the Oregon Gypsy girl that is  
to be your bride, that is to be  
your bride;  
For I'm the Oregon Gypsy girl that is  
to be your bride!"

He took me to his house, and a palace  
I assure;  
He had servants to wait on me and open  
every door.  
The bells they rang so sweetly, and  
music gave besides.  
I once was an Oregon Gypsy girl, but  
now a squire's bride, but now a  
squire's bride;  
I once was an Oregon Gypsy girl, but  
now a squire's bride!

YOUNG JOHNNIE DOYLE  
(Melba Ehrnfelt, McCammon)

---

It happened to be on one Saturday night  
That me and Johnnie Doyle were a-talking  
of a flight;  
My hand-maid standing by me was plain to  
see:  
She went home and told my old mother on  
me.

My mother she confined me up in a room  
so high,  
Where no one could see me and no one pass  
by;  
She bundled up my clothes, and she bid me  
be gone,  
So slowly and so slily I stepped along.

My father called me back again into his  
chamber door,  
Saying, "Daughter, dearest daughter, if  
you will marry Sandy Moore--  
For to marry Johnnie Doyle no pleasure  
you will have.  
I'd rather see your body borne down into  
the grave!"

The coach and six horses her father did-  
provide,  
And six noble riders to ride by her side;  
They rode till they came to a town called  
Edinburgh town;  
They called on Samuel Godswell, and there  
they got down.

The minister was sent for--he opened the  
door;  
Her diamond rings they bursted and fell to  
the floor;  
In fifty-five pieces her stay-laces flew;  
One would think her poor heart would of  
broken in two!

It was by her eldest brother that she was  
carried home;  
Up in her bed-chamber he softly laid her  
down;  
So sick and so weary her poor body she  
found,  
She was wishing she were dead and laid un-  
der the ground.

Her mother in her mourning-gown came a-  
tripping down the stairs,  
A-ringing of her hands and a-tearing of  
her hair,  
Saying, "Daughter, have the pleasure,  
for I'm sure I have the toil--  
I wish you had married young Johnnie Doyle!

"I'll send for Johnnie Doyle, dearest  
daughter, for you;  
I'll send for Johnnie Doyle, your old lover  
so true!"  
"To send for Johnnie Doyle, dearest mother,  
you're too late--  
I am so sick and weary--cold-hearted is my  
fate.

"Pray, brother, hold the door till the dawn-  
ing of the day;  
Pray, brother, hold the door and keep Sandy  
Moore away;  
For death is approaching, and that will end  
the strife,  
For he never shall enjoy me to call me his  
wife!"

In came Sandy Moore at the dawning of the  
day;  
In came Sandy Moore, and she held her face  
away;  
She held her face away and died with a smile,  
And the last word she was heard to say was  
"Young Johnnie Doyle!"

ANDY BARDEEN

(Secured from Dad:  
he learned it from a shepherd,  
Abraham Stephen Hansen,  
about 32 years ago, in 1900)

--

There were three brothers in old Scotland:  
Three loving brothers were they;  
And they all drew lots to see which one  
Was to go robbing out on the salt sea.

The lot it fell to Andy Bardeen,  
The youngest of the three;  
He was to go robbing out on the salt sea  
To maintain his two brothers and he.

They had just sailed now two winters nigh  
When a big ship they did spy;  
And she came sailing around and around  
Until she came sailing quite nigh.

"Who's there; who's there?" cried Andy  
Bardeen;  
"Who's there, I ask of thee!"  
"We are three merchants from old England.  
Now, please, won't you let us pass by?"

"Oh, no; oh, no!" cried Andy Bardeen;  
"Oh, that could never be!  
Your bright shining diamonds we'll take  
all away,  
And your ship we'll sink in the sea!"

Right there and then the battle began;  
Bright cannons they did roar.  
They had only fought an hour or so  
When the three rich merchants gave o'er.

The news was brought to the king of France,  
For he was ruling the land;  
He offered rewards to any man  
That would bring Andy Bardeen to land.

"Oh, build me a ship!" says Captain Charles  
Stewart;  
"Oh, build it strong and firm!  
And I will bring Andy Bardeen to land,  
Or my body will never return!"

He had but sailed just three winters nigh  
When a big ship he did spy;  
And she came sailing around and around  
Until she came sailing quite nigh.

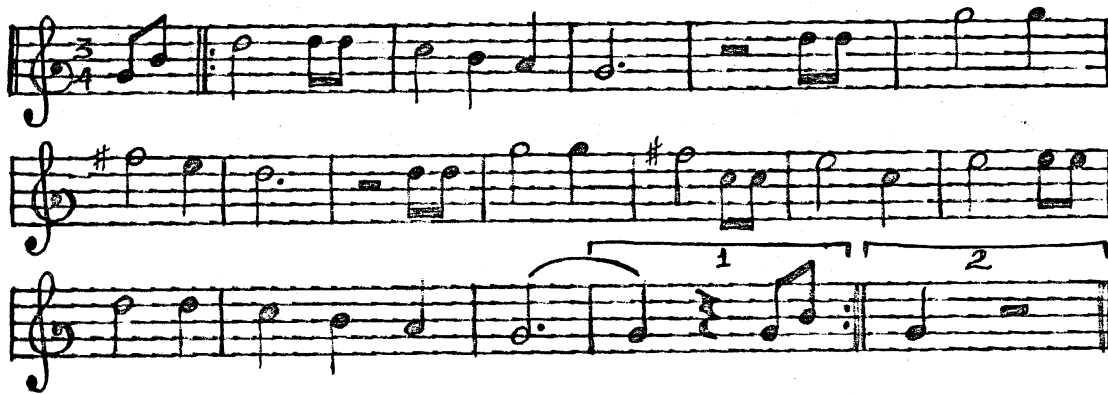
"Who's there; who's there?" cried Captain  
Charles Stewart;  
"Who's there, I ask of thee!"  
"We are three robbers from old Scotland.  
Now, please, won't you let us pass by?"

"Oh, no; oh, no!" cried Captain Charles  
Stewart;  
"Oh, that could never be!  
Your bright shining diamonds we'll take  
all away,  
And your ship we'll sink in the sea!"

"Come on! Come on!" cried Andy Bardeen;  
"We fear you not one pin!  
You've got brass without your grand ships,  
But we've got steel within!"

Right there and then the battle began;  
The cannons they did roar.  
They had just fought about an hour or so  
When Captain Charles Stewart gave o'er.

"Go back; go back!" cried Andy Bardeen;  
"And tell the king for me  
That he may be ruler of all the great land,  
But I'm still king of the sea!"



THE LOWLAND LOW  
(Elmer Marley)

---

I have me a ship in the North Countree;  
She sails by the name of the Nancy Lee;  
I'm afraid she'll be taken all by the

British crew

As she sails along the Lowland Low,  
As she sails along the Lowland Low,  
As she sails along the Lowland Low!

Our bold Captain Stewart he did speak,  
A-stamping of his foot upon the deck:  
"Is there any braw fellow that ship  
will destroy

As she sails along the Lowland Low,  
As she sails along the Lowland Low,  
As she sails along the Lowland Low?"

The first that spoke up was a little  
cabin-boy,  
Saying, "Captain, what will you gie me  
if I destroy?  
Will you gie me money, or will you gie  
me store,  
If I sink her in the Lowland Low,  
If I sink her in the Lowland Low,  
If I sink her in the Lowland Low?"

The next that spoke up was the captain,  
full of joy,  
A-making of a promise to the little  
cabin-boy:  
"I will gie you money, and also store,  
If you sink her in the Lowland Low,  
If you sink her in the Lowland Low,  
If you sink her in the Lowland Low!"

The boy he took an auger and overboard  
jumped,  
Bent his breast against the waves and  
gallantly swum  
Right up to the side of the British  
ship so bold,  
As she sailed along the Lowland Low,  
As she sailed along the Lowland Low,  
As she sailed along the Lowland Low!

The boy he took the auger and bored it  
in twice,

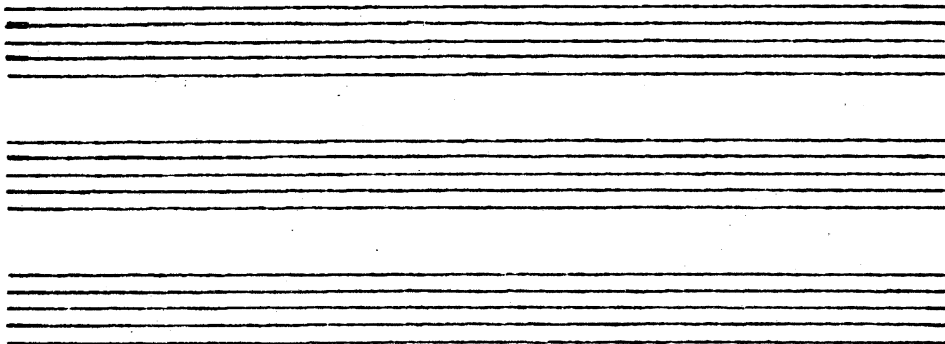


While some were playing cards and  
others playing dice;  
He dazzled all their eyes as he made  
the water flow--  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland Low,  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland Low,  
And they sunk beneath the Lowland Low!

Then he returned to his own captain's  
ship;  
His strength began to fail him and his  
courage began to slip:  
"Oh, Captain, pick me up--don't turn  
away so,  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland Low,  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland Low,  
For I'm sinking in the Lowland Low!"

"Pick you up!" cried the Captain; "No,  
that will never be!  
I'll cheat you and shoot you and sink  
you in the sea!"  
Then he turned away his head from the  
little cabin-boy--  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland Low,  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland Low,  
And he sunk beneath the Lowland Low!

The mates they picked him up, and on  
the deck he died;  
They wrapped him in a hammock so long  
and wide;  
They dropped him overboard, and he sunk  
beneath the flow,  
As they sailed along the Lowland Low,  
As they sailed along the Lowland Low,  
As they sailed along the Lowland Low!



HASN'T DONE ANYTHING SINCE  
(Carl Illum of St. John, Idaho\*)

--

One fine day my brother he picked up a pin.  
(And he hasn't done anything since!)

He sneaked up to a man and he stuck it in him.  
(And he hasn't done anything since!)

The man hollered, "Murder!", and sure he was mad;  
He kicked the boy hard, and the boy he was sad;  
For the man that he stuck with the pin was his dad!  
(And he hasn't done anything since!)

The girls in Malad all stuck up for a show.  
(And they haven't done anything since!)

To diddle with a lover is now all the go.  
(And they haven't done anything since!)

The girls in Malad all dress up with great care;  
It takes them all day to bang up their hair;  
But at night they hang it on the back of a chair!  
(And they haven't done anything since!)

My mother-in-law went to a roller-skating rink.  
(And she hasn't done anything since!)

She skated around till her face was all pink.  
(And she hasn't done anything since!)

She fell with a thud, but for that didn't care;  
But she showed her panties-- how people did stare--  
For on them a card was marked "TEN CENTS A PAIR"!  
(And she hasn't done anything since!)



---

\*Mr. Illum, then quite the country comedian, used to sing this song at the pioneer dances in St. John, and it is suspected that he himself wrote it.

OUR BACK YARD  
(Carl Illum, Ogden)

---

Some very curious things took place  
In our back yard last night;  
An elephant stepped on my sister's face  
In our back yard last night;  
An old tom-cat and a female one  
Were singing, "Johnny, get your gun!"  
I up with a brick and spoiled their fun  
In our back yard last night!

O, dear, O, they won't come back again,  
I know--  
For I knocked them out of next year's  
growth,  
In our back yard last night!

A band of Germans came to perform  
In our back yard last night;  
The reception they got was very warm  
In our back yard last night;  
The clarinet player he swore he'd shoot  
If they didn't put a stop to the  
too-ta-ta-toot,  
But somebody struck him with a navy boot  
In our back yard last night!

O, dear, O, he won't come back again,  
I know--  
Of his wisdom teeth he left a row  
In our back yard last night!

A pair of lovers came to spoon  
In our back yard last night;  
Beneath the light of the silvery moon,  
In our back yard last night;  
The male he soon had cause to grin,  
When the female collared all his "tim"  
And turned his pockets outside-in,  
In our back yard last night!

O, dear, O, he won't come back again,  
I know--  
For his purse and watch and chain did go,  
In our back yard last night!

Old mother Gibbons she called the police,  
In our back yard last night;  
Which brought the protector of the peace  
To our back yard last night;  
But as he came, O, strange to tell,  
On the back of his neck the flower-pot  
fell,  
And the flowers had scarcely come from  
the dell  
To our back yard last night!

O, dear, O, they won't come back again,  
I know--  
To get the contents of the pot--Oh, ho!--  
In our back yard tonight!

SING ANYTHING  
(Andie Talbot, Malad)

---

I have a song called "Anything";  
And if you enter near,  
I'll try to sing it to you--  
It's sure your heart to cheer;  
About a horse, a dog, a cat,  
A man, a boy, a baby,  
A sealskin cap, a bustle,  
A hairpin, a lady.

Chorus:

"Sing anything, sing anything!"  
That's what the people say;  
"A long song, a short song,  
To pass the time away;  
A love song, a comic song,  
Oh, something pray do sing;  
Sing something new, wing some-  
thing old--  
Ah, yes, sing anything!"

Always chew your own tobacco;  
Never borrow, beg, or steal;  
Always make your mush and milk  
Out of milk and Indian meal;  
Always treat the ladies kindly--  
Never kiss them on the sly.  
A little pig, a big pig;  
Root, hog, or die!

I'm going to play a jewsharp  
At the Sandwich Island ball.  
You'll have to have a clean shirt on,  
Or you can't get in at all.  
Cover up those bald heads  
When you hear the skeeters sing;  
And drive away that bumblebee,  
Or he'll be sure to sting!

Jonathan was a fisherman;  
He swallowed up a whale.  
Cain killed his brother Abel,  
And they put him in a jail.  
Adam was a gardener--  
So was Eve, too;  
They sold sugar-cane on Sunday,  
And paddled their own canoe!

There's a hoptoad in the garden,  
     A-teasing bumblebees;  
 A nigger on the woodpile,  
     With a toothpick stabbing fleas;  
 There's a hornet on the grindstone,  
     A-sharpening up his sting;  
 While I'm breaking up my jaws  
     A-singing anything!



TWO GOATS  
 (Ben Edwards)

---

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia  
 Lived two little mountain goats;  
 One day they ate some dynamite,  
 Thinking it was Quaker Oats;  
 One little goat got frisky  
 And wanted a fight,  
 Not knowing poor Bill was loaded  
 With dynamite!

His front legs came down  
 In New York town;  
 In New Orleans his spine was found;  
 The spider got the skin of poor old  
     Bill;  
 His hind legs they are missing still--  
 And they're in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
     of Virginia,  
 And his tail's in the Lonesome Pine!

SORRY  
(John Deschamps)

---

A dude came down upon the farm,  
To live and there grow fat;  
He spied a little animal  
That he supposed a cat;  
It nestled down in the wagon track;  
It had two white stripes down it's back;  
It was the cutest little thing  
That he had ever seen;  
And then he approached it nearer, saying,  
"Kitty, come to me!"  
Now he's sorry that he spoke;  
Now he's sorry that he spoke!

They had to bury all his clothes;  
They wore clothes-pins on their nose;  
They threw him in the lake to soak,  
And now he's sorry that he spoke!

Some naughty boys were sliding down  
Their cellar door one day;  
Papa, who had had a jag,  
Was watching them at play.  
At first they slid with greatest care,  
Because a great big nail stuck there;  
The old man thought he'd have some fun--  
He'd show them how 'twas done!  
Now he's sorry that he spoke;  
Now he's sorry that he spoke!

The children laughed; the old man cried;  
His bicycle he cannot ride.  
The old man couldn't see the joke,  
And now he's sorry that he spoke!

I asked my girl if she would come  
And share her lot with us;  
She said, "Yes, my dearest,  
But my mother would fret and fuss!"  
I answered her, "My dearest,  
Your mother can live with us!"  
Now I'm sorry that I spoke;  
Now I'm sorry that I spoke!

She nearly pulls my arm out every night;  
It seems as if she always wants a fight;  
I can't go out to drink or smoke,  
So now I'm sorry that I spoke!

SORRY  
(Continued)

---



WHEN I WAS SINGLE  
(Miriam Talbot)

---

When I was single, I lived at my ease;  
But now I am married--a husband to  
    please,  
With three small children to maintain:  
Oh, how I wish I was single again!

One cries, "Mama, I wanta go to bed!"  
Another cries, "Mama, there's a louse  
    in my head!"  
I wash them, and dress them, and put  
    them to bed;  
Along comes their father, a-wishing  
    they were dead!





# OLEY OLESON

(Secured from John Deschamps)

---

My name it vas Oley Oleson.  
I yust come from old Norvay.  
I land in New York, and I can't get no work;  
So I tank I go vest right away.  
I buys me a ticket to St. Pauley,  
And I gets in one helluva fine car.  
The conductor comes round and says, "Oley,  
You yust ride in the emigrant car!"

## Chorus:

Oh, it's Oley, they all call me Oley,  
And I don't know how they found out my name.  
I never told any of them fellers,  
Ment it's Oley yust the same.

Ven I get off the train at St. Pauley,  
I had but mine fifty cents.  
I buys vun quart alcoholey.  
Down on a big yob then I vent.  
I met a man vit brass buttons;  
He says, "Oley, you yust come vit me!"  
He push and he pull and he club me,  
And lock me up vit a big key.

Next morning I vent to the courthouse.  
I vas taken before yudge Green.  
He vispered something to them fellers;  
Then I vas made 'quainted vit heem.  
He said, "Oley, old hobo from Norvay,  
They feed you on stockfish, they say!"  
He gave me ten days on the rockpile.  
Oh, I tank I remember the day!



WITH A LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN  
(Obtained from John Deschamps of Malad)

---

A jay went to the city for to see the  
funny sights,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
He had heard about the cable cars,  
the grand electric lights,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
Said he, "I'll take in everything, have  
all the fun I can!"  
And when he got out of the cars, the  
sharpers after him ran;  
And soon up town they had this little  
funny country man,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

Chorus:

Reuben Blue thought he knew a thing or two.  
He said he didn't think he liked the place;  
So he said that he'd go pack from the town  
of Rockenslack,  
With a comical expression on his face!  
  
He went into a restaurant to get a bite  
to eat,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
He was as welcome in there as he was out  
on the street,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
He ate a plate of pork and beans, and  
when he went to pay,  
A waiter charged him eighty cents. "That's  
too much!" Reube did say.  
"Oh, I know it is," the waiter said; "But  
I need the cash today!"  
And he pulled the bunch of whiskers on his chin.

He sat down in a poker game to pass the  
time away,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
The jackpot it was open, and old Reuben  
said he'd stay,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
And when it came to drawing cards, old  
Reuben he drew one;  
Said he, "I'll show these city sharps a  
little bit of fun!"  
Now, Reuben held three aces, but the sharper  
held the gun  
On the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

He went into a beer saloon to try to  
 quench his thirst,  
 With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
 The crowd inside were quarreling to  
 see which had seen him first,  
 With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
 They nailed his shoes down to the floor  
 so he couldn't get away,  
 And for all the drinks they had that night  
 old Reuben had to pay.  
 They pulled his leg so hard he had to  
 use a crutch next day,  
 And they shaved the bunch of whiskers off  
 his chin!

Chorus:

Now, Reuben Blue, from there he quickly flew.  
 He said he didn't think he liked the place;  
 So he hobbled right back to the town of  
 Rockenslack,  
 But without that bunch of whiskers on his face!

Allegro:

Fine

D.C. al Fine

Fine

D.S. al Fine

WINDING ON THE TRAIN  
(Obtained from John Deschamps)

--

Surely me name it is Jamackanty.  
I came over here in eighty-three,  
Been working on the section here  
For three long years or more,  
Till a brakeman came to me one day  
Saying, "Pat, if you will with me agree,  
I'll give you a job, Jamackanty,  
A-winding on the train."

He said I was put in as brakeman and guard,  
Put in me hand a new time card,  
Saying braking was not very hard  
Except in snow or rain;  
Put on me head a railroad cap  
Before been worn by Oliver Krapp.  
He said I'd have a helluva snap  
A-winding on the train.

He sent me out on number ten:  
'Twas then my duty did begin.  
Where in the Devil to commence  
Was all that puzzled me.  
They sent me after a link and pin,  
And then they sent me back again.  
They kept me running from end to end  
While winding on the train.

My pants they too were minus the sate:  
I wore them out unloading freight;  
And through a hole as big as a plate  
My flesh shone very plain.  
The boys and gals all laughed at I,  
Saying, "Patty, where did you get your  
style?"  
With temper then my blood did bile,  
While winding on the train.

I swung the lantern around me head.  
It was a signal, so they said,  
For the engineer to pull ahead,  
And I was all to blame.  
He backed us off down in a ditch,  
What you may call a Mormon switch,  
And he called me a black headed  
son of a Mike,  
A-winding on the train!

Winding on the Train



**EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER**  
(Learned in Childhood from my Mother)

Everybody works but Father,  
And he hangs 'round all day,  
With his feet in front of the fire,  
Smoking his pipe of clay.  
Mother takes in washings,  
And so does Sister Ann.  
Everybody works at our house  
But my old man!



A PISTOL-PACKING PAPA  
(Larry Martin)

---

I'm a pistol-packing papa,  
And when I walk down the street  
You can hear those mamas shouting,  
"Don't turn your gun on me!"

Now, girls, I'm just a good guy,  
And I'm going to have my fun;  
So if you don't want to smell my smoke,  
Don't monkey with my gun!

Like a hobo when he's hungry,  
Like a drunk man when he's full,  
I'm a pistol-packing papa;  
I know how to shoot the bull.

The hold-up men all know me,  
And they sure leave me be;  
I'm a pistol-packing papa,  
And I ramble where I please.

When I have that funny feeling,  
That luring Rambler's call,  
I swing aboard some freight train,  
And I shoot my pistols off!

Sometimes one shot will do me,  
Sometimes it takes four or five,  
And sometimes I shoot all around  
Before I'm satisfied!

When you hear my pistols popping,  
You better hide yourself someplace;  
Because I ain't made for stopping,  
And I come from a shooting race.

My sweetheart understands me--  
She says I'm her big shot;  
I'm her pistol-packing daddy,  
And I know I've got the drop.

You can use my new sport-roadster,  
You can take my hard-boiled hat;  
But you can never take from me  
My silver-mounted gat!

I'm a pistol-packing papa,  
And I'm going to have my fun;  
Just follow me, and you will hear  
The barking of my gun!

THE MAN WHO RODE THE MULE  
(Larry Martin)

---

I was born about four thousand years ago,  
And there's nothing in this world I do  
not know;  
I saw Moses in the water,  
Fighting Pharaoh and his daughter--  
And I can lick the guy who says it isn't  
so!

Chorus:

I'm the man who rode the mule around the  
world;  
I'm the man who rode the mule around the  
world!  
I rode in Noah's ark,  
And I'm happy as a lark!  
I'm the man who rode the mule around the  
world!

I am a highly educated man;  
Under this hat of mine I have a plan.  
I have been on earth so long  
That I have learned to sing the song  
That Abraham and Isaac so often sang!

Once in Eden I was lying on the floor,  
When the devil came and opened the garden  
door;  
While on apples they were eating,  
Through the bushes I was creeping--  
And I can prove that I'm the guy who ate  
the core!

I watched Noah when he built the ark,  
And I hid inside when it was dark;  
But when Noah swallowed the whale,  
I grabbed a lion's tail,  
And out across the desert we did start!

I was born about four thousand years ago,  
And there's nothing in this world I do  
not know;  
I have played ring-around-the-roses  
With Peter, Paul, and Moses--  
And I can lick the guy who says it isn't  
so!

THE BUM SONG  
(Larry Martin)

--

Come, all you jolly jokers,  
And listen while I hum:  
A story I'll relate to you  
Of the great American bum.

From north and south and east and  
west,  
Like a swarm of bees they come;  
They sleep in dirt and wear a shirt  
That's full of greasy crumbs.

Oh, it's early in the morning,  
And the dew is on the ground;  
The bum arises from his nest  
And gazes all around.

From the boxcar and the haystack  
He gazes everywhere;  
He never returns upon his tracks  
Until he gets a square.

I've beat my way from Frisco Bay  
To the rock-bound coast of Maine,  
From Canada to Mexico--  
Then wandered back again.

I've met with coppers and railroad bulls  
As tough as a bull can be;  
I've been in every calaboose  
In this land of liberty.

I've topped the spruce and worked the  
sluice,  
And taken a turn at the plow;  
I've searched for gold in the rain and  
cold,  
And worked on a river-scow.

I've dug the clam and built the dam,  
And packed the juicy prune--  
But my troubles fail when I hit the  
trail,  
Packing my old balloon!!



THE BOSTON BURGLAR  
(Claude Bullock, McCammon)

--

I was born in Boston City,  
A city you all know well,  
Brought up by honest parents--  
And the truth to you I'll tell.

Brought up by honest parents,  
But my friends they dragged me down--  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
I'm here in Charlestown.

I started out nightwalking,  
And also drinking rum,  
Paying calls at the whorehouse,  
And robbing just for fun.

The judge he gave me a sentence,  
And a long time I will be  
A-serving out those twenty-one years  
In the penitentiary.

They put me on an east-bound train  
One cold November day;  
And at every station we would pass  
I'd hear the people say:

"There goes a noted burglar;  
In irons he'll be bound!"  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
I'm here in Charlestown!

I've got a girl in Boston,  
And I know she loves me well;  
If I ever get out of this lousy jail,  
Along with her I'll dwell.

My father is a drunkard,  
Wasting his time away;  
My mother's in the cold, cold ground--  
They buried her the other day!

My sister's in a whorehouse--  
The family's broken down;  
For the robbing of the Boston Bank  
I'm here in Charlestown!

## THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

Me and my wife live all alone,  
In a little log hut we call our own;  
She likes gin and I like rum.  
You bet your life we have some fun!

### Chorus:

Ha-ha-ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee;  
Ho-ho-ho, you and me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee!!

If I had a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;  
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,  
And milk her forty times a day!

Whenever I go out on the farm,  
I take the little jug under my arm;  
I place it under a shady tree--  
Oh, little brown jug, it's you and me!

It's you that makes my friends my foes;  
It's you that makes me wear old clothes;  
Here you are so near my nose,  
So tip her up, and down she goes!

Oh, I've got a dog, and he's a hound;  
He's always digging all around;  
Everyplace I hid my jug,  
That's right where that old dog dug!



## WAY DOWN YONDER

Some folks say that a nigger won't steal,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
But I caught a couple in my cornfield,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
If that ain't stealing, I'd like to know!  
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

One little nigger carried a sack,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
The other little nigger had a hump on  
his back,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

One got away with a bushel and a half,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
The other got away with a kick in the  
pants,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield!



MY PRETTY FAIR MAID  
(Ben Infanger)\*  
----

A soldier walked into a candle shop,  
Some candles for to buy,  
And to the soldier's great surprise,  
The devil, he saw, was nigh.

He hollered, he hollered, he loudly called,  
Unto his master cried:  
"You can have a bit of my pecker  
Whenever you are mine!"

"Oh, no; oh, no, my pretty fair maid,  
I've never had such fun;  
To lie beside a pretty fair maid,  
Of such I've never done!"

"But I will call on Master,  
For he is near at hand;  
And he'll take a bit of your pecker:  
He does it, I understand!"

He took her around her middle so small,  
And gazed in her jet-black eyes,  
And shoved the point of his do-take-care  
Between her lily-white thighs.

And after he was done and gone,  
He swore she was no whore:  
He could tell by the blood on his pecker  
That she never done it before.

Come, all you men with pretty young wives,  
You better be on the look-out,  
And lock them up in a room at night  
Whenever you go out.

They'll tell you how kind and true they'll be;  
They'll tell you so and so;  
But they will take a bit of your pecker:  
They all do love it, you know!

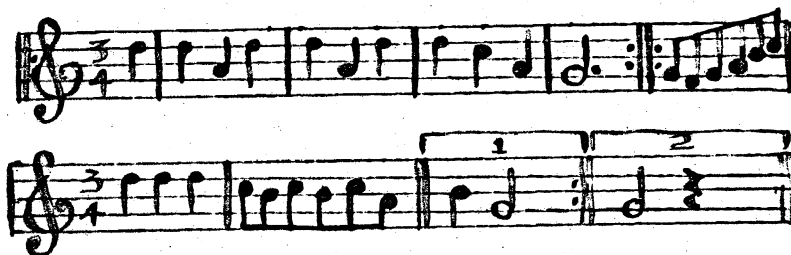
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\*Ben Infanger, a student of mine at McCammon High in 1930-33, got this ballad, and others, from his own father, who in early years rode the round-ups with cowboys. This particular ballad seems to be confused. Some stanzas are probably missing, spoiling the sequence, and what remains, after years of forgetting, are probably put in the wrong order. During my teaching days at McCammon High, I enlisted all the students in my English classes to collect and record such old ballads remembered by their parents, as well as those heard from contemporaries.

## FRAGMENTS

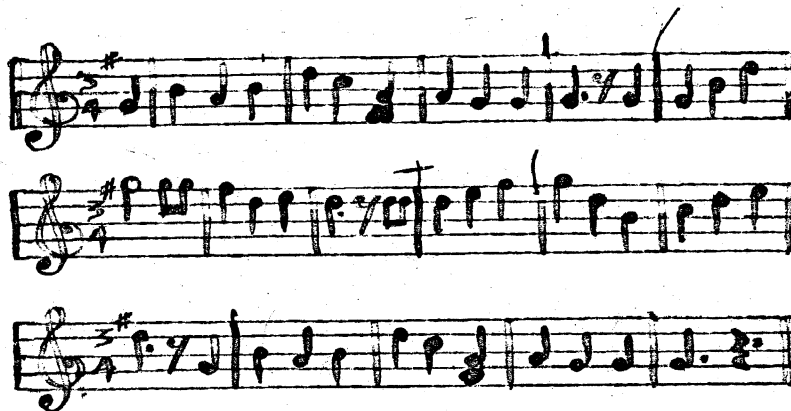
I.

Oh, singing and swinging, together  
we play....



II.

Sing too-ra-la, loo-ra-la, loo-ra-la,  
lie;  
Sing too-ra-la, loo-ra-la--Jack bung  
your eye....



III.

The other night when I came home  
The monkey was on the table;  
I picked up a stick to give him a lick.  
Pop goes the weasel!

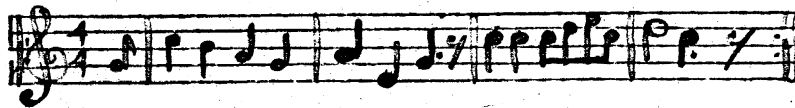


IV.

Some folks say that a Nigger won't steal,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
But I saw a couple in my cornfield,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield!

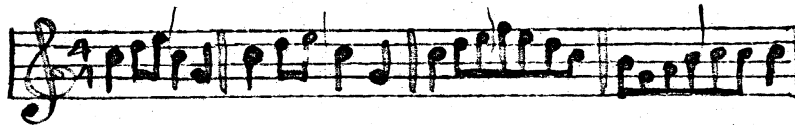
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
If that ain't stealing, I'd like to know!  
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

One got away with a bushel and a half,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
But the other got away with a kick in  
the pants,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield!



V.

My mother killed me;  
My father ate me;  
My sister picked my bones  
And hid them under the grindingstone!



VI.

Me and my wife live all alone  
In a little log hut we call our own;  
She likes gin and I like rum.  
You bet your life, we have some fun!  
Ha-ha-ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee!

If I had a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;  
I'd feed her on the choicest hay;  
And milk her forty times a day!  
Ha-ha-ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee!

Whenever I go out on the farm,  
I take the little jug under my arm...



VII.

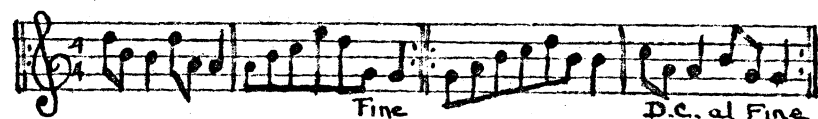
The bear went over the mountain,  
The bear went over the mountain,  
The bear went over the mountain  
To see what he could see;  
To see what he could see;  
To see what he could see;  
The other side of the mountain  
Was all that he could see!

I won't go home until morning,  
I won't go home until morning,  
I won't go home until morning,  
Till daylight doth appear;  
Till daylight doth appear;  
Till daylight doth appear;  
I won't go home until morning,  
Till daylight doth appear!



VIII.

Sail and float, sail and float,  
In a little baby's boat.



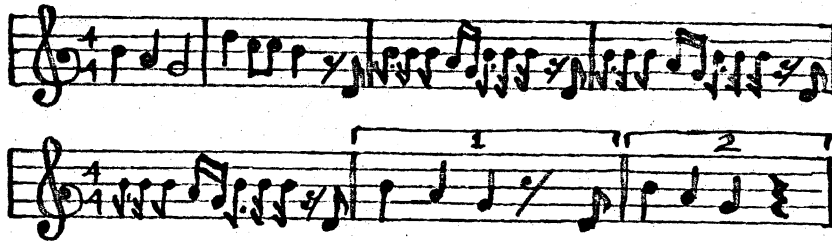
## IX.

Nobody loves me;  
 Everybody hates me;  
 I'm going to the garden to eat worms:  
 Little short and slimy ones,  
 Big and fat and juicy ones,  
 Oozy-oozy-oozy-oozy-oo!



## X.

Three blind mice,  
 See how they run!  
 They all ran after the farmer's wife;  
 She cut their tails with a carving  
 knife.  
 Did you ever see such a sight in your  
 Life,  
 As three blind mice?



## XI.

Oh, the lady of the house  
 Caught a mouse in her blouse.  
 Did she catch it?  
 Well, I guess she did!...

Oh, the lady of the river  
 Got a sliver in her liver.  
 Did she shiver?  
 Well, I guess she did!





### XII.

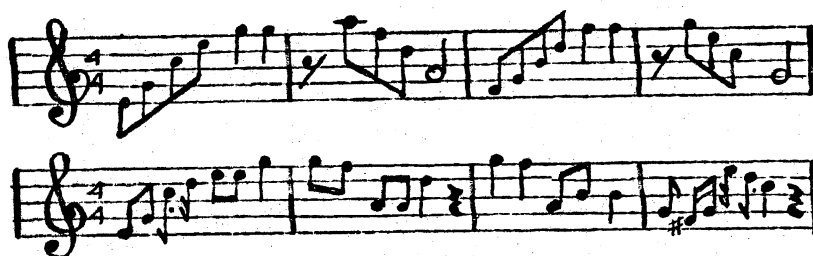
Bye, baby, bye-o,  
What makes you cry so?



### XIII.

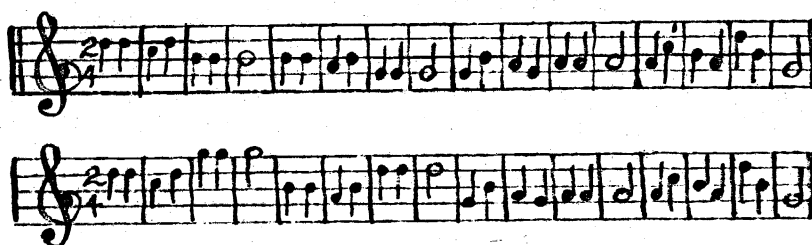
I met a guy the other day  
Dressed up like a coon....  
I never shall forget.  
He was such a dandy,  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!.....





XIV.

Tra-la-la-la boom-dee-ay,  
You got a licking the other day!



XV.

I've a little dog at home, and he knows  
me.

When I come in at the gate,  
He's so glad he cannot wait.

Bow-wow-wow; bow-wow-wow;

Bow-wow-wow; bow-wow-wow;

Bow-wow-wow; bow-wow-wow;

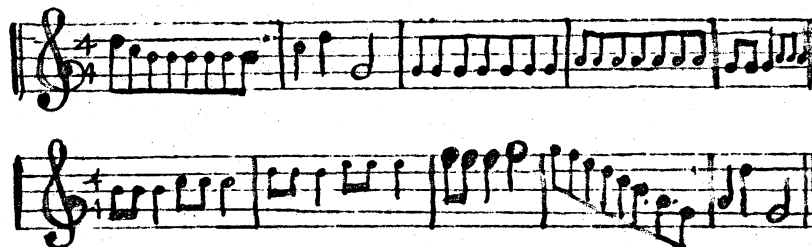
Bow-wow-wow; bow!

I've a little dog at home, and he knows  
me.

I've a little cat at home, and she knows  
me.

When I come into the room,  
She's so glad she sings a tune.

Mew-mew-mew, etc.



XVI.

I took my girl to the circus,  
The circus for to see;  
But she got stuck on a circusman  
And wouldn't come home with me!



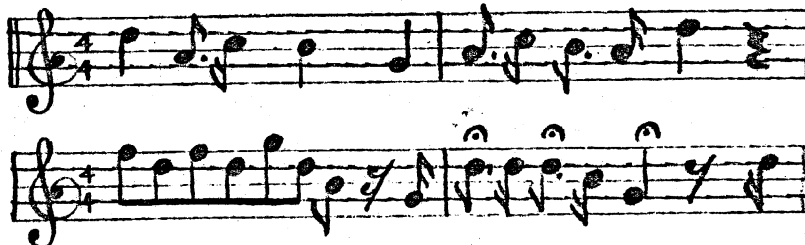
XVII.

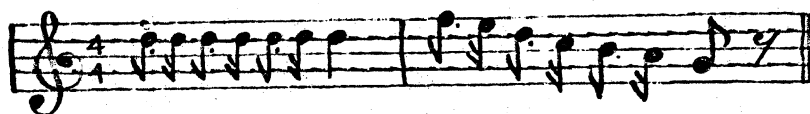
My mother-in-law went to a roller-  
skating rink,  
And she hasn't done anything since....  
He picked up a pin and stuck it right  
right in,  
And he hasn't done anything since....



XVIII.

Singing and swinging  
Up and down we go  
Higher, higher, let her go,  
Heave-o, heave-o, heave-o;  
Pull on the rope, pull on the rope,  
Higher, higher, let her go!





XIX.

(Completion of I.)

If I had a little tiny fiddle,  
Just a little fiddle all my own,  
Then upon it every day  
Pieces three or four I'd play,  
While singing and swinging  
together we'd dance.  
Deedle deedle deedle dum dum dum,  
Deedle deedle deedle dum!

Oh, a little fiddle sounds so sweetly  
Playing on a fiddle is such fun, etc.



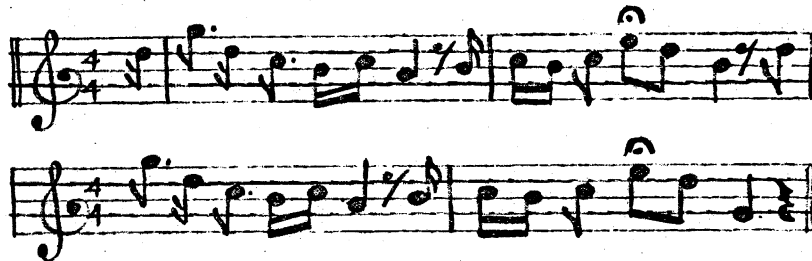
XX.

Oh, gentle, adorable Tilda,  
On the green mossy banks of the Dee....  
And I wish in my heart she were mine....  
When she came over from England,  
In splendor and beauty to shine....

XXI.

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Remember and don't forget,  
For the dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet.

I told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes;  
I'm sure she understood it,  
For she looked so funny and wise.



XXII..

THE VALLEY OF KENTUCKY

In a valley of Kentucky, where the  
meadow grass is blue  
And the birds sing sweetly all  
the day,  
There I loved a sweetheart Nellie--  
the sweetest girl I knew.  
One day she died, and then I  
went away.

Chorus:

My heart is daily yearning for that  
dear old southern home,  
And in my dreams I often think I  
see  
Just a picture of the valley and  
the meadows green  
That brings back tender memories  
to me.

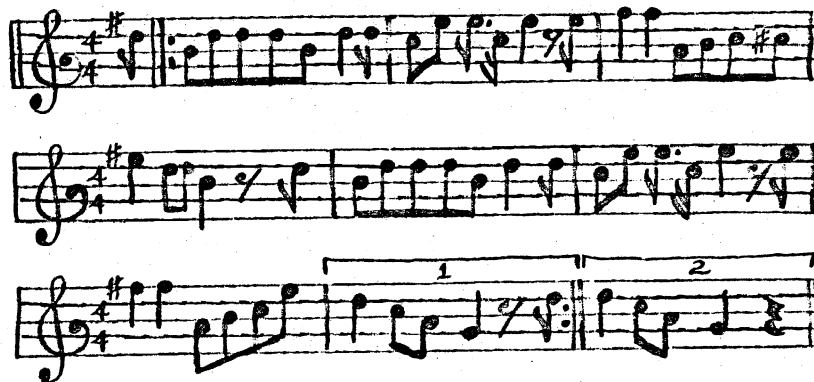
## XXII.

A little old man went riding by.  
 Said I to him, "Your horse will die!"  
 "If he dies, I'll tan his skin;  
 And if he lives, I'll ride him again,  
 And ride him again and again and again,  
 And ride him again and again!"



## XXIII.

My old beau has left me,  
 Has left me all alone;  
 He's sadly mistaken  
 If he thinks I shall mourn.  
 For the boys they are plenty  
 And better far than he,  
 And I can get another  
 If he's gone back on me!

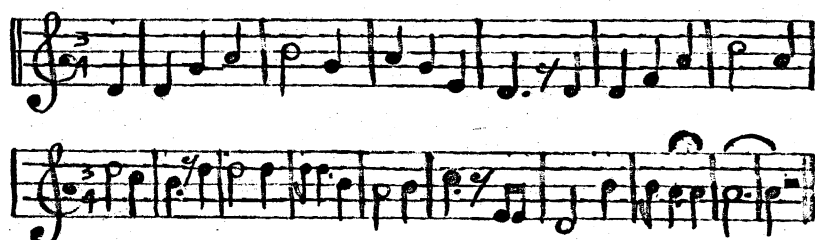


#### XXIV.

Oh, father dear, what deed have I done,  
 What deed have I done this very day?  
 Oh, I have murdered my own true love,  
 On the banks of the bonny Dee.

She said that she would never be mine,  
 That her heart would ever be  
 Where the murmuring waters flow,  
 On the banks of the bonny Dee.

I took her by her lily-white hand  
 And whirled her round and round and  
 round;  
 I whirled her round and round and round  
 And watched her body drown.



#### XXV.

I wish I was an apple  
 And Miss Snowflake was another.  
 What a pretty pear we'd make  
 Upon a tree together!  
 Sad the Darkies all would be  
 When on Broadway they spied spied her  
 .....  
 All crushed up into cider.

Wish I was a snowflake  
 And Miss Dinah was another... (?)

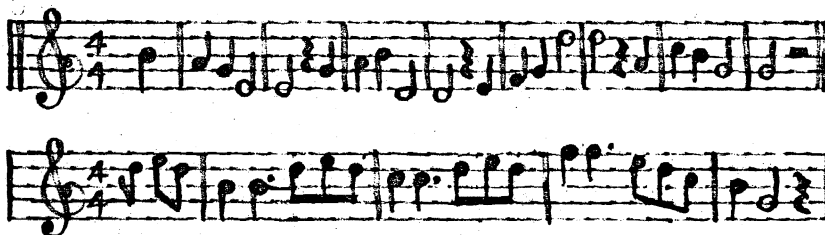
She winked at me; I winked at her.  
 And then we crossed the street,  
 .....and smiling said to me,  
 "A little more cider sweet!"

A tub of apple butter (?)

XXVII.

My mama told me  
If I'd be goody,  
That she would buy me  
A rubber dolly.

Oh, don't you tell her  
I've got a feller,  
Or she won't buy me  
That rubber dolly!



XXVIII.

I'm going to get married, ma-ma, ma-ma;  
I'm going to get married, ma-ma, ma-ma;  
I'm going to get married, and don't  
you tell pa,  
For I know he won't like it, ma-ma,  
ma-ma!



XXIX.

(Completion of XXV.)

I like the black girls and the white;  
I like all the rest;  
I like the girls for liking me,  
But I like myself the best.

.....

The first time that I saw Miss  
Snowflake,  
It was on Broadway I spied her.



She winked at me; I winked at her.  
And then we crossed the street.  
And smiling she said to me,  
"A little more cider sweet!"

.....  
Sad the Darkies all would be  
When on Broadway they spied us;  
Oh, how happy we would be  
When crushed up into cider!

XXX.

(Completion of IV.)

One little devil had a sack,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield;  
The other little devil had a hump  
on his back,  
Way down yonder in the cornfield!

XXXI.

(Supplement to II.)

As I went a-walking  
One bright summer's day.

.....  
(The song tells of two lovers who  
are shot by the girl's father; later  
their ghosts appear to him under a  
tree.)

XXXII.

(Supplement to V.)

(This song is used by children in  
their play: they stand in a ring, with  
one in the middle; while they sing,  
eyes shut, the one in the middle slips  
away and hides.)

XXXIV.

JONATHAN JOSEPH JEREMIAH

My father and mother were elegant  
folks;  
They both had a failing for practical  
jokes;  
And when I was born, they were both  
of one mind:  
That I should possess all the names  
I could find:

Chorus:

Jonathan Joseph Jeremiah  
Timothy Titus Obidiah  
William Henry Walter Simm  
Reuben Rufus Solomon Jim  
Nathaniel Daniel Abraham  
Roderick Fredrick Peter Sam  
Simon Timon Nicholas Pat  
Christopher Dickens Jehosophat!

Oh, when I was married, my case it  
was sad;  
The man he stared at me as if I  
was mad.  
Says he, "Me young man, without  
reason or rime,  
You'll have to get married a bit  
at a time."



XXXV.  
THOSE FLANNIGAN LASSIES

When I was a boxing young fellow,  
Just turned twenty-four,  
I married a handsome young lady,  
As thousands had done so before.  
She was thoroughly raised from  
her cradle,  
And was at her boarding school  
bred.  
The sorrows began to creep on me  
The very first day we were wed.

Chorus:

So beware of those Flannigan Lassies,  
And never by beauty be led;  
For girls that all others surpasses  
Are the ones that will work for  
their bread!

I invited a few of my friends  
To partake of the Christmas cheer:  
A novel we found in the custard,  
The shaving brush in the mince  
pie.

.....(?)  
Oh, the Devil, I wish he would take  
her;  
And I wish to my heart she would  
die!



XXXVI.  
TWO LITTLE MAIDS

Once there lived side by side  
Two little maids,  
Used to dress just alike,  
Hair down in braids.  
One day a quarrel came;  
Hot tears were shed.  
"You can't play in our yard!"  
And the other said:

Chorus:

"I don't want to play in your yard.  
I don't like you any more.  
You'll be sorry when you see me  
Sliding down our cellar door.  
You can't holler down our rainbarrel,  
You can't climb our apple tree.  
I don't want to play in your yard,  
If you can't be good to me!"

Next day two little maids  
Each other missed.  
Quarrels are soon made up,  
Sealed with a kiss.  
Then hand in hand again,  
Happy, they go,  
Friends all through life to be--  
They love each other so

.....  
"You can't play in my yard!"  
And the old reply:





XXXVII  
THE ONE-ARMED SOLDIER

"Oh, I have come back to you, mother,  
Weary and wasted and worn,  
Locks matted over my forehead;  
My clothes are all bloodstained  
and torn.

No wonder you shrank when you saw me,  
As if I had struck you a blow!  
I'm just twenty-one and a cripple:  
For me it had better been death!

"Hark, who is that I hear sobbing,  
There in the chamber close by.

'Tis Maggie, my love and my darling.  
Come, kiss me and bid me goodbye."

"No, no, what is that you are saying?  
Your loss only makes you more dear."

"God bless you, dear Maggie; you've  
given,  
New life to a poor volunteer!"



XXXVIII.  
A SOLDIER'S REVENGE

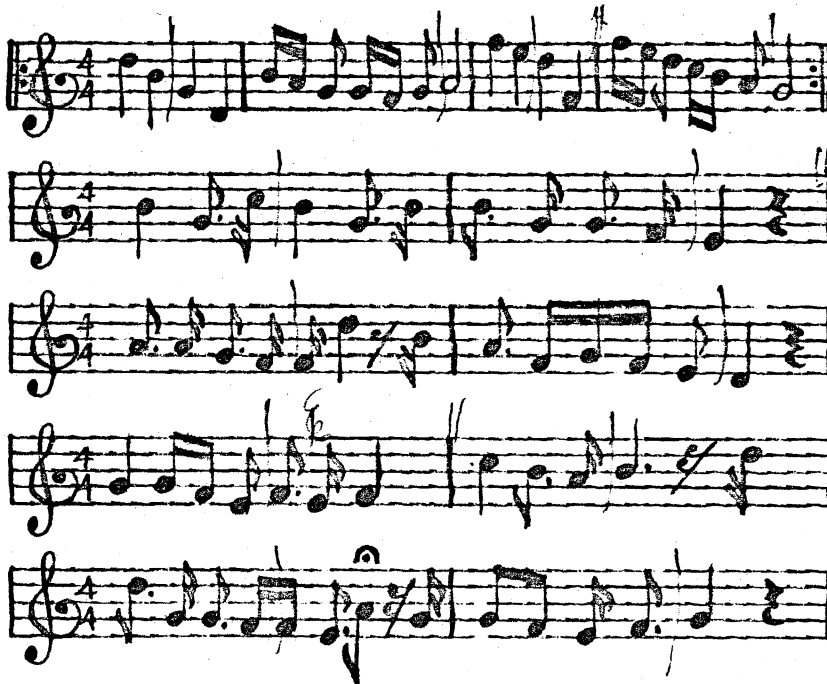
"Balance, balance," the caller's voice  
rang in the hall;  
So lightly, gently, softly the dancer's  
feet fall.

.....  
So base and cruelly....

(She has written love letters to an  
absent soldier, to whom she was en-  
gaged; he returns to claim her, only  
to find them dancing at her wedding  
party.)

Chorus:

"So, then, you know me;  
I've found you out at last!"  
Cried the angry soldier,  
Whose breath came hot and fast.  
"Ah, then, revenge is mine,  
Sweet lady fair!"  
And then two pistol shots rang out,  
And stirred the midnight air.





XLIII.  
MARY JANE

She told me she'd meet me when the  
clock struck seventeen,  
At the slaughterhouse just eight  
miles out of town,  
Where the pig's eyes and the pig's ears  
and the tough old Texas steers  
Sell for beefsteak at fifteen cents  
a pound.

She's my honey; she's my daisy;  
She's knockneed; she's crazy;  
She's cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and  
blind.

And they say her teeth are foamy  
From eating Swiss baloney.

She's my freckle-faced consumptive  
Mary Jane!



XLIV.  
THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN

Oh, there was an old hen,  
And she had a white foot;  
And she built her a nest  
In a mulberry bush;  
And she ruffled her feathers  
To keep herself warm.  
And a little more whiskey  
...Will do us no harm!  
.....



XLV.  
Oh, where, Oh, where has my little  
dog gone;  
Oh, where, Oh, where can he be?  
With his ears cut short and his  
tail cut long,  
Oh, where, Oh, where can he be?





XLVI.  
THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD

On a dark, stormy night, as the train  
rattled on,  
All the passengers were gone to bed--  
Except one young man with a babe in  
his arms,  
Who sat with a bowed down head.  
The babe started crying at the top of  
its voice,  
As though its poor heart would break.  
An angry man said, "Make that child  
stop its noise,  
For it's keeping us all awake!"

Chorus:

As the train rolled onward,  
A husband sat in tears,  
Thinking of the happiness  
Of just a few short years.  
Baby's face brings pictures  
Of a cherished hope that's dead;  
But baby's cries can't waken her  
In the baggage coach ahead.

.....  
.....  
"Put it out!" said another; "Don't  
keep it in here.  
We've paid for our birth and  
want rest!"  
"Oh, where is its mother? Go take it  
to her,"  
A lady then softly said.  
"I wish that I could," was the young  
man's reply;  
"But she's dead in the coach ahead!"

Every woman arose to assist with the  
child--  
There were mothers and wives on the  
train;  
And soon was the little one sleeping  
in peace,  
Without a thought of sorrow or pain.

And then at the station he bid all  
goodbye;  
"God bless you!" he softly said.  
And each had a story to tell in his  
home,  
Of the baggage coach ahead.



XLVII.  
IF JACK WERE ONLY HERE

Three drummers sat at dinner  
In a grand hotel one day.  
While dining they sat chatting  
In a jolly sort of way,  
Until the pretty waitress  
Brought in a tray of food.  
They spoke to her familiarly  
In a manner rather rude.  
.....  
Then facing her tormentors...

Chorus:

My mother was a lady,  
As yours you will allow;  
And maybe you've a sister  
Who needs protection now.  
I've come to this great city  
To find a brother dear;  
And you would not dare insult  
me, Sir,  
If Jack were only here!

Forgive me, Miss, I meant no harm;  
Pray tell me, what's your name?  
.....  
I know your brother, too.  
We've been good friends for many  
a year.  
He often speaks of you.  
.....  
I'll take you to him as my wife.  
.....





# XXVIII

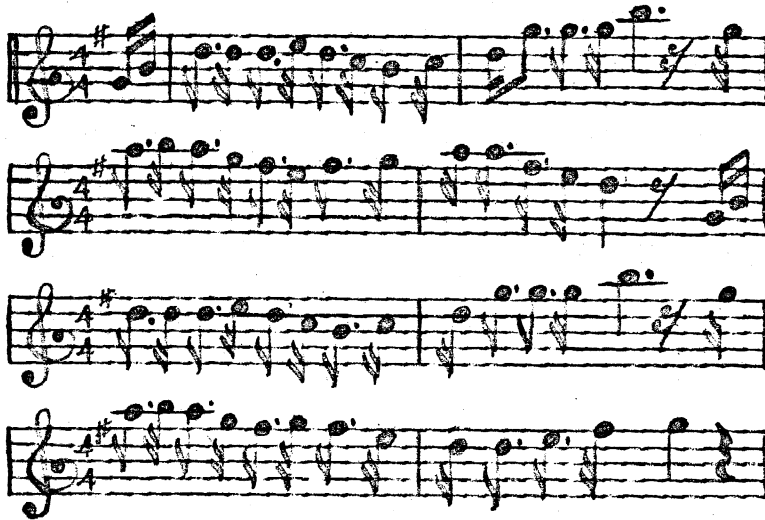
I'm a jolly good fellow.  
 My money's my own.  
 And the girls that don't like me  
 Can leave me alone.....  
 I'm a rambler and a gambler,  
 A long way from home.



XLVIII.  
THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas  
That I'm goin' soon to see.  
No other Darkey knows her,  
No Darkey only me.  
She cried so when I left her  
It nearly broke my heart;  
And if I ever find her,  
From her I'll never part.

She's the sweetest rose in color  
This Darkey ever knew;  
Her eyes are like the diamonds,  
And they sparkle like the dew.  
You may talk about your dearest  
maids  
And sing of Rosylee;  
But the yellow rose of Texas  
Beats the belles of Tennessee!



XLIX.  
THE GOOD SHIP ROCK-AND-RYE

Half-past four--

Dannie Moore

Came sneaking through his wifie's  
door;

She sat waiting up all night,  
Waiting for him to come to bed!

Dannie smiled

Like a child,

And his wifie grew very wild;  
"Where have you been all night  
long?" she cried;  
And this is what Dannie replied:

Chorus:

"I've been floating down the old  
Green River

On the good ship Rock and Rye;  
But I drifted too far:  
I got stuck on the bar.

(1). I was out there alone,  
Wishing that I was home.

(2). I was tied to the mast,  
While the schooners went past.

The ship got wrecked with the  
captain and crew,

And there was only one thing left  
to do:

So I had to drink the whole Green  
River dry

To get back home to you!"

Dannie's frau

Raised a row--

Said, "I'll go home to mother  
now!"

Dannie said, "That's a good idear--  
Better than bringing mother here!"

At the door

Then she saw

Her Pa and Ma and several more.  
Dad was explaining as they came in,  
Telling Ma where he had been:



### HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

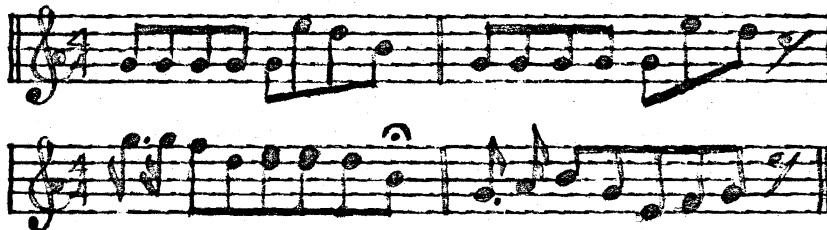
My father sells snow to the snow-birds,  
My mother sells synthetic gin,  
My sister makes love for a living--  
My God! How the money rolls in!



XL.  
REUBEN AND RACHEL

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin'  
What a grand world this would be  
If the men were all transported  
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

Oh, my goodness gracious, Rachel,  
What a queer world this would be  
If the men were all transported  
Far beyond the Northern Sea.



XLI.

Once a green little boy,  
In a green little way,  
And a green little apple  
Devoured one day.  
Oh, the green little grasses  
Now tenderly wave  
O'er that green-little-apple boy's  
Green little grave!



XLII.

Sweetly sings the donkey  
At the break of day;  
If you do not feed him,  
This is what he'll say:  
Hee-haw, hee-haw,  
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!



LI.  
(See Dave Thomas)

Adam was the first man;  
Eve was the tother.  
Cain he walked the treadmill  
Because he killed his brother.

The world was made in six days,  
And then they made the sky;  
Then they hung it overhead  
And left it there to dry.

All the other animals  
Were made one by one  
And set up against the fence to dry  
As fast as they were done.

LII.

Down went MacGinty to the bottom of  
the sea,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes;  
He must be very wet,  
For we haven't seen him yet;  
And he's dressed in his best suit  
of clothes.



LIII.  
(See Tom Thomas)

The girls were always after me  
With handkerchief and fan.  
I never got excited,  
But I took it like a man.

LIV.  
WHAT IS YOUR HURRY?

I used to court a pretty girl,  
So winning and so bright;  
I used to call to see her  
Almost every night;  
The old folks they would go to bed,  
And then alone we'd be;  
We'd talk of love and happiness  
And both be full of glee.  
And when 'twas early morning,  
The old folks would appear;  
She'd throw her arms around my neck,  
And these words you could hear:

Chorus:

"What is your hurry?  
Why is it so?  
Why do you leave me?  
Why do you go?  
Don't be so unkind,  
And don't run away!  
What is your hurry,  
And why don't you stay?"

My father-in-law he got quite mad,  
And his bulldog he untied;  
Before I reached that girl's front gate,  
I thought I would have died.

(Spoken)

When that dog began making mincemeat  
in the basement of my new trousers,  
I tell you it was not fun!

As I was passing through the gate,  
Her father appeared and yelled:

LV.

A GOOD GIRL GONE WRONG  
(Lucille Martin)

At an old-fashioned place on a corner,  
At a table was seated one day  
A crowd of young fellows carousing--  
To them life seemed happy and gay.  
At the very next table was seated  
A girl who had fallen to shame.  
They laughed and jeered at her weakness  
Till a woman arose and exclaimed;

Chorus:

"She's more to be pitied than censured;  
She's more to be loved than despised;  
She's only a lassie who ventured  
On life's early pathway unwise!  
Do not scorn her with words fierce and  
bitter;  
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall;  
For a moment just stop and consider  
That a man was the cause of it all!"

At an old-fashioned church on the corner  
The neighbors had gathered one day.  
The parson was preaching a sermon  
On a soul who had just passed away.  
It was a poor girl from the city  
Who had fallen to shame and was dead.  
Did the parson then laugh at her weak-  
ness?  
No, he prayed for God's blessing and  
said;

DIRTY BALLADS

## DIRTY BALLADS

THE SHEEPHERDER  
DICKY AND MURPHY  
BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND  
PAIN AND SORROW  
TWO TOMCATS  
THE JAILER'S SONG  
JOHN TAYLOR  
SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
THE DAMNED RUNT  
A STOVEPIPE EPISODE  
DOWN IN LEHI VALLEY  
AN APPLE TREE  
IN BOMBAY  
DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN  
LITTLE TINKER  
THE ONE-EYED RILEY  
HI REO DANDY O!  
YIPPIE YAY  
JOHNNIE  
THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
I NEVER  
THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
LULU  
COLUMBO  
BARNACLE BILL  
THE JOLLY SHEPHERD  
THE DENVER HOME  
BUCKAROO  
ROSEBERRY  
OLD MACLELLAND  
THE BONNY BROWN HARE  
I JUST COULDN'T  
RING DANG DOO  
THE LITTLE MARINE  
AN INDIAN MAID  
COUSIN NELLIE  
OLD AUNT SALLIE  
THE WASHERWOMAN  
OF ALL THE BEASTS

## THE SHEEPHERDER

A.

(Ivan Peterson)

A sheepherder lying upon the grass  
Was peacefully resting his weary ass.  
A ewe came up and licked his balls  
Through a little hole in his overalls.  
The sheepherder woke from out his sleep  
In time to catch and fuck that sheep!  
A magpie sitting on a limb close by  
Watched the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
Then what should appear but an angry buck,  
Cheated out of his last good fuck?  
He rammed so hard that the shepherd's nuts  
Got tangled up in the old ewe's guts;  
And when that ewe has lambs next year,  
His balls will be hanging out of their ears!

B.

(Larry Martin)

A sheepherder lay in the tall green grass,  
His faithful dog close by his ass.  
A magpie sat in a tree nearby,  
Watching the proceedings with an anxious eye.  
The sheepherder he awoke  
And started fucking his nanny goat.  
The nanny goat bled, and the shepherd quit;  
The dog jack'd off and the magpie shit!

## HER HINDER

(Ray Wessman at Camp Van Dorn, Miss.)

Oh, she jumped into bed,  
And she covered up her head,  
    And she swore I couldn't find her!  
But I knew damn well  
She lied like hell,  
    For I jumped right in behind her!

Oh, she rolled on her back,  
And she covered up her crack,  
    And she swore I couldn't find it!  
But I climbed on top,  
And I gave her the cock,  
    And she didn't seem to mind it!

DICKEY AND MURPHY  
(Ben Edwards)

---

Dickey and Murphy were playing in the  
ditch,  
When Dickey called Murphy a dirty son-  
of-a---!  
Bring all your children, and let them  
play with sticks,  
Or when they grow older they'll play  
with their---!  
Dickey and Murphy had a little doggie;  
They lent him to a lady to keep her  
company;  
She led him and fed him, until one day  
on a hunt,  
He played all around her petticoats  
and---!  
Country lass a-sitting on the grass;  
A fence-post fell over and ran a  
sliver up her---!  
Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you  
no lies;  
And if I finish this, I hope I die  
And go to---!  
Hello, Central, how's your brown hair?  
And if you have no whiskey, I'll have  
to drink your beer!

BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND  
(Nello Deschamps)

---

Pack up all my underwear--  
I don't care, anywhere!  
Bye-bye, boy-friend!  
He taught me how to dance and sing;  
He taught me how to shake his thing!  
Bye-bye, boy-friend!  
He took me to his cottage in the  
wildwood;  
There he took advantage of my child-  
hood!  
He went once, and I went twice--  
Holy jumping Jesus Christ!  
Bye-bye, boy-friend!

PAIN AND SORROW  
(Nello Deschamps)

---

Beside a babbling brook,  
A shady nook;  
A girl all dressed in yellow;  
Two ruby lips,  
Two snow-white tits--  
Oh, what a lucky fellow!

Nine days went by:  
He heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two spots of pink  
Were on his dink,  
And there'll be more tomorrow!

Nine months went by:  
She heaved a sigh  
Of awful pain and sorrow;  
Two little mutts  
Up in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow!

TWO TOMCATS  
(Bobby Grant)

---

I dreamed last night and the night  
before  
That two old tomcats came knocking  
at the door.  
I went down stairs to let them in,  
And they knocked me down with a  
rollingpin.  
The rollingpin was made of brass;  
They turned me up and spanked my ass.  
I went up stairs to go to bed,  
And I fell in the pisspot on my head;  
I couldn't swim and I couldn't float,  
And a big fat tird slipped down my  
throat.  
I went down stairs to dry my sock,  
And I fell in the fire and burnt my  
cock.  
I paid two whores a penny apiece  
To paint my cock with axle grease!



THE JAILER'S SONG  
(Dick Palfreyman)

---

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my fingers dipped in shit,  
While the mice shoot craps upon  
the floor;  
If you want to hear them fart,  
You just spread their legs apart,  
And they'll blow you through the  
keyhole in the door!

In the prison cell I sit,  
With my shirt-tail dipped in shit,  
And my balls a-hanging loose upon  
the floor;  
And the women as they pass,  
Shoot peanuts at my ass;  
I don't want to go to prison any  
more!

JOHN TAYLOR  
(Dick Palfreyman)

---

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I say, in beginning,  
Look out for your women,  
When they hear that John Taylor  
is in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
If you see any ladies  
Who want to have babies,  
Just tell them John Taylor is  
in town!

My name is John Taylor;  
My cock is a whaler;  
My balls weigh forty-five pounds;  
I'll catch Mrs. Hammer  
And fuck her, God damn her,  
And pin her old ass to the ground!

SALLY IN THE GARDEN  
(Carl Illum, Ogden, Utah)

---

Oh, Sally went out to the garden  
To pick some sparrow-grass;  
A bumblebee it came along  
And stung her on the--  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

They sent for the doctor,  
And the doctor came at last;  
The only thing that he could find  
Was a bee sting on her--  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

The doctor made a plaster  
Out of apple-sass;  
That night when Sally went to bed,  
They put it on her--  
Do take care of the bees,  
And listen while I sing:  
For if they buzz around you,  
They'll be sure to leave a sting!

## THE DAMNED RUNT

A.

(Leonard Madsen of Malad)

The damned little runt  
With the sunburnt cunt  
And an ass as black as charcoal:  
She can skin your prick  
So God Damned quick  
That the sparks fly out of your  
ass hole!

Her cheeks are pink  
Like a rooster's dink,  
And her lips are a henshit brown;  
Her tits hang loose  
Like the balls on a goose,  
And her ass it drags the ground!

B.

(Larry Martin of Eden)

I knew it was her  
By the stockings she wore,  
Her build, and the color of her hair;  
Her nose turned up  
Like the handle of a cup;  
She was pretty, but the freckles  
were there!

She's known as a sport  
Of the paint and powder sort;  
She's always got a hale and hearty  
laugh;  
Once a year when it's hot,  
Whether she needs it or not,  
She strips to the hide and takes  
a bath!

Her tits are as loose  
As the balls on a goose,  
And her ass it wobbles all around;  
Her lips are as pink  
As a leghorn rooster's dink,  
And her eyes are a henshit brown.

She's one of those whores  
You diddle out of doors,  
In the stockyards or down in the  
weeds;  
Now, boys, here's your chance  
To get some gooey in your pants,  
For it's damned little teasing she  
needs!

A STOVEPIPE EPISODE

(Secured from Roscoe Colton  
at Malad, July 28, 1932)

---

A tramp once by a window passed;  
He heard a maiden's voice speak fast  
To a man; the things she said  
Seemed rather dirty--so he stayed.

"Don't push so hard!" she said to him;  
"Don't jab around that way.  
Get them right together, then  
Push easy when I say.

"There, it is out again; it slipped--  
It doesn't fit just right.  
You see, if the thing goes in straight,  
It will fit quite snug and tight.

"But the end seems a bit too large; perhaps  
The hole is a little small.  
But if you push the thing like that,  
It won't go in at all!

"Now, let me fix them right this time;  
When I say, "Easy!", now, you press.  
Be careful, or it will slip again  
And make an awful mess!"

The tramp could stand the strain no longer;  
So to get a peep he strove;  
He saw the maiden and her father  
Fitting stovepipe on the stove!

DOWN IN LEHI VALLEY  
(Jack Harkness)

---

Now, don't get sore, Stranger!  
I'll never shit in your hat!  
I've a sad, sad story,  
And a long one at that.

'Twas down in the Lehi Valley;  
Me and my pardner Lou  
We had a ranch, a dandy,  
Paid us better than forty-two.

We were happy down in the valley,  
Me and my pardner Lou,  
Till along came a girl named Sally,  
But we called her Sue.

She had an ass like a country shithouse,  
And her cunt was full of fire;  
I had a full six-inches,  
And couldn't half supply her.

Along came a Texas ranger  
With a prick nine inches long;  
He stuck it into Lue  
And carried her right along.

So roll me another pill, Bill,  
And I'll be on my way;  
I'll catch that runt that stole my cunt  
If it takes till judgment day.

B.  
Down in Lehi Valley  
(Alden Blaisdell)

---

It was down in the Lehi Valley  
Where me and my brother Lew  
We met a girl from the whorehouse,  
And a damned fast one too!

Her ass was like a goldmine;  
Her cunt was like fire;  
My eight-and-a-half inches  
Couldn't half supply her!

Along came a soldier boy  
With a cock ten-inches long;  
He fucked my girl from the whorehouse,  
And took her right along!

So roll me another pill, Bill;  
And I'll be on my way  
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt--  
If it takes till Judgment Day!

AN APPLE TREE  
(Larry Martin)

---

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see  
A little black spot;  
She called it her "twat",  
But it looked like her ass-hole to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
I got what was coming to me:  
In the tall green grass  
I got some fine ass  
From the girl that was so loving to me!

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
She handed a package to me:  
A dose of the claps,  
The shankers, perhaps,  
In the shade of the old apple tree!

IN BOMBAY  
(Lester Bush)

---

The roosters they grow tall  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the wall,  
In Bombay!

The geese they fly high  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they shit upon the fly,  
In Bombay!

All the children they go bare  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
For they have no underwear  
In Bombay!

They swim naked in the river,  
In Bombay, in Bombay--  
All the boys and girls together,  
In Bombay!

The whiskers they grow long  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they drag upon the ground  
In Bombay!

The hair grows curly and red  
In Bombay, in Bombay--  
But it don't grow on their heads  
In Bombay!

They chew tobacco thin  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And it drizzles down their chin  
In Bombay!

Dead dogs lie in the street  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they serve the poor for meat  
In Bombay!

There are maidens young and sweet  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
And they diddle you on the street,  
In Bombay!

The women they grow fat  
In Bombay, in Bombay;  
Every year they have a brat,  
In Bombay!

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

(Obtained at Pocatello from Lester Bush:  
U. of I., S. B., 1928)

--

It was in the days of the royal castration,  
And the king was giving his last ball.  
In the courtyard the courtiers could be seen,  
Merrily throwing camel shit at each other.

Suddenly who should appear upon the scene  
but Daniel.

"What ho!" cried the king.

"Ass hole!" cried Daniel, thereby scoring  
a hit.

"Kiss it!" cried the king.

"After you, you son-of-a-bitch!" cried Daniel,  
And the laughs were on the king.

Now, in those days it was considered a mean  
thing

To call a king a son-of-a-bitch :

So Daniel was thrown into the lions' den.

He could be recognized only by the green  
umbrella

Which he carried under his left arm.

Suddenly a lion walked up to Daniel

And seized him by the left nut.

"Ouch, that tickles!" cried Daniel.

"What tickles?" cried the king.

"Testicles!" cried Daniel,

And for the second time that day

The laughs were on the king.

"Oh, shit!" cried the king,

And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects

Squatted and did their utmost.

"Come forth!" cried the king;

But Daniel slipped on a fresh lion tird

And came second.

"What about the princess?" somebody shouted.

"Fuck her!" cried the king;

And forty-nine thousand loyal subjects,

Were trampled to death in the rush!



Daniel in the Lion's Den  
(Terrell Lish)

--

Now, the sun shined down with an awful heat  
On a poor young man with right sore feet  
Who had traveled from dawn to where he was at;  
And the shade of some trees that were by  
the road  
Was more than he could bear;  
And, throwing his kit with a careless air,  
He prepared himself to have luncheon there!

But as he went to the creek to wash,  
He heard an awful noise,  
As if a holiday were enjoyed by boys;  
So he sneaked right down to the water's edge,  
And there upon the grassy bank  
Was a sight for weary men:  
A lonely boy was sitting there,  
As bare as bare could be;  
So Daniel--ah, the naughty man--  
Had thoughts that aren't right.  
The little jar he had carried far  
Was for such things as this;  
He grabbed the boy and threw him down,  
And rubbed his bunghole well;  
He enjoyed himself as only the bards can tell!

The soldiers of the king were abroad that day,  
Hunting far and wide  
For Tuttle-too, the king's royal boy--  
They knew not where he'd hide.  
They hunted vales, they hunted nooks,  
They looked down all the wells,  
They called and blew their horns;  
Then far off in the distance,  
They heard a feeble yell.  
Then on their chargers, fast as light,  
They hied their steeds with haste.  
The troop drove up; and there they were,  
The boy and Daniel hard at work!

The troop was stumped--and so was the boy--  
For if the king should hear,  
The palace would be hell!  
But someone told on Daniel bold;  
And as the city he did near,  
He knew that he was lost!!

So when Daniel to the royal court came,  
He felt that all the world was wise,  
Else why did all the courtiers hold  
Their noses and wink their eyes?

The king said to Daniel bold,  
"Why hast thou fouled the only boy  
I'd swim a river for or die?  
In other words, my cocky man,  
What hast thou done?"

Said Daniel to the king,  
"Sir, I have fucked your boy  
And fucked him well!"  
Whereupon the king in his great rage  
Had Daniel placed in the lion's den;  
And the very next day he went forth  
To see Daniel's bones,  
Which he expected to be  
Lying out in the sun;  
But to his great surprise  
He saw Daniel sitting on the largest lion,  
Wiping his ass  
With the next to the largest lion's tail!

"What ho!" cried the king.  
"Ass hole!" replied Daniel,  
Whereupon the queen dashed  
Madly through the court with her drawers  
At half-mast and her ass  
Shining like a looking glass  
In the moonlight.

Then the king in a terrible rage  
Cried out, "Where is the queen?"  
"Why, she is out in the garden drinking tea!"  
"What kind of tea?"  
"S--H--I--T!"  
"Is she occupied?"  
"Yea, verily!"  
"What is she doing?"  
"Why, she is wiping her ass  
On fifty skeins of the finest silk in the world!"  
Whereupon someone shouted, "Fuck the queen!"  
And forty brave young knights  
Were killed in the mad rush!

"Tickles, tickles!"  
"What tickles?"  
"Testacles!" cried the king;  
Then he laughed long and loud  
Because he had two!

Then after this great hulla balloo had quieted,  
The king in a frothing rage said, "Shit!"  
And 10,000 of his loyal subjects  
Squatted and strained to their utmost,  
For the king's word was law!

After this loyal showing of patriotism  
The king wept hard and fast,  
But after drying his tears he muttered  
To himself that awful word--  
"Horse shit!";  
And immediately fifty barons and earls  
Dashed out to get him some.  
And as they dashed forth, they passed  
5,000 of the more lowly peasants  
Who were throwing camel shit  
In each other's faces, because bull shit  
Was unknown in those brave old days!  
Then the women of the court  
Shook out their tits and tittered;  
For without such the royal palace  
Would be a farce!!

LITTLE TINKER  
(Phenoi Deschamps, Malad)

---

There was a little tinker,  
And he came from France;  
He came to America  
To fiddle, fuck, and dance--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his  
knees!

The ship that he came over on,  
The women were very few;  
So first he fucked the captain,  
And then he fucked the crew--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his  
knees!

Little Tinker died,  
And he went to hell;  
He swore he'd fuck the devil  
If he didn't treat him well--  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his  
knees!

"How do you do, Mr. Devil;  
God bless your soul;  
Let me exercise my pecker  
In your hairy ass-hole!  
With my long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to my  
knees!"

All the little devils  
Went shouting through the hall;  
"Better get him out of here  
Before he fucks us all!  
With his long lean liver, kidney-wash,  
and baby-maker hanging to his  
knees!"

## THE ONE-EYED RILEY

A.

(Lester Bush)

-----

We were sitting around old Riley's  
    campfire one night,  
    Telling tales of blood and slaughter,  
When a thought came suddenly into my  
    mind,  
    Of how I'd like to shag his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

That night when she had gone to her  
    hayloft,  
    Where she slept among the grass and  
    clover,  
I crept into the hay beside her,  
    And I shagged and shagged till the  
    fun was over!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,  
    And who should it be but her damned  
    old father;  
He had two pistols in his hands,  
    And was looking for the guy that  
    shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

I grabbed him by the hair of his balls,  
    And shoved them in a pail of water;  
And I shoved them pistols up his ass  
    A damned sight farther than I  
    shagged his daughter!  
Rum-tum-tum, balls and all,  
Titty-eye for the one-eyed Riley!

B.  
(Virgil Jolley)

---

As I was walking down the street,  
I met the parson's daughter;  
The very first thought came in my mind,  
That I could finger her hind-quarter!  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

As soon as we had gone to bed,  
Who should come in but her damned  
old mother;  
I was shagging away with all my might,  
When she spat my ass and drove it  
in further!  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Then with two pistols in his hand,  
Who should come in but her damned  
old father;  
I shoved both pistols up his ass,  
And slapped his wife, and shagged  
his daughter!  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

Oh, then I went out on the porch,  
And shook my prick at old dog Towser;  
It scared the fool damned near to death,  
And he turned his tail and ran for  
cover!  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

I'm the best damned man that ever was  
born,  
And never a maiden could resist me;  
My cock and balls weigh forty-five  
pounds,  
And I'm known as the wonderful one-  
eyed Riley!  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, ho-ri-riley;  
Ho-ri-rigga, rigga, one-eyed Riley!

C.  
(Harold Rothstein)  
---

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's tavern,  
Listening to his tales of blood and slaughter,  
There came a thought into my mind,  
That I should shag O'Reilly's daughter!

Chorus

Tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee, tiddle-eye-ee for the  
one-boll 'Reilly;  
Rigga-dig-dig, bolls and all, rubba-dub-dub, shag on!

I grabbed that old witch by the tit,  
And threw my left leg up and over;  
Shagged and shagged, and I shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over!

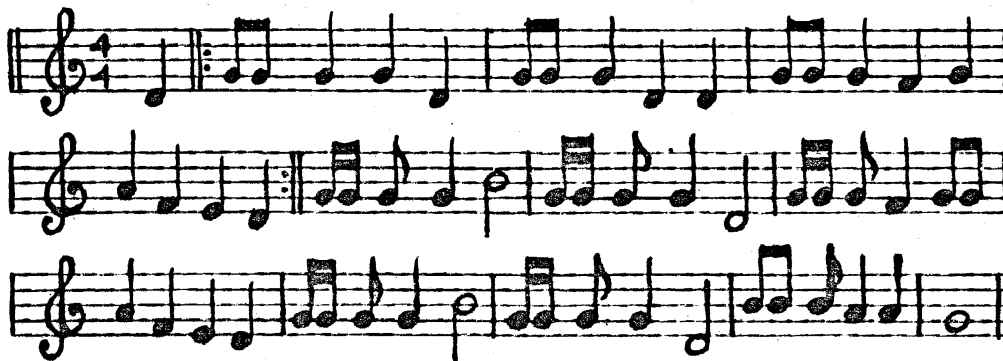
Chorus

There came a knock upon my door,  
And who should it be but her goddam father,  
Two horse-pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter!

Chorus

I grabbed him by the hair of his bolls  
And shoved them in a pail of water;  
I shoved those pistols up his ass,  
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus



HI REO DANDY O!  
(From Larry Martin)

---

As I was going down the street,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Two whores I chanced to meet,  
Hi reo dandy O!

One called me "stud", and I called  
her "mare",  
Hi reo dandy O!  
I fucked the one with the little  
brown hair,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next nine days to the Doc  
I went,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
To get my cock drained out at the end,  
Hi reo dandy O!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
She washed my cock and squeezed my bag,  
Hi reo dandy O!

In came a doctor with a knife and block,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
At one whack off came my cock,  
Hi reo dandy O!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
With a stub of a cock, without any head,  
Hi reo dandy O!

It's all over now--wish I had it to do  
again,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
A nine-inch cock and a head as big a-  
gain,  
Hi reo dandy O!

Come, all you young men, take warning  
by me,  
Hi reo dandy O!  
Never fuck the first whore you see,  
Hi reo dandy O!



B.  
Try It Again!  
(A version of Hi Reo Dandy O)

---

As I was going down the street,  
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet!

One was fair, very fair;  
She called me "stud" and I called her  
"mare"!

The other was dark, with curly locks;  
She gave me the claps, and I gave her  
the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,  
With my rotten pecker in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block;  
With one good whack he cut off my  
cock!

And now that I'm well and free from  
pain,  
I'll go back to the stump and try it  
again!

YIPPIE-YAY  
(Versions of "Chisholm Trail")

--

A.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

Saddled old Bollie and started for the herd;  
He threw me off in a fresh cow-tird!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I was coming down the mountain by the old  
cow-trail,  
With my pecker in my hand and a heifer by  
the tail!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in  
the grass,  
And showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped from the saddle and threw her in  
the grass,  
And pumped salvation up her dirty rotten  
ass!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I jumped in a wagon, and I gave a big yell;  
The team ran away and broke it all to hell!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Last time that I saw the boss--I haven't seen  
him since--  
He was screwing a cow through a barb-wire  
fence!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

And now my song is ended--I can sing you  
no more;  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have  
the core!  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ti-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

B.  
(Ben Infanger)

Way up north among the bear and lion;  
Come down south a-shittin' and a-flyin'!  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Feet in the stirrups and butt in the saddle,  
A-singin' all day to your damned old cattle!  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

I went to the ooss to draw my roll,  
To go down south and find a shady knoll!  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

The boss come out with a gun in his hand,  
A-sayin': "Get to work, and be God damned!"  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

Well, I hopped on the stage, and I gave a  
little yell;  
The lead bars broke, and we all went to  
hell!  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-eye, yippie-yay;  
Come a ki-yi-yippie, yippie-yay!

JOHNNIE  
(From Vernon Peterson, Malad, 1920)

---

There was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
There was a little boy lived a little out of town,  
And he said he had the biggest prick of any guy  
around!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master got in a dispute,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Johnnie and his master got in a dispute;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I got the biggest  
toot!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Johnnie and his master went on the hill to plow;  
Said Johnnie to his master, "I'll measure with  
you now!"  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

So they measured around and they measured about,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
So they measured around and they measured about,  
And Johnnie had him beat six inches on the spout!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

There lived a little girl just a little out  
of town,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
There lived a little girl just a little out  
of town,  
And she liked Johnnie better than any guy around!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
He picked her up gently and laid her on the grass,  
And rolled her over onto her ass!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little easy when you first do begin,  
For it hurts just a little when you first put  
it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now, go a little faster, and don't be so slow,  
For it don't hurt now like it did awhile ago!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
I wish it was longer and half as big again,  
And I had a bull's ass to help push it in!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

Now my song is ended: I'll sing you no more,  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!  
Now my song is ended: I'll sing you no more.  
There's an apple in my ass, and you can have  
the core!  
Sing inky dinky doodle all day!

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE  
(Larry Martin)

--

"A" is for ass,  
Upon which we sit:  
The external end  
And the passage for shit.

"B" is for balls;  
Each man has a pair  
In a wrinkled old sack  
All covered with hair.

"C" is for cunt,  
All juicy and slick;  
It's home-sweet-home  
For a seven-inch prick.

"D" is for dittaling,  
Which never grows stale:  
There's nothing so nice  
As a good piece of tail.

"E" is for egg,  
That is laid in the grass:  
The object which comes  
From a speckled hen's ass.

"F" is for fart,  
That odorous breeze;  
It's fully as bad  
As limberger cheese.

"G" is for guts,  
That tangled up mass  
That separates your belly  
From the hole in your ass.

"H" is for hair  
That surrounds her cunt;  
To find the opening  
Is a man's nightly hunt.

"I" is for inch--  
Now don't make me smile:  
When she gives you an inch,  
You take half a mile.

"J" is for jisseem  
That's sticky like cream;  
It spots up the sheets  
When you have a wet dream.

"K" is for king,  
Who wears a crown on his bean;  
His favorite sport  
Is fucking the queen.

"L" is for love  
That fails to stick;  
It starts at your head  
And ends in your prick.

"M" is for marriage,  
When a man gets a wife  
And lives in misery  
The rest of his life.

"N" is for nuts  
That furnish the sap,  
And sometimes the making  
Of a good dose of claps.

"O" is for old,  
Or rather the time  
When a man's prick don't stand  
Up as in its prime.

"P" is for prick,  
That petrified prong;  
It ranges from four  
To twelve inches long.

"Q" is for quiver  
That comes with a thump;  
It's a funny sensation  
When you shoot off your lump.

"R" is for rags  
That are used, I presume,  
To wrap up a pussy  
That is in full bloom.

"S" is for safety,  
Made of fish skin;  
To do a job with one  
Is surely a sin.

"T" is for tits,  
Supposed to be sucked;  
They never come fresh  
Till a woman's been fucked.

"U" is for urine,  
A pot full of piss;  
Ain't it awful  
To use language like this?

"V" is for vermin  
That wiggle and twist  
And hide in the hair  
When you go out to piss.

"W" is for woman,  
Cradle of sin,  
That's split half way  
From her ass to her chin.

"X" is for x-ray,  
A magnifying glass  
Used by a doctor  
To look up your ass.

"Y" is for yes;  
When a woman gets hot  
There's nothing but a prick  
To cool her twat.

"Z" is for zero,  
Supposed to be cold:  
The temperature of a man's balls  
At ninety years old.



THE LITTLE BALL OF YARN  
(Murray Hale and Alden Blaisdell)

---

It was in the month of May,  
When the jacks begin to bray  
And the jennies come prancing  
around the barn;  
Said the jennie to the jack:  
"Will you climb upon my back?  
You can wind up my little ball  
of yarn!"

It was in the month of June,  
When the roses were in bloom  
And the jennies were loose around  
the barn;  
There I met a little Miss,  
And I simply asked her this:  
"May I wind up your little ball  
of yarn?"

She said, "Why don't you go to those  
Who have money and fine clothes;  
Why don't you go to them with  
your charms?"  
But she finally gave consent,  
And through the fields we went:  
And we wound up her little ball  
of yarn!

After getting her consent,  
Just around a stump we went,  
And I asked her where she kept  
her little charm;  
She said beneath her gown,  
So I gently laid her down;  
And I wound up her little ball  
of yarn!

It was nine days after this,  
When I went to take a piss,  
I found my cock all mattery and  
warm;  
Then I knew that by mishap  
She had given me the clapp  
As I wound up her little ball  
of yarn!

It was nine months after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
There appeared before the door  
Her father and several more:  
"Marry my daughter, since you've  
got her ball of yarn!"

It was nine days after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm;  
Then there came a gentle tapping,  
And the doctor stood there laughing:  
"You're the daddy of a little ball  
of yarn!"

It was nine days after that:  
In my office chair I sat,  
Wondering if I'd done her any harm,  
When an officer in blue  
Said, "Young man, I'm after you!  
You're the daddy of a little ball  
of yarn!"

I NEVER  
(Rufus Toponce)

---

1.

I walked into the hallway,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw an overcoat  
Where my coat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my coat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a blanket  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a blanket  
With pockets in it before!

2.

I walked into the bedroom,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw somebody's hat  
Where my hat ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a pisspot  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a pisspot  
With a lining in it before!

3.

I looked into the trundle-bed,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw two babies there  
Where my baby ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my baby ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a little rabbit  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a little rabbit  
With diapers on it before!

4.

I felt beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I felt a rubber prick  
Where my prick ought to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a rollingpin  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a rollingpin  
With testicles on it before!

5.

I looked beneath the covers,  
As drunk as I could be;  
And I thought I saw a man asleep  
Where I was supposed to be.

"What's this, my darling wife,  
Where I'm supposed to be?"  
"Oh, it's nothing but a monkey  
My grandmother gave to me!"

I've roamed the wide world over  
A thousand times or more,  
But I never saw a monkey  
A-screwing my wife before!

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR  
(Larry Martin)

---

She left the party early--  
I think at scarcely nine;  
And by some "masher" fortune,  
Her room was next to mine.

And I, like old Columbus,  
New regions to explore--  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door!

While I waited there in silence,  
Upon my bended knees,  
I waited there impatiently  
To see what I could see.

She first took off her collar--  
It fell upon the floor;  
I saw her stoop to get it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She then proceeded further,  
Took off her pretty dress,  
And then her undergarments--  
There were fifty, more or less.

To tell the truth sincerely,  
I think it was a score;  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

She sat down upon the carpet;  
She rested gracefully;  
She pulled her spotless linen  
Above her snow-white knee.

And her scarlet-colored garters  
On either leg she wore;  
It was a lovely picture  
Through the keyhole in the door!

You mighty men of science,  
Who strain your eager eyes,  
Viewing all the planets  
Whirling in the skies,

You may search the wide world over  
Ten thousand times or more,  
But your telescopes are nothing  
To the keyhole in the door!

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE  
(A version of "Keyhole in Door")

---

We left the party early,  
I think at scarcely nine,  
And as good luck would have it,  
Her room was next to mine.

As eager as old Columbo  
New regions to explore,  
I took a snug position  
By the keyhole in the door.

First she took off her collar--  
It fell upon the floor;  
Ye Gods! I saw her stoop to get it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then came her dress and undergarments,  
Fifty less or more--  
I couldn't count correctly  
Through the keyhole in the door!

Then she took down her tresses  
Of pretty golden hair;  
They fell in torrents  
About her shoulders bare.

Then she sat by the fireside,  
Her tiny feet to warm,  
With nothing but a shimmy  
To conceal her naked form.

If she would only drop it,  
I would ask no more--  
Ye Gods! I seen her drop it  
Through the keyhole in the door!

If I was as strong as Samson,  
I'd break that door down;  
I'd have a little booty  
If I woke up the whole damn town!

But I'm not as strong as Samson,  
And I can do no more  
Than jack-off and take straight aim  
Through the keyhole in the door!

AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE  
(Murray Hale of McCammon)

---

I met her in a ballroom,  
And I asked her for a dance;  
She could tell I was a sailor  
By the buttons on my pants.

My shoes were brightly polished;  
My hair was neatly combed.  
I danced with her all evening;  
At night I took her home.

And as I left the ballroom,  
I heard some old dame say:  
"There goes a fair young maiden  
Who is being led astray!"

'Twas at her father's gateway  
That she was led astray;  
'Twas in her mother's bedroom  
That she was forced to lay.

I laid her down so gently;  
Her dresses I raised high;  
"We'll do it now, my Nellie;  
We'll do it now or die!"

I offered her a silver necklace;  
I offered her a golden pin;  
I offered her a wooden cradle  
To rock her baby in.

She wouldn't accept the necklace;  
She wouldn't accept the pin;  
But she did accept the cradle  
To rock her baby in.

Now, all you fair young maidens,  
Just take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor  
Get an inch above your knee!

He'll love you and caress you;  
He'll promise to be true;  
But when he gets your cherry,  
It's off to hell with you!

B.  
An Inch Above Your Knee  
(Dick Palfreyman)

When I was young and pretty,  
It was my chief delight  
To go to balls and dances  
And stay out late at night.

It was at a ball I met him,  
And he asked me for a dance;  
I could tell he was a sailor  
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were neatly polished,  
His hair was nicely combed;  
And when the dance was over,  
He asked to take me home.

'Twas in my father's hallway  
That I was led astray;  
'Twas in my mother's bedroom  
That I was forced to lay.

He spread my legs so gently;  
He raised my dress so high;  
He said, "Now, Mary, darling,  
You'll do it now--or die!"

He picked me up so gently;  
He pulled my dress so high;  
He gave me such a feeling--  
Oh, I thought I was going to die!

"Now, if it is a baby girl,  
Just rock her on your knee;  
But if it is a baby boy,  
Just send him out to sea,

"With blue bell-bottom trousers,  
And bonnie eyes of blue,  
To learn to screw the women  
As I have done to you!"

Now, you young girls take warning,  
And take a tip from me:  
Never let a sailor get  
An inch above your knee!

For if you do, he'll love you,  
Love you kind and true;  
Then, when he picks your cherry,  
He'll say, "To hell with you!"





COLUMBO  
(Larry Martin)

---

Columbo went in haste to the queen  
And asked her for her cargo;  
He said, "I'm a lying son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

For forty days and forty nights  
He sailed the broad Atlantic;  
Columbo knew if he didn't screw  
He surely would go frantic!

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,  
And kept it in his cabin;  
He filled its ass with axle-grease  
And started in a-jabbin'!

Columbo had a one-eyed mate--  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night at ten o'clock  
They sucked-off one another!

A one-eyed maid appeared on the deck--  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg--  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her!

An Indian maid appeared on the shore--  
In fact, she was a beauty;  
Columbo said to all his men:  
"Come on, we'll have a little booty!"

Then every man went overboard,  
Shedding coats and collars;  
And in ten minutes by the clock,  
She had \$10,000!

Columbo came in haste to the queen,  
Because it was his duty;  
He gave her a dirty dose of claps--  
He brought no other booty!

They threw him in a dirty jail,  
And left him there to grumble,  
A log-chain tied to his cock and balls--  
So ended poor Columbo!

Columbo  
(Bill Nye of Pocatello)\*

---

'Twas in 1492  
When Columbo he departed;  
The Queen wept a bucket of tears,  
But Columbo only farted.

For 42 days and 42 nights  
They sailed the broad Atlantic;  
For need of a screw the whole damn crew  
Was nearly driven frantic.

One day the skipper came on deck;  
His prick stood like the mastpole;  
He grabbed the first-mate by the neck  
And rammed it up his ass-hole!

The skipper had an ape named Jocko,  
And loved him like a brother;  
And every night by the pale moon light  
They corn-holed one another!

Now, Columbo had a cabin-boy,  
A dirty little jipper:  
He lined his ass with broken glass,  
And circumcised the skipper!

A pretty maid came up the hatch;  
Columbo he pursued her;  
The white-of-an-egg rolled down her leg;  
The dirty dog had screwed her!

Columbo had a one-eyed mate,  
And kept him for a lover;  
And every morn at the crack of dawn  
They sucked off one another!

Upon the shore they spied a whore,  
And how the men did holler!  
And in ten minutes by the clock  
She had made ten thousand dollars!

---

\*This is, of course, Bill Nye, Jr., now a psychiatric social worker in New York City. He had learned this in the Pocatello schools and transmitted it to me early in the 1950's when on a visit to Salt Lake City.

BARNACLE BILL  
(Dick Palfreyman)

---

"Who's a-knocking at the door?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Only me from over the sea!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll be down to let you in!"  
Said the little fair maiden;  
"Hurry and make up a bed for two!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

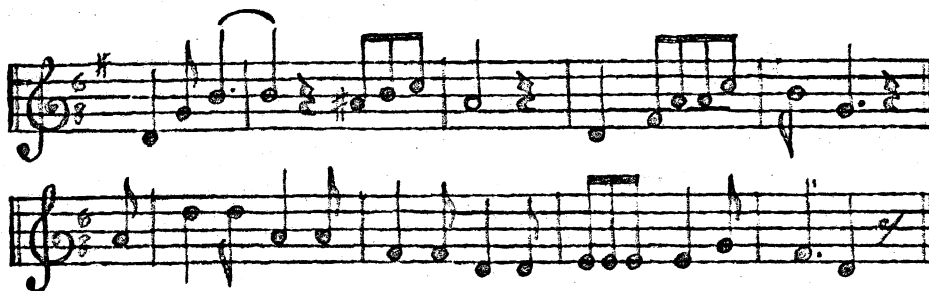
"What if the sheriff happens in?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Just rape the damned old fool!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"You may lie between my legs!"  
Said the little fair maiden;  
"Just what I intended to do!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What if a baby should be born?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Hang the bastard around your neck!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What's that a-trickling down my leg?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"It's only a gob from off my knob!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"When do you intend to come again?"  
Asked the little fair maiden;  
"Never, no more, you damned old whore!"  
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.



## THE JOLLY SHEPHERD

There was a jolly shepherd,  
And he lived upon a hill;  
He went out hunting one fine day  
To see what he could kill.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

He looked to the east and then to the west,  
And then he took another look;  
And there he spied a maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

He sneaked down through the clover  
To get a closer look,  
And gazed upon the maiden fair  
A-swimming in the brook.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

Said she, "Oh, jolly shepherd,  
Do you want to see some more?"  
Then shaking out her long black hair,  
She gaily came ashore.  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a stack of hay;  
Said she, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you and me to play!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to a patch of clover;  
Said she, "It'd be a pretty place  
For you to roll me over!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!

They traveled along together  
Till they came to her father's house;  
And then said she, "I'm a maiden within,  
And you're a fool without!"  
Sing fal-der-al-dal der-riddle all the day!



THE DENVER HOME  
(Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdel)

---

The very first time I was in Denver,  
The very first time I was away from home,  
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;  
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I entered through the doorway,  
A big fat whore stepped up to me;  
"A dollar and a half for the first few  
punches!"  
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!"

A dollar and a half was their proposition;  
A dollar and a half, and I pay no more.  
So she parked her ass upon my knee,  
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
I stepped to all the balls and dances,  
And scattered money all about.

All the pimps and whores came crowding round  
me--

I thought there were a hundred and thirty  
two--

They robbed me of my gold and silver;  
They robbed me of my gold watch too!

Little did I care what I was doing;  
Little did I care what I was about;  
But when they robbed me of my gold and silver,  
Then bloody-murder I cried out!

Then all the whores they gathered round me--  
I thought there were a million or more;  
And you'd have shit your pants and died  
a-laughing,  
To watch my ass shag out that door!



BUCKAROO  
(George Goodnough, McCammon)

--

Oh, to hell with the ranch  
And the shitty-eyed cattle;  
If the boss contradicts me,  
There'll be a bloody battle!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

Oh, I went to the farmer,  
And I asked him for my roll;  
He said, "My Gawd, man,  
You're twenty in the hole!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

I passed around the corner,  
And I met the farmer's daughter;  
I asked her for a screw  
For a dollar and a quarter!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

She said, "My Gawd, man,  
I'm a decent man's daughter;  
And I wouldn't screw any man--  
For a dollar and a quarter!"  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was standing in the door,  
Shoes and stockings off,  
A-dancing like a whore!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was lying in the grass,  
A-holding of her belly  
Like a monkey's ass!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!

The next time I seen her  
She was floating down the stream;  
Her cunt was open wide enough  
To drive in a team!  
Sing a hick-eye hick a buckaroo!



ROSEBERRY  
(Obtained from Dad,  
who learned it from  
Niah Davis of Malad,  
about 1900)  
---

As I rode out on Roseberry,  
All on a market day,  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her business going this way--  
Her business going to market  
Were butter and eggs and cream.  
And we jogged along together,  
I dairy down aday!

We jogged along together,  
We jogged side by side.  
A-viewing of this pretty fair maid,  
Her garter came untied.  
For fear that she may lose them,  
These words to her I said,  
"Your garters are hanging down, my dear;  
I dairy down aday!"

"Oh, will you be so kind, young man;  
Oh, will you be so free;  
Oh, will you be so kind, young man,  
As to tie them up for me?"  
"Yes, I will; that I will,  
When we get to yonder's hill!"  
And we jogged along together,  
I dairy down aday!

As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
So happy and so free;  
As we arrived at yonder's hill,  
Such sights I never have seen:  
For she rolled up her lily-white clothes,  
And I rolled in between!  
And we jogged along together,  
I dairy down aday!

"Now, since you have your will with me,  
Kind sir, tell me your name,  
Likewise your occupation  
And the city from which you came!"  
"My name 'tis Johnnie the Rover;  
From Baltimore city I came;  
And I live by the side of the ups and downs,  
I dairy down aday!"



Now, she returned from market,  
Her butter and eggs being sold;  
But the losing of her maidenhead  
It made her blood run cold.  
"But it is gone: let it go!  
He's the lad I love," said she;  
"And he lives by the side of the ups  
and downs,  
I dairy down aday!"



OLD MACLELLAND

(Secured from Larry Martin  
of Eden, Idaho,  
Sept. 10, 1932)

----

Old MacLelland was a cowboy  
Of the wild and wooly west;  
His horses and his toggery  
Were of the very best.

He had a pretty good education;  
That is, he was no fool.  
The only fault MacLelland had:  
He was handy with his tool!

MacLelland left that cow-camp;  
'Twas on a Friday night.  
He spied a pretty schoolmam  
In a schoolhouse painted white.

He sprang into the atmosphere,  
Stampeded dogs and cats;  
And he hit the trail a-rolling  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

He reined his horse into the gate;  
He said, "May I come in?"  
"You may!" said the schoolmam  
With a kind of saucy grin.

He kicked the cowshit from off his  
boots,  
And straightened his cravat;  
And he entered through the doorway  
With the schoolmam on the flats.

They talked about the weather;  
They talked of this and that.  
They kept a-drifting onward--  
They knew not just where at!

They kept a-drifting onward  
Until he reached her chair,  
And he put the proposition  
To the schoolmam then and there.

He laid her on the bench--  
The best that he could do;  
He unwrapped his coil from around his  
horn  
And opened his hondoo!

Then bringing forth his roller,  
He stabbed her in the fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing  
Through the schoolmam on the flats!

He said, "I've diddled maids and  
maidens,  
And negro wenches, and all that;  
But the best I ever tackled  
Was the schoolmam on the flats!"

Come, all you jolly rounders,  
And listen to my song:  
Keep old John Henry in his chaps,  
And keep him fogging on!

And if he gets unruly,  
Just fan him with your hat!  
Remember old MacLelland  
And the schoolmam on the flats!



THE BONNY BROWN HARE  
(From Bobby Grant of Eden)

--

One morning in April,  
At the dawn of the day,  
With my gun on my shoulder,  
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden,  
Whose cheeks were of rose,  
Whose hair hung in ringlets,  
And whose eyes black as coal.

I asked the fair maiden,  
"Oh, maiden so fair,  
Could you tell me, oh, where, oh, where  
Could I find the brown hare?"

She answered me slowly;  
She answered me low,  
"Beneath my white petty  
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently  
Beneath the shade of a tree,  
And I cocked my big rifle  
Above her white knee!

She swooned and she fainted;  
Her color all fled.  
I stooped and I kissed her,  
For I thought she were dead.  
Then she opened her eyes  
Gently and said:

"Your aim is so true, Sir,  
Your bullets so fair--  
Won't you fire once more  
At my bonny brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden;  
My powder is spent,  
My bullets are gone,  
And my ramrod is bent;  
And I cannot fire on!

"But meet me tomorrow  
Beneath the shade of the tree;  
And if the weather proves fair,  
I'll fire once more  
At your bonny brown hair!"

(Probably an imperfect version.)

## The Bonny Brown Hare



## I JUST COULDN'T (Phenoi Deschamps, Malad)

---

I wandered down the street,  
And I knocked at every door;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find a whore!

At last I found a whore--  
She was sitting on a rock;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't find my cock!

At last I found my cock  
In the center of my hand;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't make it stand!

At last I made it stand  
As stiff as any pin;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it in!

At last I got it in  
And wiggled it about;  
To save my life from hell, boys,  
I couldn't get it out!

At last I got it out,  
All mattery and sore;  
To save your life from hell, boys,  
Never fuck a whore!

## RING DANG DOO

A.

(Larry Martin)

---

Ring dang doo--what is that,  
All black and hairy like a pussycat?  
Got hair all around, and split in two:  
That's what we call a ring dang doo!

A black-eyed maiden, pretty and stout,  
Moved into town and hung her shingle out:  
"Come, all you men, come one, come two,  
And take a crack at my ring dang doo!"

I read the sign and decided to try,  
To see if I could qualify;  
For she liked them long and powerful too,  
When they came for a crack at her ring  
dang doo!

She took me down to her house;  
We slipped in like a little mouse;  
We barred the doors and the windows too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo.'

She took me down to her cellar;  
She called me a damned nice feller;  
She gave me wine and whiskey too,  
That I might play with her ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a wonderful thing:  
The poor man gets it, as well as the king;  
All black and hairy, split in two--  
That is the way with a ring dang doo!

The ring dang doo is a curious thing:  
It suits the poor, as well as the king;  
From sixteen up to seventy-two,  
They all try a rattle at the ring dang doo!

B.

(George Goodnough)

-----

Down on the farm,  
Where I met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

She moved to town  
And became a whore;  
And she painted a sign and  
Put above her door!

"Come all you young,  
And you old ones too--  
Come, take a pop at  
My ring dang doo!"

I took one pop  
At her ring dang doo,  
And that is why  
I sing to you!

My cock has rotted  
Through and through  
Since I took that pop at  
Her ring dang doo!

C.  
(Phenoi Deschamps)

---

Down on the farm,  
Where I first met Sue,  
I used to play with  
Her ring dang doo!

Her father came,  
And her mother too,  
And caught me playing  
With her ring dang doo!

"Oh, mother, Oh, mother,  
I'm not to blame;  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left your home,  
And your country too,  
And followed dad with  
Your ring dang doo!

"Oh, father, Oh, father,  
I'm not to blame;  
When you were young,  
You did the same!

"You left your home,  
And your country too,  
To diddle ma with  
Your ring dang doo!"

"Oh, daughter, Oh, daughter,  
For shame, for shame;  
When you are old,  
You'll regret the same!

"But since you're a whore,  
And a good one too,  
Make him pay two dollars  
For your ring dang doo!"





THE LITTLE MARINE  
(A version of "Parlez Vous")

---

Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentier,  
Parlez vous!  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentier,  
Parlez vous!  
Oh, Mademoiselle of Armentier,  
She hadn't been fucked for forty years!  
Hinkey dinkey, parlez vous!

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
With maiden tits and golden hair!

Up the stairs and into bed,  
That's where I broke her maidenhead!

The first three nights all went well,  
And then my pecker began to swell!

The first three months all went well,  
And then her belly began to swell!

Nine months were up: she gave a grunt;  
The Little Marine came out of her cunt!

The Little Marine he grew to be big;  
His grandmother caught him frigging a pig!

The Little Marine he grew and grew,  
And now he's fucking the ladies too!

The Little Marine he went to France  
To make the Germans shit their pants.

The generals stay behind the lines,  
And fuck the women and drink the wines!

The Little Marine he lay in the trench,  
Screwing his nuts with a monkeywrench!

The Little Marine went over the top  
To make the Kaiser suck his cock!

The Little Marine he went to hell;  
And he told the devil to jump in the well!

## The Little Marine



### AN INDIAN MAID

(Ben Edwards and Phenoï Deschamps)

--

I once knew an Indian maid  
Who was very very much afraid  
That some buckaroo  
Would stick it up her slough  
While she lay sleeping in the shade.

She took her little brown hand  
And filled it full of sand;  
And then she knew  
That no buckaroo  
Would monkey with the promised-land.

But one buckaroo got wise,  
And he shoved it between her thighs;  
With an old gum-boot  
On the end of his root,  
He opened Redwing's eyes.

And then to her great surprise,  
Her belly began to rise;  
And then she knew  
That some buckaroo  
Had diddled between her thighs.'

(Sung to the second half of the tune--  
not the chorus, however--of "Redwings".)

COUSIN NELLIE

(Jack Harkness, McCammon, 1932)

---

I met my cousin Nellie  
In the shade of the linden tree;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And her hair waved in the breeze.

It was great to sit beside her  
With the cooling shade above;  
She whispered, "Cousin Harry,  
Please show me how to love!"

I tore her silken wrapper  
Off her throbbing breasts;  
And to warm her cooling passions,  
Those big red lips I pressed.

I took my hand so gently  
And reached between her thighs;  
And I found the sweet cool spot  
Where true love lies.

I took my prong so gently,  
And I placed it in her hand;  
She steered it straight to heaven--  
She needed no command!

Now scarcely a day goes by  
But Nellie comes to me  
And settles down beside me  
In the shade of the linden tree!



B.  
Cousin Nellie  
(Phenoi Deschamps, Malad)

---

I often sat with Nellie  
In the shade of the linden trees;  
Her hair was combed down smoothly  
And waved gently in the breeze.

I often sat with Nellie  
When the skies were blue above;  
And often she would whisper,  
"Please teach me how to love!"

Then lying down beside her,  
Put my hand between her thighs;  
I reached that cool and shady spot  
Where true love often lies.

Then climbing on my Nellie,  
I gave her one big shove;  
And then she whispered to me,  
"My God, that must be love!"

OLD AUNT SALLIE

---

One dark night,  
When the neighbors were in bed,  
Old Aunt Sallie  
Sneaked out into the shed;  
Her beau pushed her over  
Among the straw and said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town  
tonight, my baby!"

The first three months  
—She liked it very well;  
The second three months  
Her belly began to swell;  
The third three months  
And her kid began to yell; -  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town  
tonight!"



THE WASHERWOMAN  
(Rufus Toponce, Ogden)

---

Two men and a mule  
Were taking a stroll  
Down a country lane one day,  
When what should they spy but a  
nigger wench,  
A-washing the dirt away!

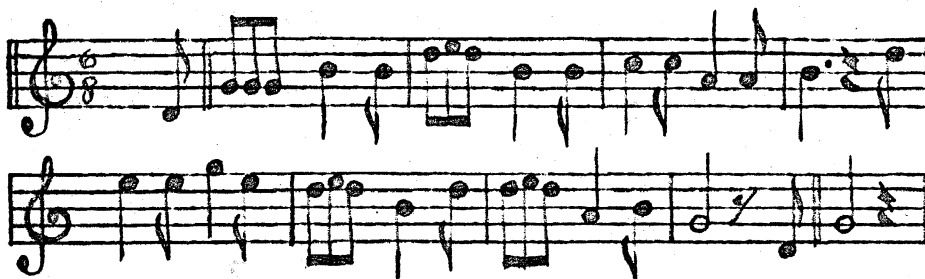
Two men and a mule  
They stood on a knoll  
By a country stream one day,  
To watch a nigger wench at her tub,  
A-washing the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Decided to fool  
With the nigger wench that day;  
They asked her price, but she didn't  
reply--  
She was washing the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Took turns with their tools  
On the nigger wench that day;  
They threw up her dress and took a  
crack at her ass  
As she washed the dirt away!

Two men and a mule  
Pumped away like fools  
On the nigger wench that day;  
And when they were through they asked  
the price--  
For they were willing to pay!

Two men and a mule  
Were very much fooled  
By the nigger wench that day:  
"Just gimme the name of that last  
ge'leman,  
And I'll not take yo' pay!"



OF ALL THE BEASTS  
(Learned at Grade School)

---

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cow--  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And show the old bull how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bull--  
I'd stand upon my two hind legs  
And fill the old cow full!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the duck--  
I'd swim around upon the pond  
And fuck and fuck and fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the dog--  
I'd lift my hind-leg in the air  
And piss on every log!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the cat--  
I'd shit in every pile of dirt  
And smooth the place out flat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the fish--  
I'd swim around beneath the ice  
And watch the skaters piss!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the goat--  
I'd steal my master's underwear  
And cram them down my throat!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the whale--  
I'd swim the whole world over  
To find a piece of tail!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the bird--  
I'd light upon some woman's hat  
And shit a juicy tird!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the buck--  
I'd climb upon the old ewe's back  
And show her how to fuck!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the mare--  
I'd back right up and lift my tail  
To show the old stud where!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the hen--  
I'd snuggle down and spread my wings  
To show the old cock when!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the sow--  
I'd stretch my belly on the grass  
To show the old boar how!

Of all the beasts that roam the fields,  
I'd rather be the skunk--  
I'd piss on every passer-by  
To show him how I stunk!

Of all the beasts that roam the field,  
I'd rather be the man--  
I'd always get it oftener  
Than the other animals can!.

MISCELLANIES



I.  
LATE BALLAD FINDS

1. THE SLUM SONG

(Terrell Lish, McCammon, Idaho)

When you pull up by the campfire  
In the evening with your chum,  
There's nothing to do the business, boys,  
Like a good barrel of slum!  
Yo ho! for the mulligan slum, boys,  
Tra-la-la-la-la-ia;  
It sticks to all of your ribs, boys,  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Throw in a hunk of bacon, boys,  
Potatoes cold or hot,  
Some rice and bread; whatever you have,  
Just chuck her in the pot!  
Yo ho! etc.

I walked into a restaurant, boys;  
It was a nifty place;  
A greasy waiter came up to me  
With whiskers on his face!  
Yo ho! etc.

He says, "What will you have, Sir?"  
I says, "Just keep it mum,  
But tell your cook to stir me up  
A couple of barrels of slum!"  
Yo ho! etc.

Some rice and bread--whatever you have--  
A hunk of meat or a plum;  
Just season it well with castor oil,  
And you have a bully slum!  
Yo ho! etc.

2. SAM BASS

(Ben Infanger, McCammon, Idaho)

Sam Bass was born out in Indiana--  
That was his native home;  
And at the age of seventeen young,  
Sam began to roam.

He first went out to Texas,  
A cowboy for to be;  
And a more tender-hearted fellow  
You hardly ever see.

He used to coin the money,  
And you bet he spent it free;  
He always drank good whiskey  
Wherever he chanced to be.

Sam once dealt in race-stock--  
She was called the Dalton Mare;  
Matched her at the scrub races  
And took her to the fair.

Sam left the Dalton ranch  
In the merry month of May  
With a herd of Texas cattle,  
The Black Hills for to see.

Sold out in Custer City,  
And then got on a spree;  
And a tougher set of cowboys  
You hardly ever see.

On their way back to Texas,  
They robbed the U.P. train,  
Then split up in couples,  
And started out again.

Sam was hiding in the bushes,  
A-trying to get away;  
Tom borrowed Sam's good gold,  
And then he refused to pay.

Sam Bass, as well as his pardner,  
Was overtaken soon;  
And with all their hard cash-money,  
They had to meet their doom.

They were carried to the city,  
And there locked up in jail;  
With all their gold and silver,  
They couldn't get out on bail.

It was on a Sunday morning,  
They were hanged at break of day;  
And that was the end of young Sam Bass--  
There's nothing more to say!

3. DRINK HER DOWN

(Donald Nelson, McCammon, Idaho)

Oh, we had a drink of one;  
We had a drink of one;  
Oh, we had a drink of one,  
And we're having a helluva lot of fun!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of two, etc.,  
And we're on a helluva stew!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of three, etc.,  
And we're on a helluva spree!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of four, etc.,  
And we're rolling on the floor!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of five, etc.,  
And we're more dead than alive!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of six, etc.,  
And we're in a helluva fix!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of seven, etc.,  
And we're on our way to heaven!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of eight, etc.,  
And we staggered out the gate!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of nine, etc.,  
And we're carousing down the line!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

Oh, we had a drink of ten;  
We had a drink of ten;  
Oh, we had a drink of ten,  
And they locked us in a pen!  
Drink her down; drink her down; drink her down!

4. MIDNIGHT ON THE OCEAN

(Anna Liljenquist, McCammon, Idaho)

It was midnight on the ocean;  
Not a streetcar was in sight;  
The sun was shining brightly,  
And it rained all day that night.

It was a winter day in summer;  
The sky was raining glass;  
And a barefoot boy with shoes on  
Stood sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun  
Was setting in the west;  
The little fishes in the trees  
Were huddled in their nest.

The rain was pouring down in drops;  
The moon was shining bright;  
And everything that you could see  
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes,  
Lard was rendered by the choir;  
While the sexton rang the dishrag,  
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted,  
As he somehow lost his hair;  
Now his head resembles heaven,  
For there is no parting there.

5. THE OLD TIMER

(Terrell Lish, McCammon, Idaho)

The old timer sat in the grandstand there,  
With dung on his boots and weeds in  
his hair;  
And he shouted at the top of his voice,  
"She'll win in a walk, by Jesus!"

The race was off; his favorite third  
She worked up to second, then slipped on  
a tird,  
Fell in the ditch and broke her neck;  
And the old timer shouted,  
"She ain't in it, by Jesus!"

## II.

### HUMOROUS JINGLES PICKED UP AT RANDOM

1. The first the worst;  
The second the same;  
The last the best  
Of all the game!
2. Sticks and stones  
Might break my bones,  
But words will never hurt me!
3. Eeny-meeny- miny-mo,  
Catch a nigger by the toe;  
If he squeals, let him go--  
Eeny-meeny-miny-mo!
4. I have a little pony,  
And his name is Jack,  
With a big pot belly  
And a crack in his back!
5. A rich man, a poor man,  
A beggar man, a thief;  
A doctor, a lawyer,  
A merchant, a chief!
6. Bye, baby Buntin--  
Papa's gone a-huntin'  
To find a little rabbit skin  
To wrap baby Buntin in!
7. Mother, may I go in to swim?  
Yes, my darling daughter;  
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water!
8. Goody, goody, gout,  
Your shirt-tail's out;  
Goody, goody, gin,  
You'd better put it in!
9. Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Where do you wander?  
Upstairs, downstairs,  
And in the lady's chamber!
10. Ding dong dell,  
Pussy's in the well;  
Ding dong ben,  
Pull her out again!

11. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;  
He put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well!
12. Jack Spratt could eat no fat;  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so between the two of them,  
They licked the platter clean!
13. Old Dan Tucker was a fine young man:  
He washed his face in a frying-pan,  
He combed his hair with a wagon-wheel,  
And he died with the toothache in his heel!
14. Oh, I love you much, I love you mighty;  
I love your pajamas next to my nightie.  
Now don't get excited and don't turn red,  
For I mean on the clothesline and not in bed!
15. The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Eating peanuts by the peck;  
His father called--he could not go,  
Because his belly hurt him so!
16. He said her teeth were like the stars  
That twinkle in the skies so bright;  
He did not know that like the stars  
Her teeth came out at night!
17. As they skated they gazed at the stars;  
They counted a million or more;  
Then their feet went up, and they observed  
Some they had not seen before!
18. How do you do, Mr. Doodle, how do you do?  
Is there anything that I can do for you?  
How's the whiskers on your chin,  
Growing out or growing in?  
How do you do, Mr. Doodle, how do you do?
19. My mother and your mother  
Were out hanging clothes;  
My mother gave your mother  
A swat in the nose!  
Did it hurt? Well, I guess ;  
And my mother is the best!
20. Amen--brother Ben  
Shot a goose and killed a hen!

21. Two little frogs  
Were sitting on a log,  
Crying for bread and butter;  
They cried till the tears  
Ran down their ears,  
And then jumped into the gutter!
22. It may be so,  
But I don't know--  
It seems so doggone queer;  
I want to tell you once for all  
That your hot-air won't go here!
23. I'll tell you a story  
Of Jack and Norey--  
Now my story's begun;  
I'll tell you another  
Of Jack and his brother--  
Now my story is done!
24. Adam and Eve and Pinch-me  
Went down to the river to bathe;  
Adam and Eve got drowned,  
And whom do you think got saved?  
Pinch-me! (And they do!)
25. There was a little nigger,  
And he wouldn't get no bigger;  
So they put him in a wild-west snow.  
He jumped through the winder,  
And he broke his little finger--  
And he couldn't play the banjo any more.
26. Hey iddledy diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle;  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see such sport  
As the dish run away with the spoon!
27. Cock-a-doodle-do,  
Mother's lost her shoe;  
Father's lost his fiddlesticks  
And doesn't know what to do!
28. What are young boys made out of?  
Snakes and snails, and puppy-dog's tails--  
That's what young boys are made out of!  
What are young girls made out of?  
Sugar and spice, and everything nice--  
That's what young girls are made out of!

29. One, I love;  
Two, I love;  
Three, I love, I say;  
Four, I love with all my heart;  
And five, I cast away;  
Six, he loves;  
Seven, she loves;  
Eight, they both love;  
Nine, they tarry;  
Ten, they court;  
Eleven, they quarrel;  
And twelve, they marry!
30. ----- is mad,  
And I am glad;  
And I know what to please her:  
A bottle of ink to make her stink,  
And three little niggers to squeeze her!
31. The woodpecker stuck his head  
In the bluejay's hole;  
The bluejay said;  
"Gol darn your soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out!"
32. Little fishes in the brook;  
Papa catch them on a hook;  
Mama fry them in a pan-  
And ----- eat them like a man!
33. What goes up  
Must come down,  
Right on top  
Of -----'s crown!
34. Good night;  
Sleep tight;  
Don't let the booger-boos bite!
35. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck  
If a woodchuck would chuck wood?  
As much dew as a dew-crop drop  
If a dew-drop do drop dew!
36. Ring around the rosey,  
A pocket full of posies;  
The last one down  
Has to tell his sweetie!



37. My mother killed me;  
My father ate me;  
My sister picked my bones,  
And hid them under the grinding-stone!
38. Nobody loves me;  
Everybody hates me;  
I'm going to the garden to eat worms:  
Little short and slimy ones,  
Big and fat and juicy ones--  
Oozy-oozy-oozy-oozy-oo!
39. I took my girl to the circus,  
The circus for to see;  
But she got stuck on a circusman  
And wouldn't come home with me!
40. A little old man went riding by.  
Said I to him: "Your horse will die!"  
"If he dies I'll tan his skin;  
And if he lives I'll ride him again,  
And ride him again and again and again,  
And ride him again and again!"
41. My old beau has left me,  
Has left me all alone;  
He's sadly mistaken if he thinks I shall mourn;  
For the boys they are plenty,  
And better far than he,  
And I can get another if he's gone back on me!
42. It was a fine day in September,  
Last October in July;  
The moon lay thick upon the ground,  
And the mud shone in the sky;  
The flowers were singing sweetly,  
And the birds were in full bloom--  
So I went down in the cellar  
To sweep an upstairs room!  
The time was Tuesday morning  
On Wednesday just at night;  
I saw a thousand miles away  
A house just out of sight:  
The walls projected backward,  
And the front was round the back;  
It stood alone with others,  
And the fence was whitewashed black;  
It was midnight and the setting sun  
Stood rising in the night;  
And everything that I could see  
Was just out of my sight!

43. The monkey fell out of bed;  
He fell on the elephant's head;  
The elephant sneezed  
And fell on his knees,  
And what became of the monkey?
44. Smarty, smarty,  
Thought you had a party;  
But all that came was a big fat darkie!
45. Beneath the crust of the old apple pie,  
There is something for both you and I:  
It may be a pin that the cook has dropped in,  
Or a package of black diamond dye;  
It may be an old rusty nail,  
Or a piece of the pussy-cat's tail--  
But whatever it be, there is something for me  
Beneath the crust of the old apple pie!
46. Climb the rod,  
And go to God;  
Ring the bell,  
And go to hell!
47. Eeny-meeny-miny-mee,  
Catch that nigger behind that tree;  
He stole money, and I stole none--  
Put him in the lock-up just for fun!
48. Rainy, rainy, raster,  
Rain a little faster;  
Rainy, rainy, rower,  
Rain a little slower!
49. Charlie, barley, butter and rye,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry!
50. The farmer in the dell,  
The farmer in the dell,  
Heigh-ho the dairy-o,  
The farmer in the dell!

The farmer takes a wife, etc.  
The wife takes a child, etc.  
The child takes a dog, etc.  
The dog takes a cat, etc.  
The cat takes a mouse, etc.  
The mouse takes the cheese, etc.

### III.

#### VULGAR STANZAS LEARNED FROM CHILDREN

1. Mrs. Wooden made a puddin'  
On a Sunday day;  
Mr. Martin came a-fartin'--  
Blew it all away!
2. A monkey and a baboon  
Were sitting on the grass;  
The monkey stuck his finger  
Up the baboon's ass;  
The baboon said, "God damn your soul,  
Keep your dirty finger out of my ass hole!"
3. There was a little bird,  
And he shit a little tird,  
And he flew over into the garden;  
And he stretched his little neck,  
And he shit about a peck,  
And then he flew across the river Jordan!
4. The he-cat sat on the high board fence;  
The she-cat sat on the ground.  
The tom made a pass at the pussycat's ass,  
And the world went around and around!
5. Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,  
Twenty pinches is the law:  
Pinch me now, pinch me then,  
Pinch me when I fart again.  
Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff, or box;  
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?
6. Father went a-hunting  
To shoot himself a bear;  
He shot him in the ass hole  
And didn't touch a hare!
7. When a man gets old,  
His pecker grows cold,  
And the end of his pecker turns blue;  
When he tries to diddle,  
It bends in the middle--  
Has it ever occurred to you?
8. I've got the shankers  
And the blueballs too;  
The shankers don't hurt,  
But the blueballs do!

9. I've got a girl in Indiana;  
She can handle my big banana;  
She can whistle, she can dance,  
She's got whiskers in her pants!!
10. There was an old woman from France,  
Who boarded a train by chance;  
The engineer fucked her,  
And so did the conductor,  
And the brakeman jacked-off in his pants!
11. There was a young man from Chineese  
Who went in the alley to pee:  
"Mine golly, mine sissy,  
My cock it no pissy!  
I thinka-so maybe clapee!"
12. Some come here to sit and think,  
And others come here to shit and stink;  
But I come here to play with my dink!
13. I wish I had a load of brick  
To build my chimney higher,  
To keep the girls around the town  
From pissing in my fire!
14. Old Balaky Karaky had out one stone;  
The hair on his ass was a strawberry roan!  
Old Balaky the butcher had but one nut;  
He fucked his grandmother and had to be cut!  
He went away and came back in the fall,  
Married to a woman with no pussy at all!
15. There was an old woman from Wheeling,  
Who had a peculiar feeling;  
She lay on her back,  
And opened her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling!
16. Here's to the girl of South Bend,  
Who always used a fountainpen;  
One day the cork went wild,  
And now she's nursing a negro child!
17. Ham and eggs between your legs,  
A little bit of gravy;  
Your machine and my machine  
Can make a little baby!

18. Mama, mama, what is that,  
Sticks out on papa like a baseball bat?  
Shut your mouth, you dirty orat--  
That's what keeps your mama fat!
19. Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
There wasn't much he could do, so  
He sat on a rock  
And played with his cock!  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
20. By the bar, by the bar,  
Where I smoked my first cigar  
And the dollars in my pockets rolled away--  
It was there that by chance  
I slipped it in her pants,  
And now she's in a family way!
21. May the bleeding piles torment you,  
And corns adorn your feet,  
And the itching crabs by millions  
Crawl out on your balls and eat;  
And when you are old and a syphilitic wreck,  
May you fall through your ass-hole  
And break your fucking neck.'
22. Oh, won't you come over to my shithouse?  
It's nice and shady there;  
The wind blows up around your ass  
And tickles your curly hair!
23. When I was young and in my prime,  
I used to jack-off all the time;  
But now I'm old and got more sense--  
I use a knothole in the fence!
24. The country girl is the girl for me:  
You can lay her on the grass,  
Lift up her lily-white petticoats  
And tickle her on the ass!
25. I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,  
And I'll tell you the reason why:  
She blows her nose in the cornbread dough  
And calls it custard pie!
26. Sally went down a new-cut road,  
And I went down behind her;  
She stooped over to tie her shoe,  
And then I saw her hinder!

27. I asked a little nigger  
To let me frig her;  
She said: "Wait till the hole grows bigger."  
I waited till the hole got bigger,  
And in about nine months she had a little  
nigger!
28. There was an old woman who lived by a creek;  
She watched the little boys play with their--  
Marbles and toys in the springtime of yore;  
Along came a lady who looked like a--  
Decent young lady; she lay on the grass,  
And when she turned over, you could see her--  
Shoes and stockings--they fit like a duck;  
She said she was learning a new way to--  
Sew and knit;  
The boys in the barnyard are picking up--  
The contents of the barnyard;  
And if this isn't poetry, it's horses---,  
by God!
29. Ask your mother for a bar of soap,  
To watch the monkey climb the rope;  
He climbed so fast he skinned his---  
Ask your mother for fifty cents,  
To watch the elephant jump the fence;  
He jumped so high he split the sky,  
And he didn't come back till the Fourth of  
July!  
Now ladies and gentlemen that can't swim,  
Please climb onto the high seats,  
For the elephant is going to---  
Peanuts, fifteen cents a sack!
30. Listen, listen--  
The cat's a-pissin'!  
Where, where?  
Under the chair;  
Run, run and get the gun!  
Never mind, it's all done!
31. I hosed her in my dreams;  
I listened to her screams;  
When I awoke, the bed was soaked,  
For I had hosed her in my dreams!
32. There was an old woman from Connecticut,  
Who was good looking from face to butt;  
She was a shithouse poet,  
Had brains and yet didn't know it!

33. Half-past one:  
The fun is just begun;  
Half-past two:  
The fun is nearly through;  
Half-past three:  
They just went out to pee;  
Half-past four:  
They like it more and more;  
Half-past five:  
The kid is now alive;  
Half-past six:  
She's taking all his prick;  
Half-past seven:  
She thinks she is in heaven;  
Half-past eight:  
The doctor's at the gate;  
Half-past nine:  
Again they're going fine;  
Half-past ten:  
He's got it in again;  
Half-past eleven:  
They think they are in heaven;  
Half-past twelve:  
They're tireder than hell!

34. When I was in Chicago,  
I worked in a department store;  
I worked in a hosiery department--  
I did, but I don't any more!

A lady came in and asked for some garters;  
I asked her what kind she wore;  
She pulled up her dress and said, "Rubber!"--  
I did, but I don't any more!

35. The dog's delight is to bark and bite,  
The little bird's to sing;  
But the only thing a fly can do  
Is to shit on everything!

He flies about from place to place  
And never rests a bit,  
Unless it is a moment  
When he stops to take a shit!

In every corner that you look,  
You'll find the little fly;  
The only thing that he can do  
Is shit and shit and shit and shit and  
shit until he dies!

#### IV.

##### A TYPICAL CASE OF FOLK ORIGIN

(Illustrating a Widespread Use of Clever Fictitious Titles)

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1. The Popular Man, by Nerlie Allcock.
2. Birth Control, by Yonna Syringe.
3. The Great Unwashed, by I. Suckerof.
4. At the Stroke of Twelve, by John Henry Bent.
5. A Wildcat's Revenge, by Claude Balls.
6. Too Much Fun, by Asoor Back.
7. The Art of Love, by Paul R. Pantsof.
8. The Easiest Way, by Lee N. Back.
9. The Dawn of Love, by Tuchercrack.
10. Nothing Doing, by Iva Woodcock.
11. Cream in the Bed, by Mr. Completely.
12. The Ruptured Chinaman, by Wun Hung Lo.
13. The Discontented Wife, by Owen Lee Onceaweek.
14. The Yellow Stream, by P. A. Little.
15. The Anxious Moment, by Pugh Cumming.
16. The Great Rubber Failure, by Iva Child.
17. The Favorite Spot, by Herr Bottom.
18. The Rooster's Mistake, by Rhoda Duck.
19. Open to the Public, by Emma Whore.
20. The Childless, by U. B. Baron.
21. The Shepherd's Delight, by A. Ramsbottom.
22. The Flapper's Woe, by Mr. Period.
23. The Halt in the Desert, by Wanna Play.
24. How to Reduce a Fat Woman, by Ryder Haggard.
25. The Ideal Husband, by Peter Everhard.
26. The Open Kimono, by Seymour Hair.
27. The Contented Wife, by Peter B. Long.
28. The Dairy Maid, by Lotta Bull.
29. The Passionate Brute, by Nina Night.
30. The African Maid, by Erasmus B. Black.
31. The Flat Tire, by Kennot Raisabone.
32. The Happy Honeymoon, by Maud Fitzgerald.
33. The Golden Arch, by I. P. Standing.
34. The Spot on the Wall, by Who Flung Dung.
35. The Chambermaid's Duty, by Carrie P. Daily.
36. Safety First, by Mary Widows.
37. The Musical Fruit, by Lettie Poops.
38. The Chance of a Lifetime, by Haver Knickersof.
39. The Great Midnight Tragedy, by Lucy Bowles.
40. Dangerous Days, by Pastor Period.
41. The Red Flag, by Uflo Freely.
42. The Passionate Lover, by E. Bitter Titof.
43. Crashing Through, by Buster Maidenhead.
44. Marriage at Ninety, by Kennie Diddle.
45. The Covered Manhole, by Kotex.
46. A Sensation, by Jackof.
47. The Maiden's Delight, by Harry Cockenoalls.
48. What Every Man Knows, by Howto Jackof.
49. The Maiden's Precaution, by Carrie Fishkin.
50. Inexperienced, by Otto Findahore.



COMMENTARIES  
(Contributors and Their Contributions)

## A TABLE OF COMMENTS ON CONTRIBUTORS

The following comments are given to the development of three special topics: (1) a list of the contributions made by each individual named; (2) identification of the person concerned, consisting of a statement of his occupation, age, place of residence, origins, and associations with the author; and (3) a brief character sketch, made up of general remarks on topics that, from the author's point of view, seem to be a worth-while contribution to a clear understanding of the work as a whole. In all cases the first two items are fully developed; however, the author has inserted the character sketch only in such instances as he has felt the need of additional remarks.

1. Blasdell, Alden.-- 1. Version B. of "Lehi Valley"; all but stanzas 3 and 6 of "Denver Home"; all but 1, 4, and 5 of "Lulu"; stanzas 2 and 4 of "Ball of Yarn". 2. Driver of milk-wagon; 21 years of age; now living with father, R. A. Blasdell, at Malad, Route 1; has always lived there, except for two years of military service in the Philippines; formerly a tag-along for his brother, Verrell Blasdell, and myself.
2. Blasdell, Verrell.-- 1. Stanzas 1 and 5 of "Ball of Yarn"; the last stanza of the second version of "Keyhole in Door". 2. Formerly a farmer at Burley, but now in LaGrande, Oregon, with his wife's folks; about 26; originally lived at Malad, with only a term of military service in the Phillipines; my nearest neighbor and closest friend from infancy until I went away to college, although he dropped school his Freshman year in high school.
3. Bullock, Claude.-- 1. Stanzas 1, 2, 5, and 6 of "Boston Burglar". 2. A very troublesome Freshman in the McCammon High School; lives at Readyville, a nearby town, with his parents; not a member of my classes.

4. Bush, Lester.-- 1. "Daniel in Lion's Den"; first version of "One-Eyed Riley"; "Crust of Old Apple Pie"; "Alimony"; "In Bombay". 2. Either a lumberman or a workman in some construction camp somewhere in Washington or Oregon; about 27; former home in Malad, where his father is a farmer, and where he went to high school with me; has spent much time in mining camps, chiefly in Utah, where he learned the above songs from the laborers; my room-mate at the Southern Branch for one year. 3. In school he was always a delinquent and rebel. He and his friends spent their time drinking and chasing wild women, defying authority by secretly having girls visit their rooms in the dormitory and by sending vile anonymous letters and parcels to teachers they disliked. For bad conduct they faced the Discipline Committee several times. He himself was taking up civil engineering; but due to failures he had to spend three years to graduate from the Southern Branch, a two-year school.
5. Colton, Roscoe.-- 1. "A Stovepipe Episode". 2. Now a poultryman residing in Malad, but formerly, for short intervals, held various jobs in California; about 30; born in Malad, where he lived with his family, his father being for some time postmaster there; connected to my family permanently, it seems, in view of the fact that he married my sister several years ago and now has a family of two boys.
6. Davis, Niah.-- 1. "Roseberry"; "An Inch above Your Knee". 2. Spent most of his life, except for a short term in college at Logan, where he met his future wife, in Malad, now having been dead for about ten years; his father was wealthy, owning considerable land, but Niah lost nearly everything through poor farming, poor investments, and drunkenness; in boyhood he was my father's best chum, and the two were always close friends. 3. He was a great lover of songs, which he could remember at one hearing; but he could never carry a tune. Death came to him with great agony as the result of wood-alcohol drunk in an after-prohibition Christmas party.

7. Deschamps, John.-- 1. "Sorry"; "Oley Oleson"; "Whiskers on Chin"; "Winding on Train"; first three stanzas of "Walking". 2. Named after Washington, on whose birthday he was born, Mr. Deschamps is a middle-aged farmer of French descent; still living at Malad, Route 1, where born and reared; for the last twenty years has been one of my father's nearest neighbors. 3. In his youth he was the gayest and wittiest man of the community, very fond of funny songs and stories, a great many of which he still remembers. A generous-minded and comical fellow, now sunk in poverty due to love of display; always somewhat unpleasant because of an inclination to be a scandal-monger.
8. Deschamps, Nello.-- 1. "Boy Friend"; "Pain and Sorrow". 2. The nineteen-year-old son of John Deschamps, with whom he is still living; one of my tagging and bird-stealing pests during my early years; cares for little except western-stories, cigarettes, and whiskey.
9. Deschamps, Phenoi.-- 1. "Yippie-Yay"; "Little Tinker"; "I Just Couldn't"; stanzas 4 and 5 of "Lulu"; "Try It Again"; "The Little Fly"; third version of "Ring Dang Doo"; second version of "Cousin Nellie"; second two stanzas of "Indian Maid". 2. Two years older than his brother Nello, and also still living at home; wild when he can get the money, as shown by several expensive wrecks in his father's car, the result of wild women and whiskey; has never been able to get anywhere in school, because antagonistic to the teachers and downright rebellious.
10. Edwards, Ben.-- 1. First two stanzas of "Indian Maid"; "Two Goats"; "Dickie and Murphy". 2. A nicotine-stunted high-school graduate, too poor to go on to college but having inflated ideas of his dramatic abilities; living with father, Charlie Edwards, the McCammon postmaster; now employed as a garage mechanic; was for two years one of my students and a good debater.
11. Edwards, Dave.-- 1. Chorus and last stanza of "Walking". 2. A farmer and distant neighbor at Malad; now middle-aged, has lost most of his inheritance through drinking and philandering.

12. Ehrnfelt, Melba.-- 1. "Young Johnnie Doyle"; "Oregon Gypsy Girl". 2. A pretty and attractive high-school Junior at McCammon, one of the best in her class; now living with her grandmother, her mother being in the insane asylum after an illicit elopement and her father being remarried.
13. Grant, Bobbie.-- 1. "Two Tomcats"; "Bonnie Brown Hare". 2. Famous in his own community, where he works on his father's farm, as a small-town baseball pitcher--with prospects; born and reared at Eden, where he graduated from high school, poverty preventing a continuance of his education; overbearing and surly in disposition--a typical spoiled child; now married and feeling the restraint.
14. Grant, Mrs. Frank (Clara Sobbe).-- 1. The first four stanzas of "Bryan O'Lynn". 2. An attractive and in every way excellent woman, the martyr to poverty, an unwise marriage, and the tyranny of her children; born and reared in St. Louis, where she married Frank Grant, then a milkman; she and her family moved to Idaho in 1914.
15. Grant, Frank.-- 1. "Monkey and Elephant"; "Gum". 2. An Eden farmer, fifty-two years of age, living near my father-in-law, A. G. Varnes; a back-biter of very caustic propensities, and also an authority on all subjects--a bit too free with his advice.
16. Goodnough, George.-- 1. "Buckaroo"; second version of "Ring Dang Doo"; first stanza of "Lulu"; two fragments of "Alimony" given in the Addenda. 2. A dramatically inclined McCammon high-school Senior, falling far short of his own estimation of himself; of German descent but born and reared here.
17. Hale, Murray.-- 1. First version of "An Inch above Knee"; stanzas 3 and 8 of "Ball of Yarn". 2. A cigarette-poisoned McCammon high-school Junior, well-behaved when by himself but too easily influenced rebels against authority and petty thieves; a native of the place, living with his father, a railroad engineer.

18. Hall, Lucille.-- 1. "Mary Jane". 2. A high-school Sophomore, pretty but rather weak and colorless in personality.
19. Hanson, Abraham Stephen.-- 1. "Andy Bardeen". 2.. A professional sheepherder with whom my father spent a season on the range, long ago when Grandfather Larson took up sheepraising, all too unsuccessfully, as a sideline.
20. Harkness, Jack.-- 1. First version of "Cousin Nellie"; first version of "Lehi Valley". 2. A high-school Senior making a come-back after a few years of absence; 22 years of age; born in McCammon but a resident of other places as well, especially Los Angeles, where his mother and other relatives live most of the time; his father is credited with laying out and founding McCammon, most of which he owned before his death; the widow and children, however, have squandered most of the estate.
21. Haskell, Lon.-- 1. "Sing Anything". 2. A Basalt farmer for whom Uncle Andie worked many years ago and from whom he learned the song "Sing Anything".
22. Henson, Kenneth.-- 1. Last stanza of "Bryan O'Lynn". 2. A shy but intelligent Sophomore, living in McCammon with his parents, engaged in farming.
23. Heward, Leigh.-- 1. "Old Aunt Sallie". 2. A back-biting and hypocritical cousin of mine whom I hated as a child because of the trouble he involved me in with his lies; he was killed years ago in a runaway, having a basket-rack of hay turn over on him.
24. Illum, Carl.-- 1. "Sallie in Garden"; "In Our Back Yard"; "Hasn't Done Anything". 2. A middle-aged farmer, born and reared in Malad, who, being discontented, sold out and went to Ogden to better his condition, only to lose everything. 3. One of the wild rowdies my father used to chum with; always a comedian, and a great lover of songs.

25. Illum, Gilbert.-- 1. Stanzas 6 and 7 of "Ball of Yarn"; "Little Marine"; once sang me "Keyhole in Door". 2. A clownish fellow of about 30, the brother of Carl and one of about twenty children, their father having had four wives consecutively; once a native and resident of Malad, where he rented farms, but now a miner somewhere in Nevada.
26. Infanger, Ben.-- 1. "Three Men"; "Sam Bass"; stanzas 3, 4, 7, 8, and 9 of "Boston Burglar"; second version of "Yippie-Yay". 2. One of the smartest and best-behaved Seniors in McCammon High School, living here with his parents, who are farmers; his father was formerly a pioneer freighter, and he heard many of the old ballads sung and composed.
27. Jolley, Virgil.-- 1. "One-Eyed Riley", the second version. 2. A grade-school student whose father runs a garage in McCammon.
28. Kyselka, Carl.-- 1. Acquainted me with many of the now current fictitious book titles several years ago. 2. His father being a United States marshal, Carl has been transferred from one end of the country to the other; he stayed at the same house as I at the Southern Branch, along with Lester Bush; at present he holds some governmental job, possibly a clerkship, at Washington, D.C. 3. Like Bush, Carl was a drinker and woman-chaser, prone to boast of his exploits and conquests; his chief diversion was siphoning gasoline for his car and stealing automobile tires on dark nights to sell at second-hand stores for cash.
29. Larsen, LaVon.-- 1. "Charlie's Fate"; "Lover's Life". 2. A high-school Junior at McCammon, given to some importance because his father, one of the local farmers, is a trustee; a smart but lazy student.
30. Larson, Mrs. Leff (Josephine Talbot).-- 1. "My Old Beau"; "To the Circus"; "Grinding Stone"; "Little Nigger"; "One-Armed Soldier"; "A Soldier's Revenge"; "Charming Kate"; "My Own True Love"; "Chashaw"; "Preacher and Bear";

"Mother Bogue"; "Two Crows"; "Adorable Tilda". 2. Mother is 47, just 20 years older than I; she now lives, and has for over 28 years, at Malad, Route 1. 3. In her childhood mother knew no permanent home; her own mother died early, leaving four small, half-starved infants; Grandfather Talbot, soon marrying again and bringing home a cruel and unsympathetic step-mother, from then to the time of his death led a wandering and poverty-stricken life, settling nowhere for long, carrying his hungry, ragged family, which rapidly grew to about eighteen, from one place to another. He was a charming man, irresistible to the women, gifted with personality and great musical ability; but he lacked strength of character. After many hardships, earning her own living from the age of fourteen, mother married my father and settled down to live in Malad; her troubles had not come to an end, however, for she had yet to face many years of secret, but none the less cruel, persecution at the hands of her sisters-in-law. Today, when she at last has her much-deserved independence and is provided for, excessive obesity, along with father's determination not to go or take her anywhere, keeps her at home, lonely and unsatisfied. The advent of a pair of babies in my sister's household, although taxing mother's strength to the utmost, is perhaps a blessing in disguise, giving her a new lease on life, something to live for.

31. Larson, Leff.-- 1. "Donderbeck"; "Andy Bardeen"; "Roseberry"; "Jolly Shepherd"; "Tumble Lynn"; "Long to Be Single Again"; "MacGintey". 2. Father was born and, except for a few short trips--one to Canada, three to California, and one to Oregon--has lived in Malad all his life; he is an industrious and economical farmer, now living in peace on the property he has worked so hard all his fifty-four years to acquire. 3. My grandfather, father's father, was born and spent his first eighteen years in Denmark; he served in the Union Army during the Civil War, afterwards coming west with the Mormon immigrants, marrying, and settling in Malad. He was a great reader of Napoleonic history, a drunkard, and a hard task-master to his boys.



32. Larson, Mrs. Kenneth (Ruth Varnes).--  
1. "Clementine"; "B.V.D's"; "Styles". 2. My wife, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Varnes, was born at Patricksburg, Indiana, a town into which her father, a civil engineer graduated from the University of Illinois, helped to build the first railroad. Her father's profession caused her to be moved about from place to place until she was seven--in Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas--at which time her parents came to Idaho and settled on a farm in Eden. We met at the Southern Branch, Pocatello, and were married the following summer, the year of 1928. Since then we have spent our time going to college, graduating from the University of Idaho in 1930, and in teaching school at McCammon. This article is being written Feb. 5, 1933.
33. Lewis, Ellis.-- 1. "Barnacle Bill"--contributed slightly to this song. 2. A high-school Senior at McCammon, a quiet student, the son of a local farmer.
34. Lish, Roderick.-- 1. Stanzas 12 and 14 of "Little Marine". 2. A half-sized McCammon student, member of the Sophomore class; lives with his uncle's wife's mother, a Mrs. Thornley, who adopted him and his brother Terrell at the death of their mother; their father is now living at Montpelier.
35. Lish, Terrell.-- 1. "Slum Song"; "Kimono"; "Inch Above Knee"; stanza 3 and 6 of "Denver Home". 2. A member of the Senior class, rather arrogant and a disciplinary problem.
36. Madsen, Leonard.-- 1. "Damned Runt", first version. 2. The son of a prosperous Malad farmer, with whom he cannot agree, he has worked his own way through the Southern Branch and is now accountant for the Utah Power and Light Co. at Malad; a cripple and much deformed from a case of infantile paralysis, but very powerful in the shoulders and a cruel bully to cover his defect; I roomed with him a short time at the Southern Branch, where I became familiar with his arrogance and finally moved out because I could not stand his tobacco smoke.

37. Marley, Elmer.-- 1. "Lowland Low". 2. The son of a farmer near Blackfoot, he prefers to stay with his Grandmother and go to high school, where he is a Senior, at McCammon; as a student he is somewhat playful; claims to be a direct descendant of a former powerful Idaho Indian chief.
38. Martin, Larry.-- 1. "An Apple Tree"; "Hi Reo Dandy O!"; first version of "Ring Dang Doo"; "Alphabet of Life"; "Balaky Karaky"; "Columbo"; "Keyhole in Door", both versions; "Old Maclelland"; "Sheepherder", second version; "Damned Hunt", second version; a version of "Mary Jane", partly quoted in the Addenda; "Pistol Packing Papa"; "Man who Rode Mule"; "Bum Song"; "I Don't Any More". 2. Born in Missouri about 22 years ago, Larry Martin came west to Idaho with his parents to seek land about 1918; he married young, before finishing high school at Eden, and is now running a rented farm in that neighborhood; although dissipated and a heavy drinker, he is an ambitious young fellow; he is fond of and a collector of songs and ballads of all kinds.
39. Mellor, Lawrence.-- 1. "Swimming Song"; slight contribution to "Barnacle Bill". 2. One of the best Senior students of the McCammon High School; the son of a railroad sectionhand, he peddles papers to help maintain himself, the family being large.
40. Peterson, Ivan.-- 1. First version of "The Sheepherder". 2. Born and reared at Malad, where he took up sheepherding on graduating from grade-school; I have lost track of him but believe he is somewhere in Montana.
41. Nelson, Donald.-- 1. "Fictitious Titles"; "Drink Her Down". 2. A dumb Swede in the Junior class, the son of a local farmer.
42. Palfreyman, Richard.-- 1. "Jailer's Song"; "John Taylor"; "Above Your Knee", second version; the greater part of "Barnacle Bill". 2. An extraordinarily loud and contrary Dane, member of the Senior class and son of one of our McCammon farmers.

43. Smith, Timmie.-- 1. "Oh, How He Lied"; a version of "Mary Jane" (not inserted). 2. The son of a widow living in Malad, Route 1; went first to grade-school with me at St. John and later to Malad High School; was taken out of school during his Junior year because of a scandal, and soon went to work in Kress's Store at Salt Lake; he is now manager of a Kress Store somewhere in Southern Idaho.
44. Talbot, Andie.-- 1. "Sing Anything"; "Parrot Song"; "Wedding Party". 2. My uncle married money at Malad, where he still lives, and at present is rising to a position of honor and trust in the government of the Mormon Church; his childhood was much like mother's; at present he has only eight children, having lost two by death, but chances are that he will follow the old Talbot and Mormon custom and not stop short of twenty.
45. Talbot, Mrs. Andie.-- 1. "When I Was Single". 2. Formerly Miriam Talbot, my uncle's wife has reason to regret her early marriage--or should I have said eight reasons? The contribution she has made represents her case very well. Her father, once a Mormon Bishop, had the honor as serving the state once as Representative; he is now crazy--it runs in the family--having lost his wife through a lingering case of incurable cancer and all his property through the delinquencies of his son Louis, a spoiled and thoroughly pamper-ruined child.
46. Talbot, Stephen Barton.-- 1. "Parrot Song"; "Charming Kate"; "Chashaw"; "Mother Bogue"; "Two Crows". 2. Grandfather Talbot, of whom I have already spoken, was a very kind and lovable man, inclined to take advantage of his children, but perfectly harmless to everybody. He loved children and was a great favorite with them. In his youth he was a tall, strong, dark, very handsome man, equipped with a curly black beard that would have done justice to a Dickens or a Tennyson;

women could not resist his charms and his beard, although he certainly was not a philanderer. The unfortunate feature of his life was his habitual poverty, the result of too great a liberality and a wanderlust that prevented him from staying long enough in one place to benefit his condition. He died at great age, the father of a very great family--if size is any criterion--after sponging on his family, a poor and helpless old man, for many years; the disease that killed him was a slow cancer that gnawed his vitals gradually. One of the regrets of my life is that he did not receive better treatment at the hands of offspring whom, though he was unable them to help, he had always loved deeply. 3. Grandfather Talbot was a direct descendant of a long line of Talbots extending back to the Norman Conquest. Many branches of the family died out during the centuries, and the Earldom of Shrewsbury was several times handed on to distant relatives. About the middle of last century, Grandfather Talbot's grandfather, a younger son in a family where the earldom went to the elder, was sent to sea to win a name for himself; there he struck an officer of the navy and, to escape courtmartial, leaped overboard and swam to shore, thus escaping his fate. Queen Victoria banished him from England, giving him rich estates, however, in South Africa. After marrying there and founding a family, he suddenly heard of his brother, the earl's death, and was asked to return and take the vacant position; this he refused to do because of his inferior education. Later he became a Mormon and transported his family to Utah; his complete fortune he spent in building Mormon churches in Utah and in shipping new converts to this country. He embraced polygamy and kept two wives. During his lifetime his family thought little of the vacated earldom, and at his death many of the old relics were destroyed. A few years ago, at a family reunion, interest in origins was revived and a commission sent to Shrewsbury, which is located in South Wales, to investigate; but unfortunately, the property had gone back to the government and was in new and strange hands.

47. Toponce, Rufus.-- 1. "I Never"; "The Washerwoman". 2. A second cousin to Verrell and Alden Blasdell who worked for their father several years; he was the most impure-minded person I have ever known, and I owe most of my instruction in sexual matters not to my father, the natural one to reveal such matters, but to him; he is now a truck-driver residing in Ogden, Utah.
48. Turner, Lawrence.-- 1. "Neath the Crust of the Old Apple Pie". 2. One of our McCammon high-school teachers, music being his specialty; a graduate of MacPherson College, a church school in Kansas, he has had five years of teaching experience in Twin Falls, Idaho.
49. Varnes, A. G.--1. "Two Little Frogs"; "Old Dan Tucker". 2. My father-in-law, now living at Eden, Idaho, who formerly spent several years as a railroad-construction engineer in Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas; his graduation from the University of Illinois I have already mentioned; he is of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction and claims a distant kinship to the traitor Benedict Arnold.
50. Weeks, Harold.-- 1. "Of All the Beasts". 2. One of my childhood pals, having lived at Malad until he joined the army, several years ago; he is now employed somewhere, presumably in a mine, in Southern California.

## A TABLE OF COMMENTS ON RESPECTABLE SONGS

1. Mary Jane.-- I recently heard this song in greatly different form over the radio. The theme is conventional, seen also in Rudy Vallee's "Kitty from Kansas City"--the making fun of an ugly or ignorant sweetheart, a popular idea because very funny.
2. A Pair of B.V.D.'s.-- Several years ago a popular song appeared called "Ja-Da"; it was short-lived, but it has left this humorous parody.
3. Styles.-- A parody on "Smiles", which came out during the World War and is still heard occasionally.
4. Gum.-- The contributor, born and reared in St. Louis, probably learned "Gum" at some vaudeville show there. The humor of the poem lies in the tragedy of a man's love for a girl who has the vice he most detests--the habit of chewing gum.
5. Charlie's Fate.-- The contributor learned this song last summer while visiting relatives in southern Utah. It has the inarticulate refrain, a common feature of the popular ballad.
6. My Own True Love.-- Probably brought from England by the Talbots. The words "bonnie Dee" point to the English origin of the song, a tragedy resulting from unrequited love. The father spoken to may be either an earthly one or God himself. Such phrases as "my own true love" and "lily-white hand" are very balladlike.
7. Old Mother Bogue.-- Another song from the Talbots. This story of a beer-loving old woman is very incomplete, but I have been unable to find more of it. There is perhaps too much characterization and humor present for it to be a genuine ballad.
8. The Two Crows.-- Learned from the Talbots. Several versions of this ballad are to be

found in Sargent and Kittredge's English and Scottish Popular Ballads. I have also seen it, in much different form, printed in a book of Boy Scout songs. A horse is here seen to be the object of crowlike appetite, not the knight of the old story.

9. Clementine.-- Nothing more than a ballad-like popular song, out of date but still sung by school assemblies in certain parts of the country. I have recently heard it over the radio.
10. Charming Kate.-- A humorous song of bygone days, although I have heard none but the Talbots sing it. The "bal-moral" spoken of, evidently a Scottish term, refers either to a cap or skirt of striped knitware or to a laced walking-shoe.
11. The Damsel from Chashaw.-- Another Talbot contribution, probably from England. The use of words like "damsel", "rogue", and "high-wayman" indicates its English origin, as does also "Chashaw", evidently either a corruption of "Chester", "Cheshire", or "Chestershire".
12. Donderbeck.-- A slightly different version of this song is to be found under the name of "Johnnie Verbeck" in a book called "Songs Scouts Sing".
13. Old Apple Pie.-- Of all songs made the subject of parody, "Shade of the Old Apple Tree" seems to be most commonly used. This parody, though entertaining, lacks the story element necessary to a true ballad.
14. Bryan O'Lynn.-- "The Irish Washerwoman" has been suggested as the tune to this song. I have found the words of "Bryan O'Lynn" widely known. Each stanza presents a problem and its humorous solution by a simpleton.
15. The Wedding Party.-- Another Talbot favorite. This song, which is probably an old comic hit, was sung by my grandfather many years ago.

16. Oh, How He Lied.-- If much repetition, here seen to advantage, means anything, this song must be a ballad. The theme is typical: a heartless lover is responsible for the death of an innocent girl.
17. Long to be Single.-- Very popular a few generations ago, this song of marital infelicity is still to be heard in certain localities, especially those of pioneer origin.
18. Alimony.-- Miss Bixby, Head of the Southern Branch English Department, to whom I handed this poem as a ballad find several years ago, was convinced that I had written it myself. Beginning as a satiric paraphrase on the Bible, it turns to modern times in Theodore Roosevelt and ends with vulgar stanzas on modern love and gambling.
19. The Parrot Song.-- Some things, such as the speaking parrot, the girl combing her hair, and the repetition, are balladlike; but the conclusion, where the young man is kicked out by the girl's angry father, could be nothing but the buffoonery of an individual author.
20. Three Men.-- This song reminds one of the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The contributor's father believes he learned it a long time ago at a theatre.
21. Oregon Gypsy Girl.-- Probably brought to this country by Miss Ehrnfelt's grandmother. "London Street" and "handsome young squire" are certainly English terms; "Oregon", which is pure American, is evidently a corruption.
22. Young Johnnie Doyle.-- Edinburgh is the setting of this ballad. The girl, in love with one man, is forced to marry another, and dies of a broken heart on the wedding day--a plot which is typical of the ballad. Notice the naive conception of nobility and the prophetic breaking of rings and stay-laces. The use of such prefixed participles as "a-tearing" and "a-ringing" shows folk influence. There is one peculiar ballad inconsistency present: the change from first to third person.



23. Andy Bardeen.-- My father learned this ballad thirty years ago from a sheepherder named Abraham Stephen Hanson. Andy Talbot, of Malad, claims he has seen a prose version of it in an old grade-school reader.
24. The Low Land Low.-- A Scottish sea ballad similar to "Andy Bardeen". The ungrateful captain lets the cabin-boy drown to avoid payment of the promised reward. The story changes from first to third person without any apparent reason.
25. Hasn't Done Anything.-- May have been composed by the contributor himself, Mr. Carl Illum, who at one time professed to be quite a comedian.
26. Our Back Yard.-- Another of Mr. Illum's songs. Like the preceding example, it is representative of the episodial or anecdotal type of poetry once popular; each stanza tells a different story, either about the same or new characters, with the purpose of carrying out a set theme or idea. This practice was the vogue forty years ago.
27. Sing Anything.-- Although not a ballad, this song is interesting as an example of the type of comedy enjoyed at the opening of the century. It is a jumble of incongruous elements brought together for comic effect.
28. Goats.-- A mere parody on the well-known "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia".
29. Sorry.-- Episodical, each stanza giving a little story complete in itself, this song is my best example of the early pioneers' love of a humorous anecdote.
30. When I Was Single.-- This song, I believe, is vindictive woman's answer to the charges brought against her sex in "Long to Be Single". It pictures woman's side of marital responsibility and disillusionment.

31. Oley Oleson.-- Another episodical song of the past generation. I make no claims of folk origin or ballad characteristics. Written in dialect, it could be nothing but the work of an individual author. It is well-known among old timers, and is even sung occasionally over the radio.
32. Little Bunch of Whiskers.-- An episodical poem showing our forefathers' willingness to ridicule a type character. The terminology, point of view, and conception of city ways seem to indicate that the poem has had a country origin--perhaps farmers making fun of one of their members who thinks he knows more than his neighbors.
33. Winding on the Train.-- An Irish dialect song, very reminiscent of "Oley Oleson", the Swedish dialect song already discussed. It gives the sad adventures of an immigrant workman. Interest in racial characteristics was widespread in early days.
34. Pistol Packing Papa.-- I suspect this song of being from a phonograph record; I am including it merely to point out our modern interest in ruffians and hoboes, as is demonstrated by their frequent use in popular radio ballads. Instead of telling a story, the hero boasts of his own capabilities.
35. The Man who Rode the Mule.-- The remarks on the preceding ballad are also applicable to this one. Instead of a gun-carrying cowboy, however, the hero is a lunatic who makes great claims of longevity and globe-trotting.
36. The Bum Song.-- Similar to the two songs just discussed, differing from them only in dealing with the hobo, now very popular in the ballad literature of this country.
37. The Boston Burglar.-- John A. Lomax has printed this ballad in his book Cowboy Songs. I feel justified, however, in including it in this collection, because it is a new version, different in many respects from the one printed by Lomax.

## A TABLE OF COMMENTS ON DIRTY BALLADS

1. The Sheepherder.-- A bit of pastoral realism, probably composed by, and based on the actual experiences of, a lonely sheepherder.
2. Dickey and Murphy.-- Illustrates a widespread type; extremely vulgar words, sufficiently suggested by rime and context, are omitted by a break in construction, without, however, spoiling the implication.
3. Bye-Bye, Boy Friend.-- A parody on one of our recent song-hits--"Bye-Bye, Blackbird". The practice of supplying vulgar words to well-known tunes is widespread.
4. Pain and Sorrow.-- A romantic setting and strong temptation in the form of a very pretty girl lead to illicit love, with the resulting retribution for wrongdoing--conventional to most of the vulgar ballads of this type.
5. Two Tomcats.-- Rather unusual--a dirty ballad based on a dream, with all the incongruity and lack of point usually found in a dream.
6. The Jailer's Song.-- A realistic but rather exaggerated picture of the hardships and disagreeable conditions of prison life.
7. Sally in the Garden.-- Another vulgar incident presented with the device of rime and broken structure so as to suggest words that are not actually spoken.
8. John Taylor.-- Perhaps a satire on the typical lady-killer, who boasts of his exploits, his irresistibility to the fairer sex, and his great copulative abilities.
9. The Damned Runt.-- A satiric description of a certain type of sloppy and loose-moraled girls, usually half-witted, who readily yield to the wishes of every comer.

10. A Stovepipe Episode.-- There are many poems of this type in circulation; a scene is carefully drawn so as to build up a vulgar misconception; then, when the climax has been reached, the reader is made to feel ridiculous by having a perfectly innocent explanation suddenly thrust upon him.
11. Down in Lehi Valley.-- An unusual story just for a ballad; a rancher who has had his mistress carried off by a faster man is on the frail for revenge and repossession of the girl.
12. An Apple Tree.-- One of the many parodies on "Shade of Old Apple Tree"; like "Pain and Sorrow", it tells of the thrills and subsequent pangs of stolen love.
13. In Bombay.-- This song, the music of which I cannot remember, is a good example of the thing called group composition. When attending the Southern Branch, I lived with Lester Bush and Carl Kyselka, who knew the first three stanzas; the three of us lengthened the song by supplying new lines, singing together and contributing whenever the inspiration came.
14. Daniel in the Lion's Den.-- A witty but vulgar paraphrase on the Biblical story; its humor depends on puns and on the modern conception of unquestioning obedience shown to the kings of ancient times.
15. Little Tinker.-- The humorous story of a passionate Frenchman, whose lasciviousness was visited upon even the devils in hell.
16. One-Eyed Riley.-- This is the conventional vulgar-ballad story of a man's lust for a pretty girl; the ending is unusual, however, for instead of becoming diseased, he is caught in the act by the girl's parents, on whom he discharges his wrath at the interruption.
17. Hi Reo Dandy O!-- A willing youth is led into sin by two women of ill fame; the resulting disease necessitates an operation

very distasteful to his manhood, but still he is not thoroughly discouraged.

18. Yippie-Yay.-- The first version is a parody on John A. Lomax's "Chisholm Trail". The second, according to Ben Infanger, dates back to a round-up attended by his father about forty years ago. Mr. Infanger, at that time a freighter between Montana and Utah, happened to be at a Soda Springs round-up; the cowboys present, who did not know much of the original song, composed words to suit the tune, various ones contributing lines, which were taken up and sung by the others as they worked.
19. The Alphabet of Life.-- A very indecent poem, using the old device of letting each letter of the alphabet stand for something; it manages to introduce nearly all the vulgar words current in lower social circles.
20. Little Ball of Yarn.-- Only one of the many little love romances found in the great body of vulgar ballad literature. A man meets a maid who at first resists his advances but yields soon to importunities; a very few days later the romance is shattered by symptoms of resulting disease, and a few months later comes the worst blow of all--the advent of an unwelcome newcomer. The morals of this poem-type are partly redeemed by the ever-present retribution for wrongdoing.
21. I Never.-- The theme of this poem is somewhat unusual; a man returns home dead-drunk, only to find there all the indications of a strange man alienating his wife's affections; the wife, taking advantage of her husband's drunkenness, tries to pacify him with absurd explanations, by which he is not fooled.
22. Keyhole in the Door.-- The dirty version is a parody on the clean one, which probably originated as a phonograph record. It differs from the common run of outhouse poetry: The man in the case does not have his desires gratified--at least, not in the usual way.

23. Inch Above Your Knee.-- Again we have the conventional love romance, but told this time from the woman's point of view, emphasizing her risks and disgrace. Strangely enough one version is told by the girl and the other by the man. The most balladlike are stanzas six and seven of version one.
24. Lulu.-- This poem seems to be a rather pointless description of a tough woman and her bastard child. It is probably a parody on "Ain't Goin' to Rain No More".
25. Columbo.-- A filthy paraphrase of the adventures of Christopher Columbus.
26. Barnacle Bill.-- I do not know whether this poem is a parody on the popular radio ballad by the same name or whether the latter is a purified version of the former. It chronicles the events in a sailor's visit to a prostitute.
27. The Jolly Shepherd.-- Father learned this song from a sheepherder many years ago. It is the story of a bashful sheepherder who let the opportunity for a love adventure pass by.
28. The Denver Home.-- The adventures of an inexperienced youth in a house of prostitution, where he is robbed of his money.
29. Buckaroo.-- A song with a very balladlike structure and refrain. The dispute over wages is typical, but the change to vulgarity is wholly uncalled-for.
30. Roseberry.-- A very romantic story, learned by my father from Niah Davis, an old-timer. An obliging young man tries the dairymaid's lovemaking after first tying her garters. Notice the use of "lily-white clothes" and "the ups and downs".
31. Old Maclelland.-- Another love romance, somewhat longer than the average. The story of an affair between a wild cowboy and a pretty schoolteacher--with the to-be-expected evil consequences. According to this poem, it's the man who pays!

32. Bonny Brown Hare.-- This poem is based on a pun, the words being "hair" and "hare". A young maiden, met in the woods one day, mistakes the meaning of the hunter, readily yielding to him what was not even asked. As a love romance it is a good one.
33. I Just Couldn't.-- The sad fate of a man who gets involved with a prostitute.
34. Ring Bang Doo.-- Three different versions of the story of a girl who takes up prostitution as a profession.
35. The Little Marine.-- This song was composed by American soldiers in France during the World War. According to John L. Metcalf, Superintendent of Schools at McCammon, the dough-boys took delight in singing it at the top of their voices while marching through French towns. It is said to have had hundreds of stanzas in the original.
36. An Indian Maid.-- A clever parody on "Red-Wings"--the story of how an Indian girl lost her virtue in spite of all her precautions.
37. Cousin Nellie.-- The illicit love affair of cousins, encouraged mostly by the girl; much more realistic than the ordinary.
38. Old Aunt Sallie.-- A parody on "Hot Time in the Old Town", taught to me by Leigh Heward, a very evil-minded cousin of mine, now dead.
39. The Washerwoman.-- A vulgar poem which has apparently grown out of a dirty joke, as it certainly tells the same story.
40. Of All the Beasts.-- Harold Weeks, once a schoolmate of mine, knew a few stanzas of this song. The boys of the neighborhood contributed the rest individually, producing the long version as it is today. I insert this poem because it illustrates so well the maner in which poetry grows among the folk--even though it be little folk!

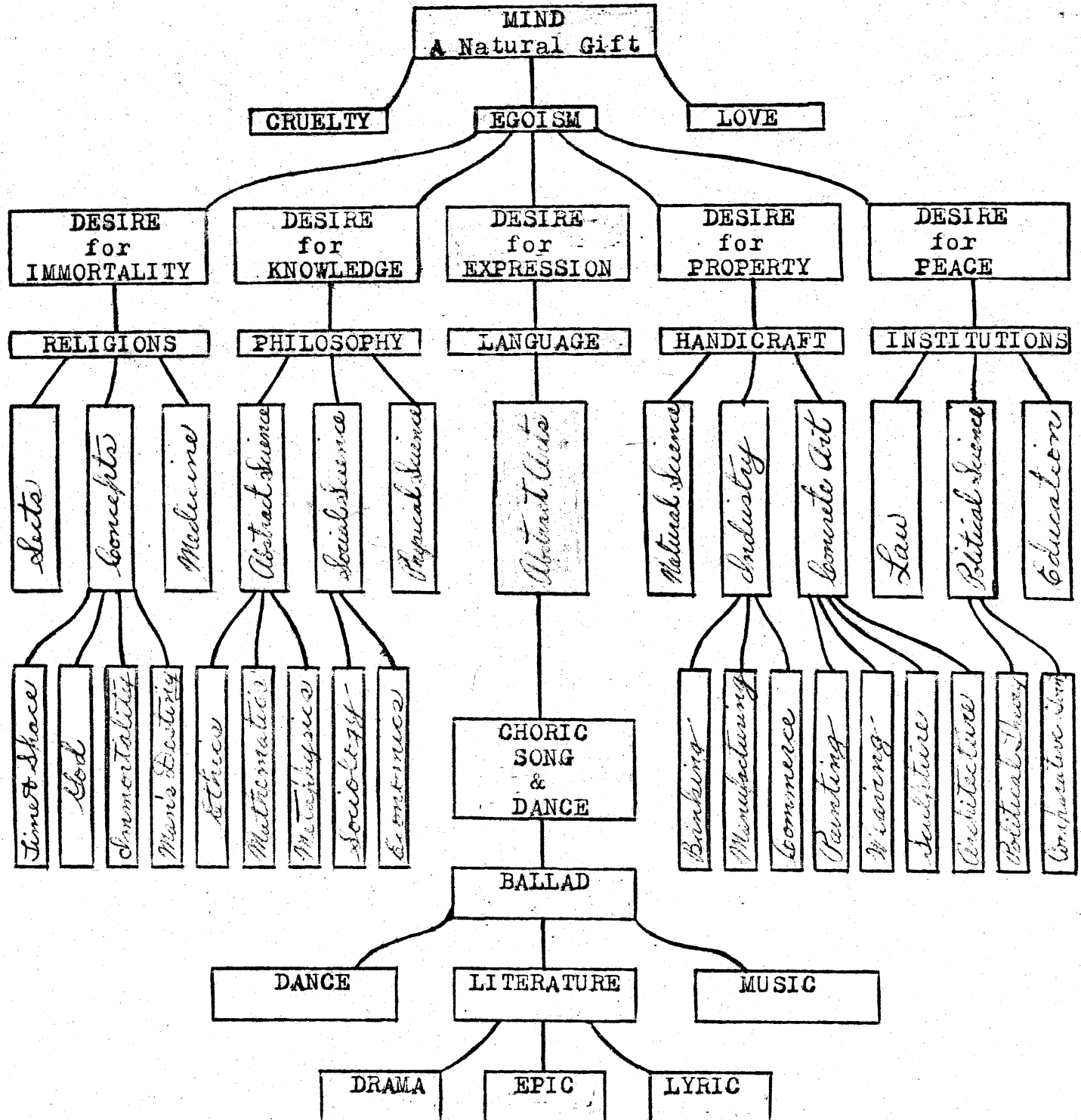
APPENDICES  
(On the Origins of Folklore)



# ANTHROPOLOGY

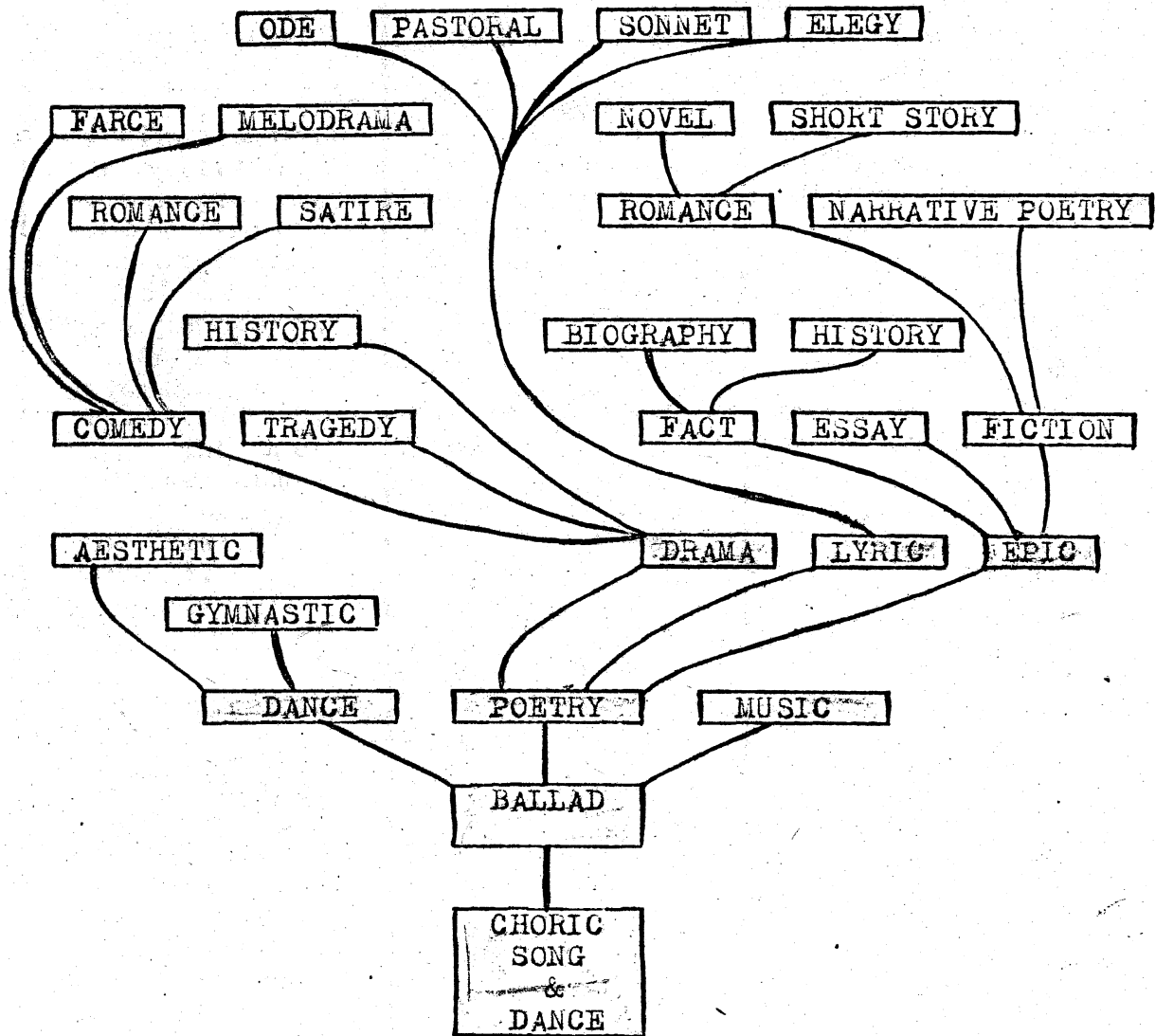
(A Table of Human Achievements)

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TREE OF LITERARY ORIGINS  
(The Arts of Time)

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N.B. Due recognition and appreciation is hereby given to Dr. G. M. Miller, Head of the English Department, University of Idaho, whose ideas and outlines have been used freely in the construction of this chart.

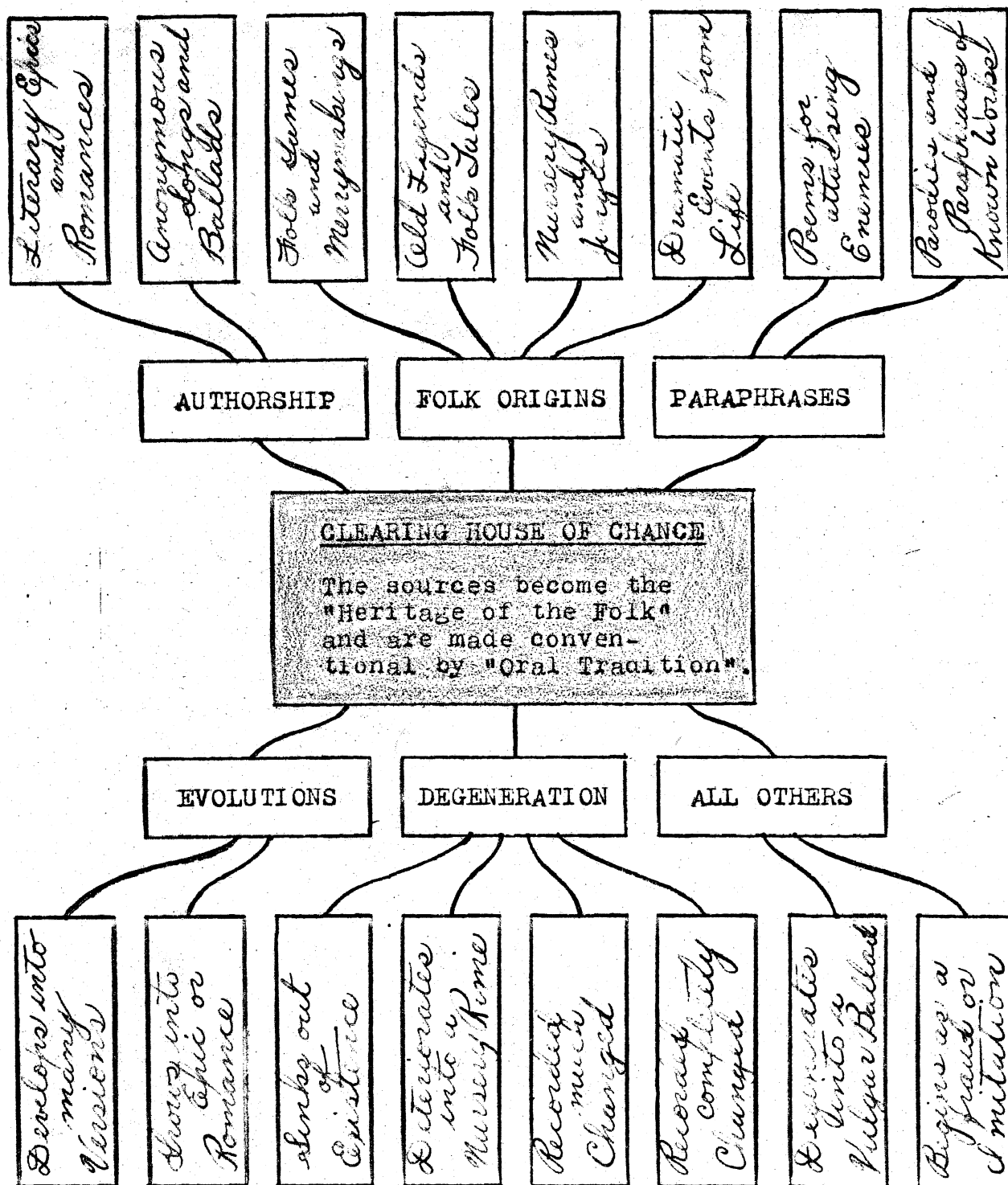
THEORIES OF BALLAD ORIGIN  
(A Chart for Clarity)

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I.	II.	III.
EVOLUTION	DEGENERATION	PARODIZATION
<p>Originates with the multitude, either growing from a simple rime or being composed by many people at a communal gathering, primitive settings and the isolated community being the ideal habitat.</p>	<p>Written by a definite author at some unknown date in the distant past.</p>	<p>Written by a definite author at some unknown date in the distant past.</p>
	<p>Possessed and claimed by the multitude, who forget the author and impose on the poem the characteristics of folk tradition.</p>	<p>Parodied or paraphrased by a definite author, whose identity completely disappears in a short time.</p>
<p>Taken down by the collector, who finds it a long time after its origin, it probably having undergone great change due to time and oral tradition--the legacy of the folk.</p>		<p>Possessed and conventionalized by the multitude, who have no interest whatever in the author, promptly forgetting him.</p>
	<p>Taken down by the collector, who is unable to distinguish any signs of individual authorship.</p>	<p>Taken down by the collector, who can see signs neither of the original author nor of the parodist.</p>

THE POSSIBLE EVOLUTIONS OF A BALLAD  
(A Chart of Sources and Destinations)

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2021 Ridgeview Avenue  
Los Angeles 41, California  
May 16, 1957

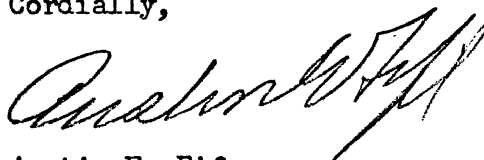
Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

G. Legman, now living in France, advises me that you have made a significant folklore collection. I would be interested in hearing more about it. Idaho represents the most meager folklore collection. If yours presents any significant scope of materials from the Snake River Valley it ought to receive a little publicity. Aren't there some article you could write out of it for Western Folklore Quarterly?

If ever I am through Salt Lake City I should be happy to make your acquaintance. I hope, by the way, that you have been able to see our recent book, Saints of Sage and Saddle, Folklore Among the Mormons, published by Indiana University Press. We have been overwhelmed with its success and with the delightful reviews that it has received, both in Utah and elsewhere.

Cordially,

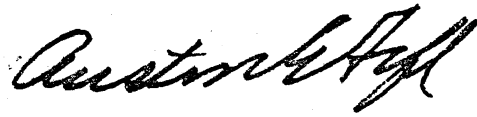


Austin E. Fife

make the same transition that the medical men have made--to treat all of the phenomena of mythology and folklore, including that of our own culture, as objectively and as dispassionately as the situation requires. This means that pornographic materials should neither be avoided nor sensationalized, but treated for what they are--important phenomena in the imaginative processes of man.

It was truly a pleasure to get your letter. If you ever get to Los Angeles I hope you will make an effort to come to see us, and become acquainted with Mrs. Fife and myself. I shall do the same when we are in Salt Lake.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Austin E. Fife".

Austin E. Fife

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE FOLKLORE GROUP  
LOS ANGELES 24, CALIFORNIA

September 17, 1957

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

Austin Fife has written me briefly, telling about your work, and I also recall meeting you the night of July 22nd, when steps were taken to found the Utah Folklore Society.

Dr. Fife suggests that you have enough material collected in Southern Idaho and in Utah to make a good article or two for Western Folklore. I should very much like to encourage you to compile your material for publication, and suggest that you be guided by some of the standard books and articles in the field. Ordinarily, an article on regional folksongs would consist of a general introduction dealing with the area treated, the life of the people, economic and geographic factors, ethnic representation, and the like. After this then, the songs would be grouped in various genres, with a discussion of the origin of each song in the category. Information needed would be from whom collected, when and where the singer learned the song, and background data concerning it.

I should like to hear from you at your early convenience, concerning your thoughts on the matter, and would be glad to help you make plans leading to eventual publication of your fine collection. I am enclosing a prospectus of Western Folklore, which often contains material on folksongs.

Yours sincerely,

*Wayland D. Hand*  
Wayland D. Hand  
Editor

WDH:hls

2021 Ridgeview Avenue  
Los Angeles 41, California  
June 3, 1958

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

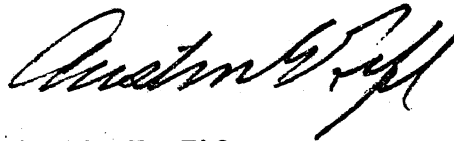
I want to advise you that Mrs. Fife and I will be spending five weeks at Logan, where I will be teaching a course in Mormon and western folklore from June 16 to July 19. During this time we would like to get the opportunity to see you and, if possible, to examine once more your personal collection of folk songs.

I have been awarded a Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship to prepare a critical edition of cowboy songs and ballads. I recall that some important items pertinent to this study were contained in your collection and would, if possible, like to have the opportunity to examine them while I am in Utah. I shall no doubt be spending a week-end or two at Bountiful with my wife's relatives. At that time I shall get in touch with you.

If you have a telephone number I would be glad to have it sent to me, and also if you have any travel plans which will take you out of Salt Lake during the period that I shall be in Utah I hope you will let me know so that we don't fail to meet you.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Austin E. Fife", written in a cursive style.

Austin E. Fife

Address, June 16-July 19:  
c/o Department of Modern Languages  
Utah State University  
Logan, Utah



# Western Folklore

*A Quarterly Journal Published for the California Folklore Society*

## Editor

WAYLAND D. HAND  
University of California  
Los Angeles 24, California

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

*Editorial office: LOS ANGELES 24*

*Business office: BERKELEY 4*

## Book Reviews

R. D. JAMESON  
New Mexico Highlands University  
Las Vegas, New Mexico

September 26, 1957

## Names and Places

THOMAS M. PEARCE  
University of New Mexico  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

It was a delight to hear from you, and to learn that you will be willing to work up your songs for Western Folklore. Why not send along the term paper you did for Professor Hubbard so that I can get a line on the treatment. If the paper is anywhere near as good as the general discussion you have given of the background of the old ballads and songs in your letter I am not worried what kind of a paper you will be able to put together for publication.

I should very much like a copy of those so-called "delta" songs which you sent to Legman. We have all of the obscene songs collected by Vance Randolph, and it might be interesting to have these for the record.

Yours sincerely,

*Wayland D. Hand*

Wayland D. Hand  
Editor

WDH:jrb

# Western Folklore

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## Book Reviews

R. D. JAMESON  
New Mexico Highlands University  
Las Vegas, New Mexico

November 15, 1957

## Names and Places

THOMAS M. PEARCE  
University of New Mexico  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

I must apologize for the long delay in looking over the ballad material which you sent to me some time ago, and now with mid-term upon me and other things weighing down heavily, I must plead for some additional time to make full and constructive answer.

I should like for you to know, however, that the material looks very promising, and that I feel we may be able to utilize it in one way or another. I should most certainly like to receive copies of those ballads which you sent to Legman, but there is absolutely no hurry at all as far as I am concerned.

Yours sincerely,

*Wayland D. Hand*  
Wayland D. Hand, Editor

WDH:a

# FOLKLORE INSTITUTE

INDIANA UNIVERSITY • BLOOMINGTON • SUMMER OF 1958

July 28, 1958

Mr. Kenneth Larsen  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City  
Utah

Dear Mr. Larsen:

This is to acknowledge with deep thanks your collection of Barnyard Folklore which Professor Fife has personally delivered to me. I have long felt that our studies in folklore fall far short of the whole truth because we ignore vulgar folklore. Your collection will be carefully preserved in our Archive, where I already have a good deal of similar material.

With all good wishes in your future work.

Sincerely yours,

*Richard M. Dorson*

Richard M. Dorson  
Chairman - Folklore Program

RMD/ms

CC: Prof. Austin Fife

Joseph Hickerson  
Folklore Department  
Library 41  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana  
August 11, 1958

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

I was recently looking through three manuscripts of yours which Prof. Austin Fife recently submitted to the Indiana University Folklore Archives, and I discovered four texts of "Our Goodman." Since I am preparing a master's thesis on this ballad, I am interested in knowing a little more about these versions.

You include one version in each of your collections of Idaho material; SONGS AND BALLADS, and BARNYARD FOLKLORE OF SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO. These are titled "I Never," and are apparently the same song (same informant, date, etc.). The two texts do not agree however. Since part of my study involves textual analysis, I would appreciate it if you could inform me as to which of the two texts would be most accurate. As it stands, it is one of the most unique texts that I have run across.

As for the other ~~the other~~ manuscript of Legman's, I notice that it contains two versions, #11 and #46. [ "Goodman," and "Our Goodman." ] Do you have any further information about these songs: where they were collected and from whom, etc. I am impressed with these versions, and with the entire manuscript, for that matter, for I had absolutely no luck in obtaining any texts or information from him, although I supplied him with several songs which I had run across.

I would appreciate this information at your earliest convenience, as well as any other versions you might happen to have. If there is any way that I can be of service to you, please let me know.

Very truly yours,

*Joseph Hickerson*  
Joseph Hickerson



Idaho State University  
POCATELLO, IDAHO  
83201

Museum  
Archives

October 2, 1972

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L St.  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Dear Mr. Larson:

I was very glad to hear from you again, and hope you are entirely well.

We should be most appreciative of receiving your songs exactly as you collected them. There can be no real understanding of the past if one tampers with the record. Although I do not enjoy smut, I believe that an archivist must maintain a neutral attitude toward any kind of controversial material. Nor will the dirty words reflect upon the character of one who attempts to collect and preserve the record of the past. Do we want to transform our ancestors into the paragons which they most certainly were not?

I shall look forward to receiving your collection of Idaho folk songs. Let me know how much we owe you for xeroxing - also whether you are relinquishing copyright to us. The latter information is needed only in case of future contingency - possibly the distant future.

Sincerely,

Sylvia Cline  
Curator of Archives



Idaho State University  
POCATELLO, IDAHO  
83201

Museum  
Archives

November 15, 1972

Mr. Kenneth Larson  
168 L Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Dear Mr. Larson:

Your Country Folklore arrived last Friday, the same day as we received your November 7 letter.

As I indicated to you previously, we are happy to take custody of any historical source materials related to this area that we can acquire. Do send along your next two volumes when they are ready. We shall not exploit you, but only allow your material to be researched here in our quarters. Users will be told they must not reproduce any of it unless they apply to you and receive your permission.

Why don't you visit us? If you were surprised at the growth of this institution in 1949, you should see it now. It looks nothing like it did twelve years ago when I arrived. In fact, someone who knew the campus five years ago would not recognize it - so much has it changed.

Thank you very much for your contribution. We shall look forward to further gifts from you.

Sincerely,

Sylvia Cline, Curator of Archives

P. S. Of course, we should like to have the volume containing the Legman material as well as the other two, since it relates to them. Furthermore, it forms part of the papers of a former area resident, and for that reason belongs in our archives.